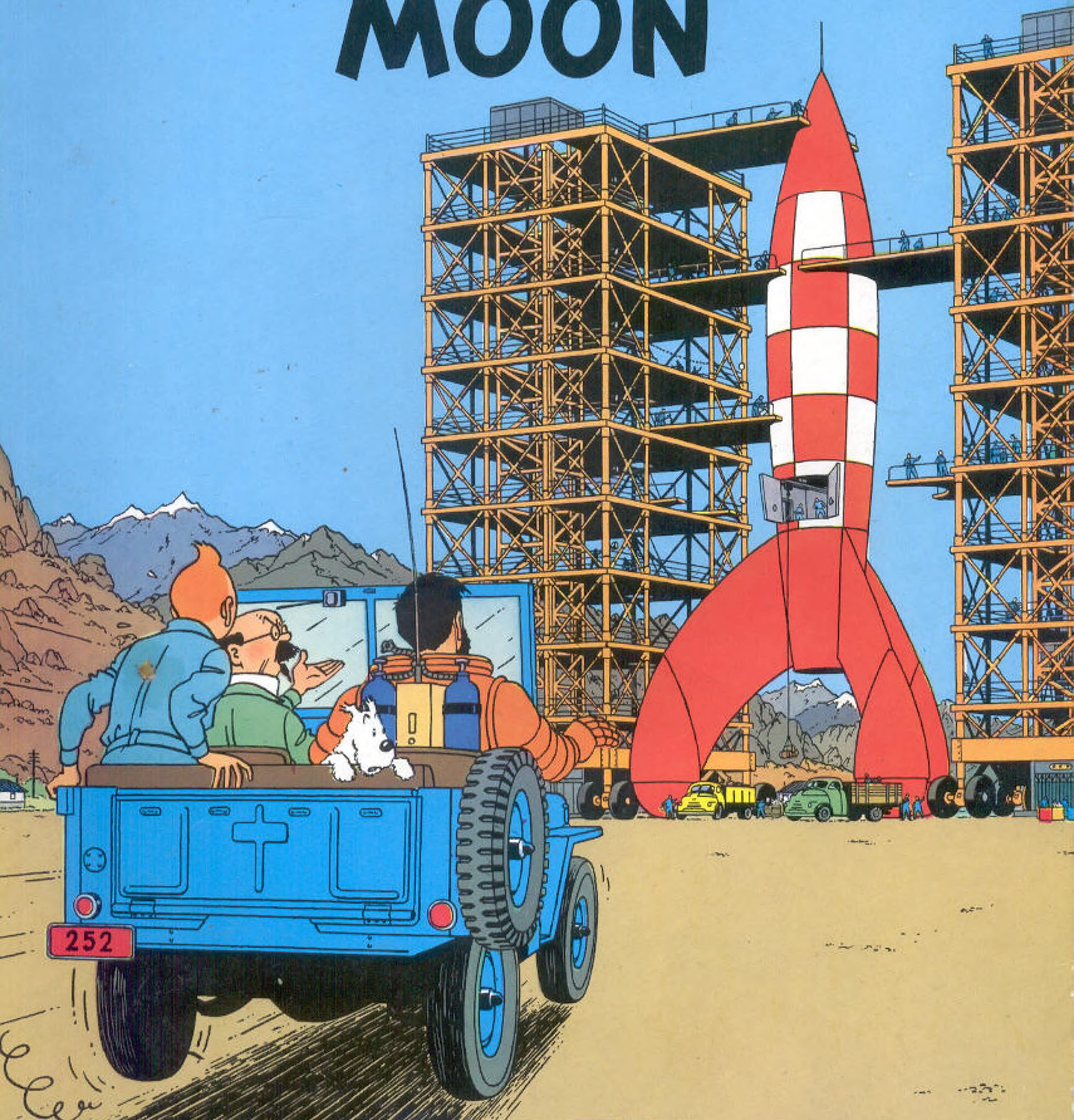


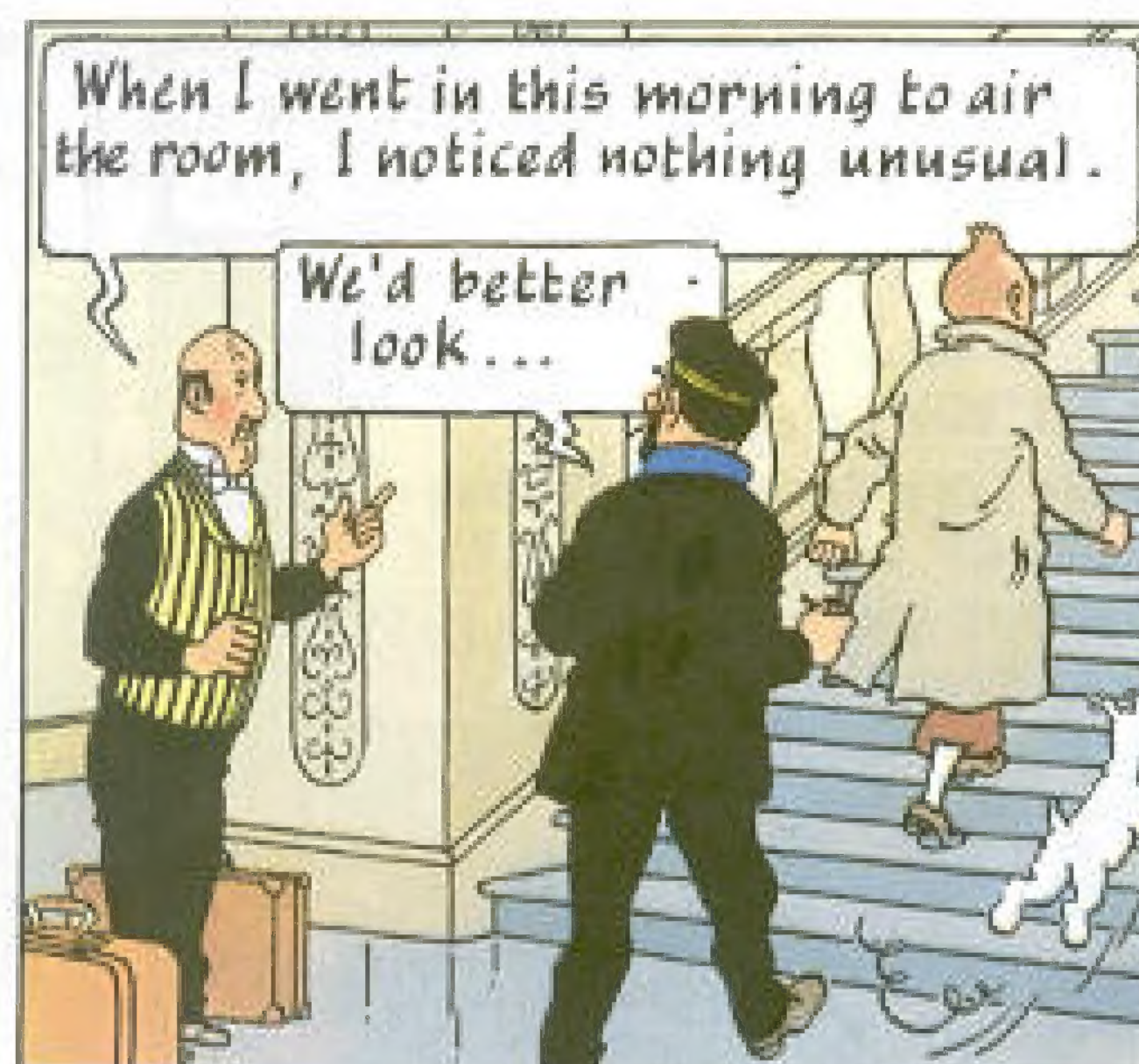
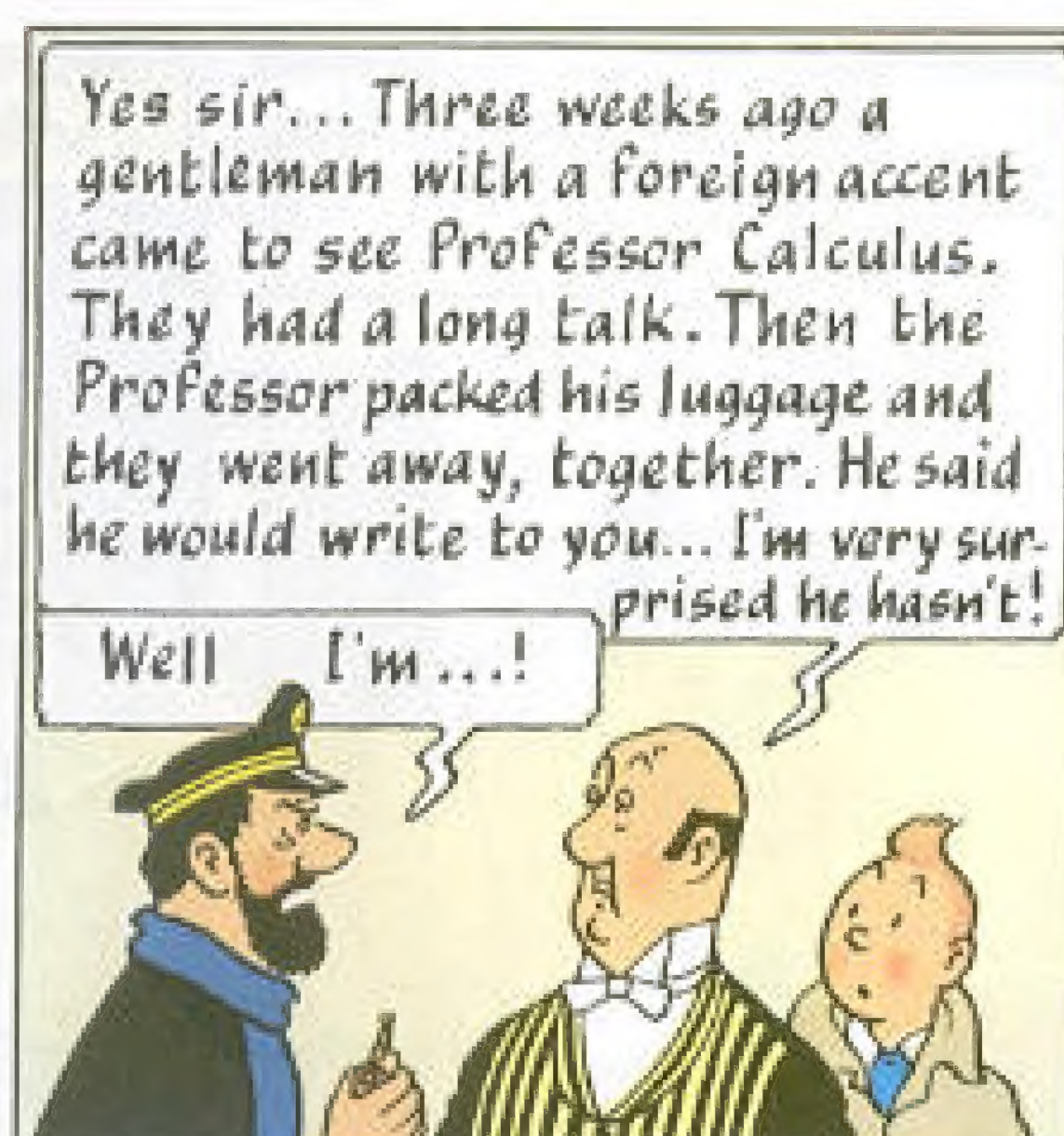
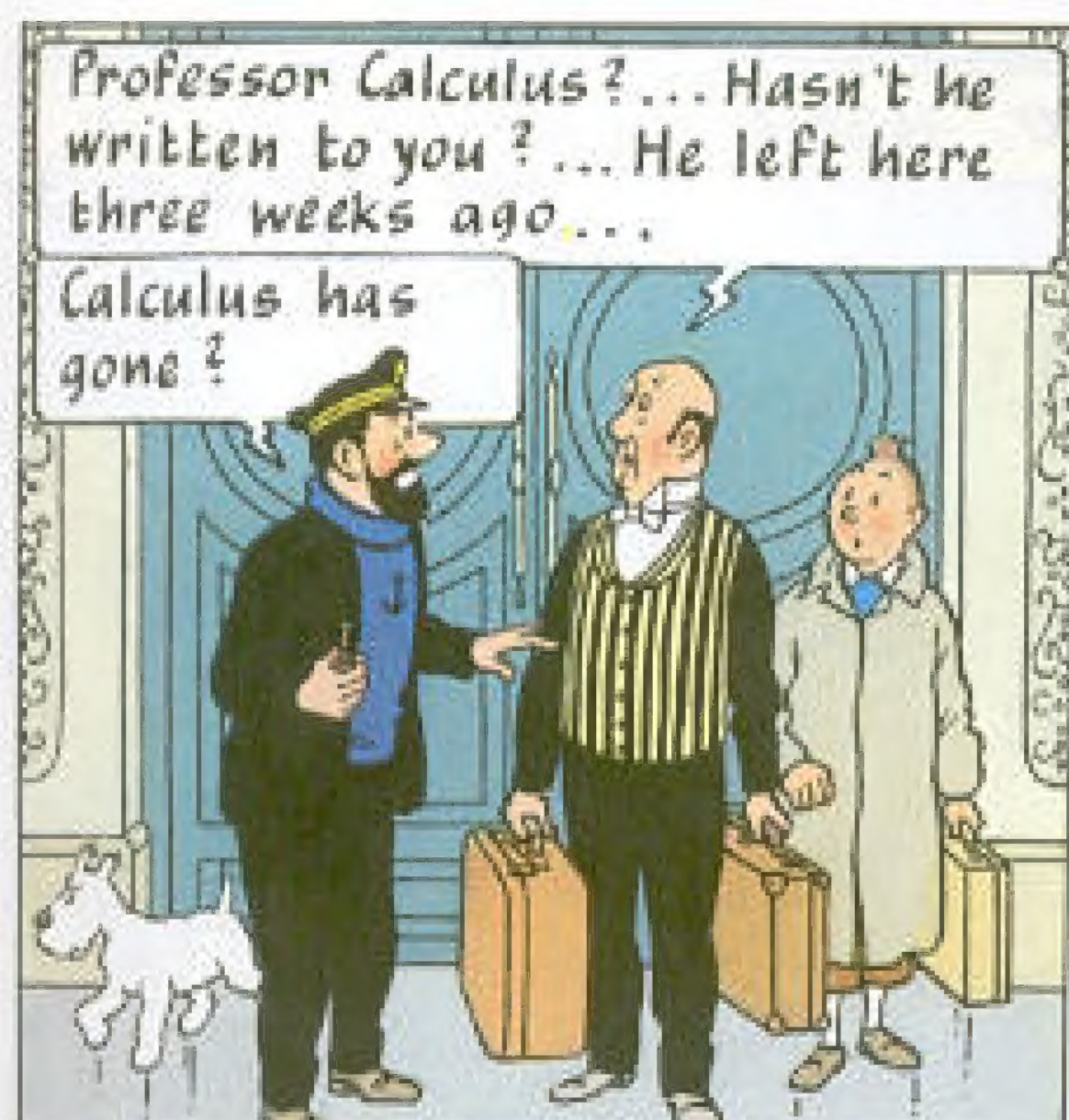
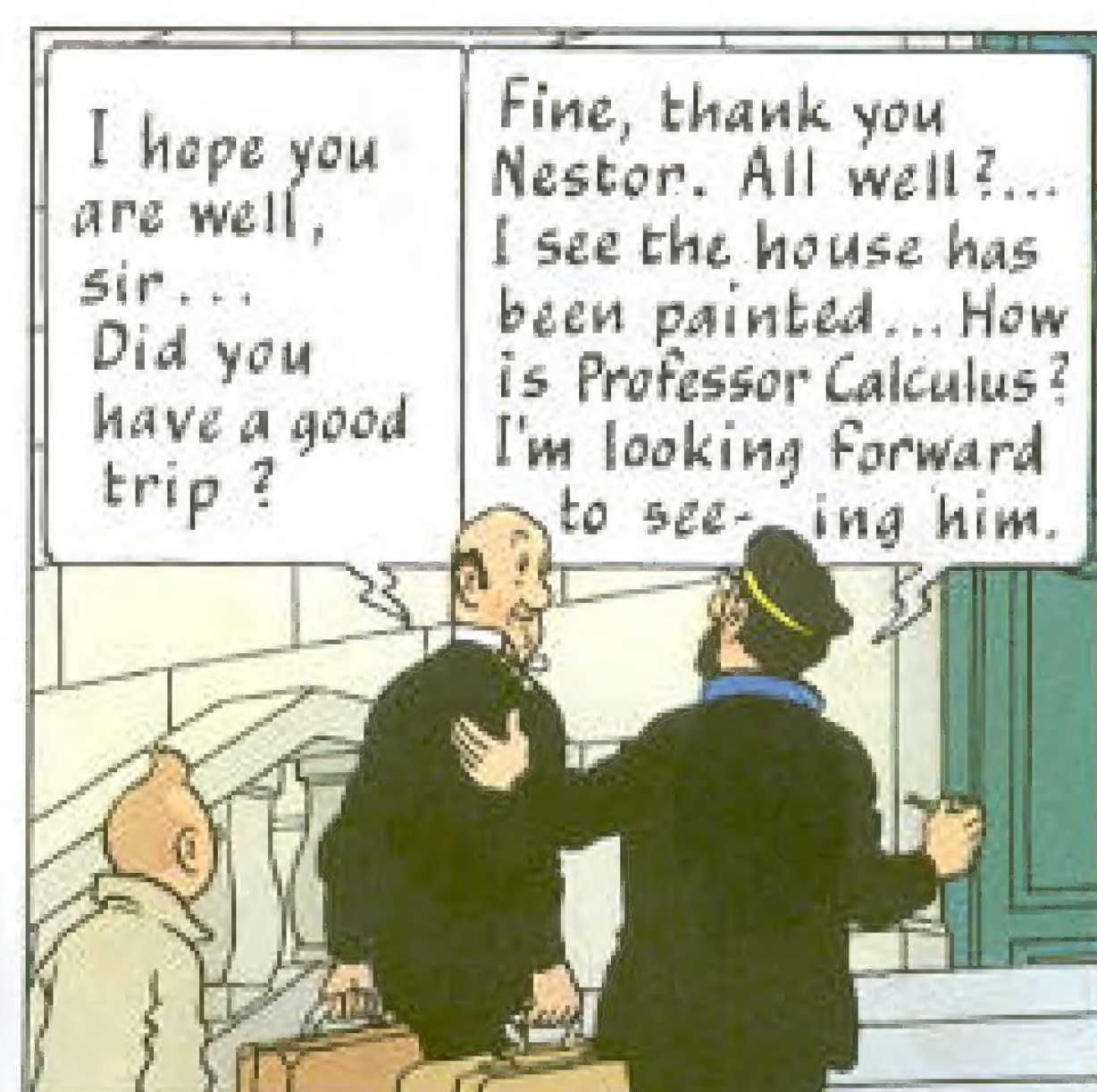
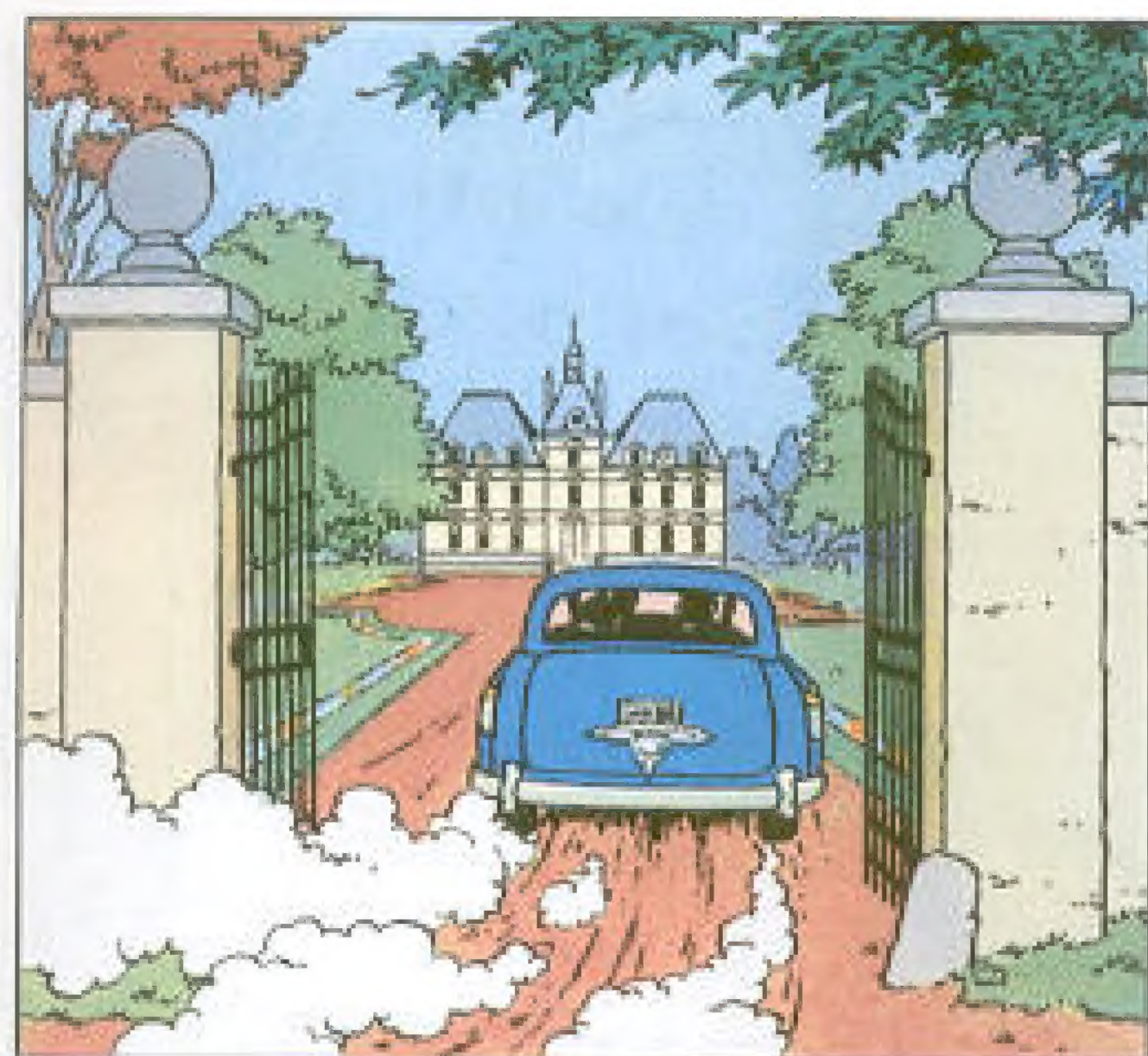
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**

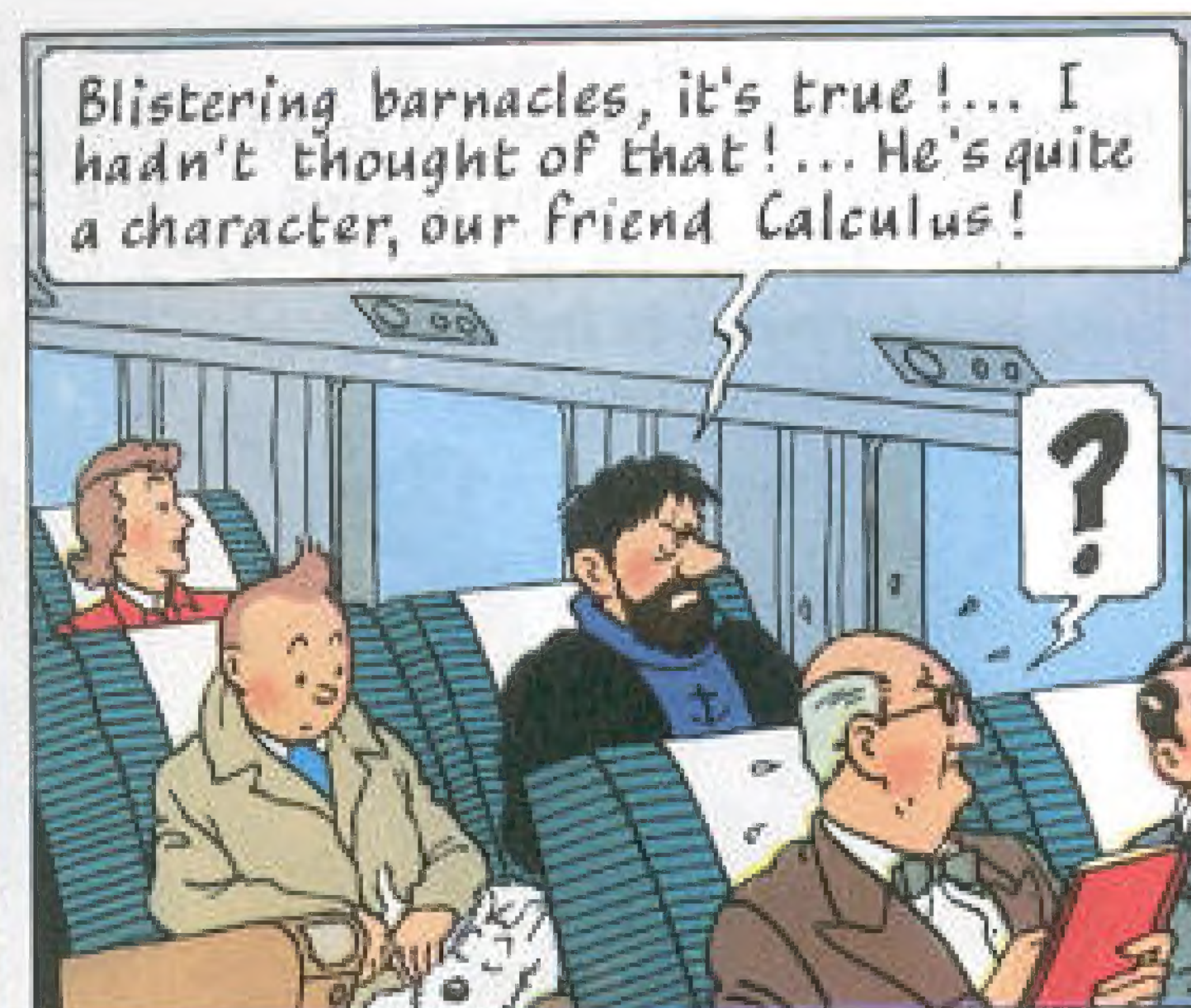
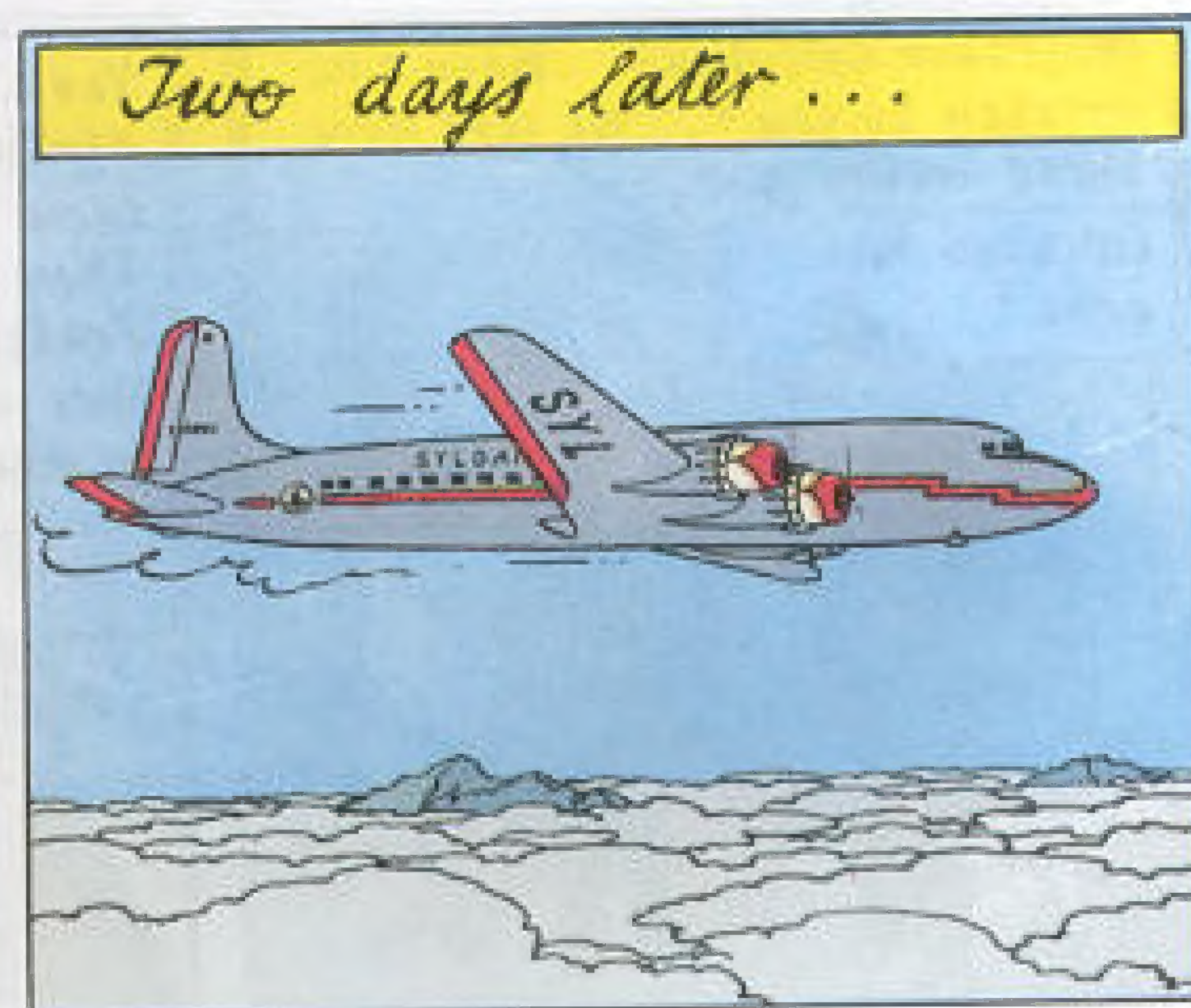
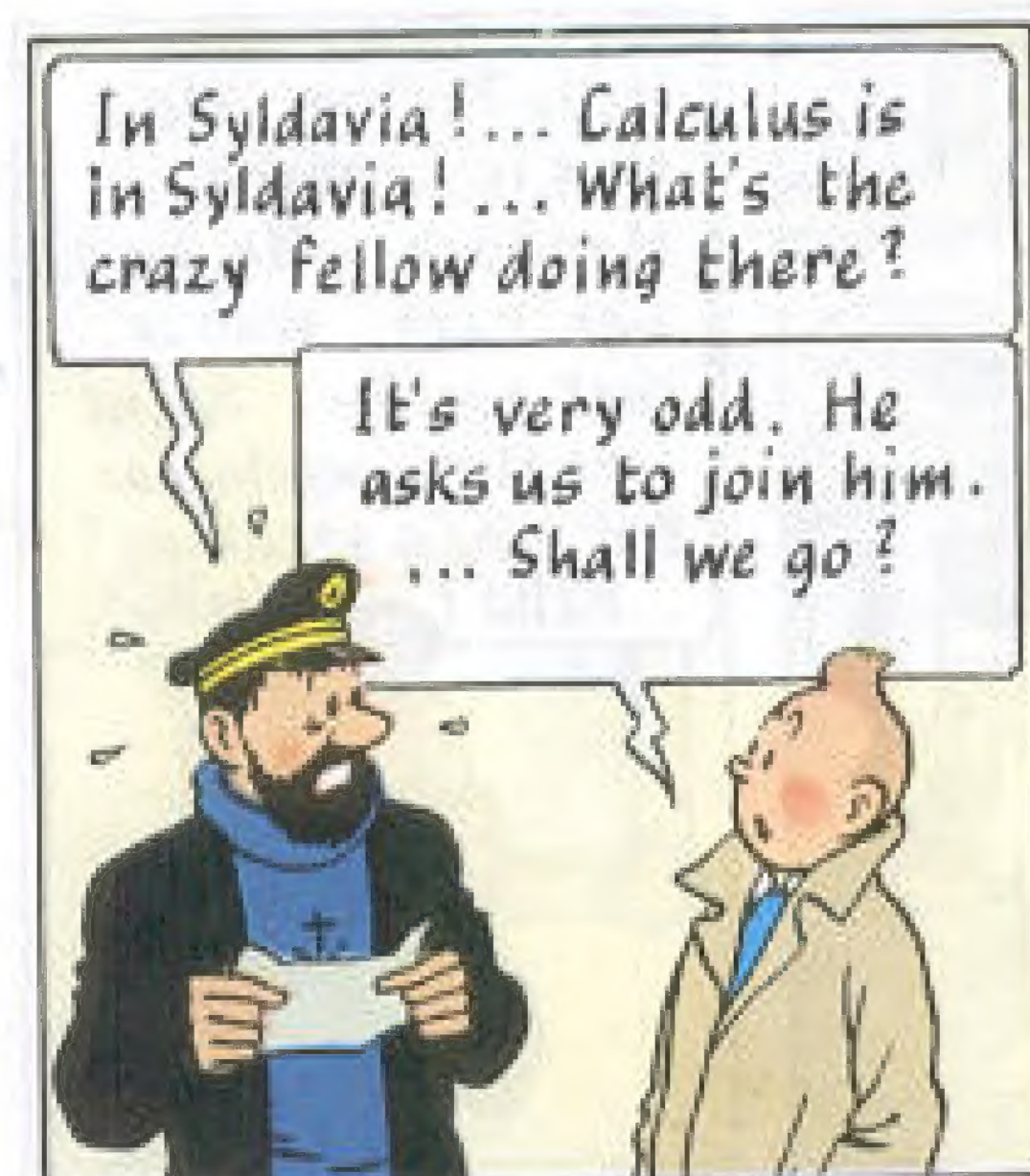


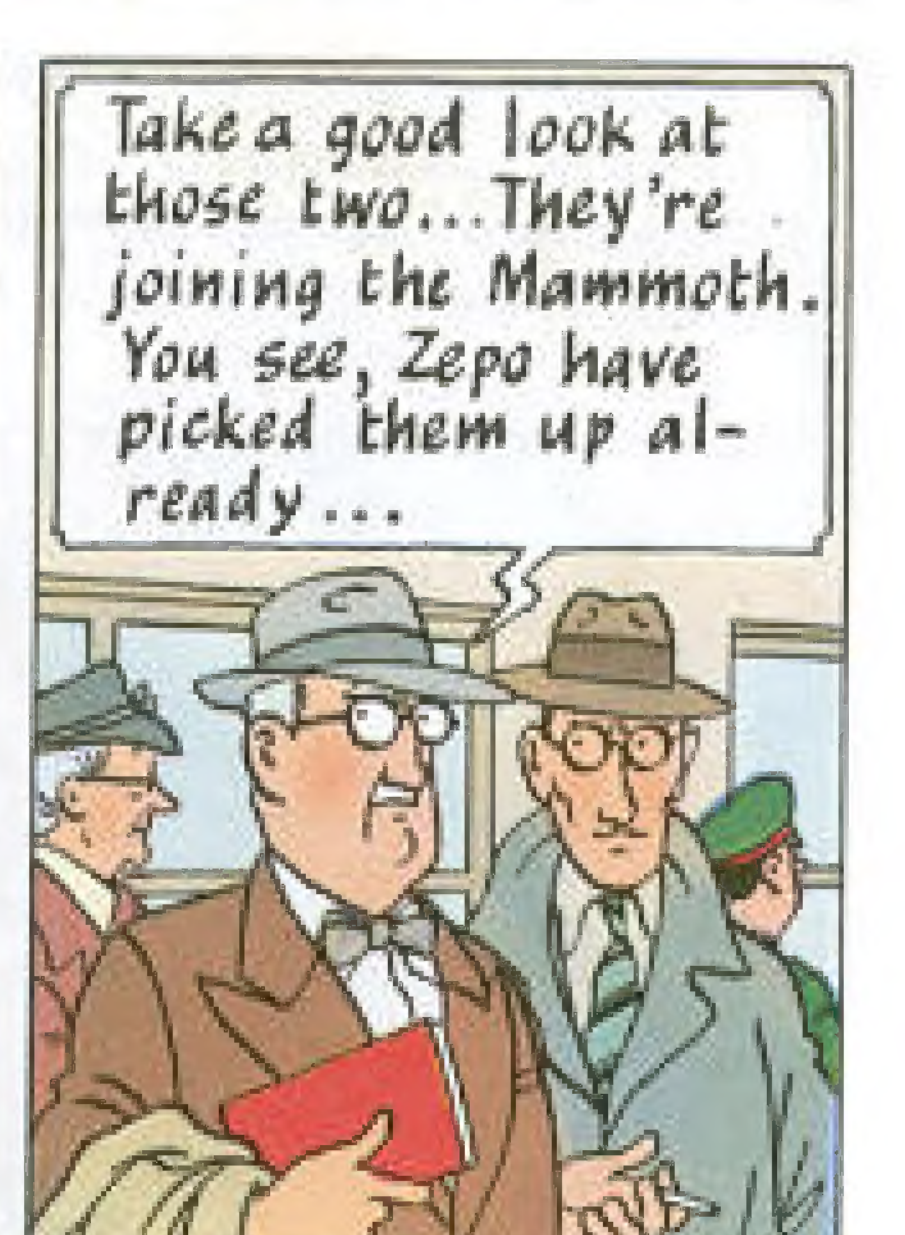
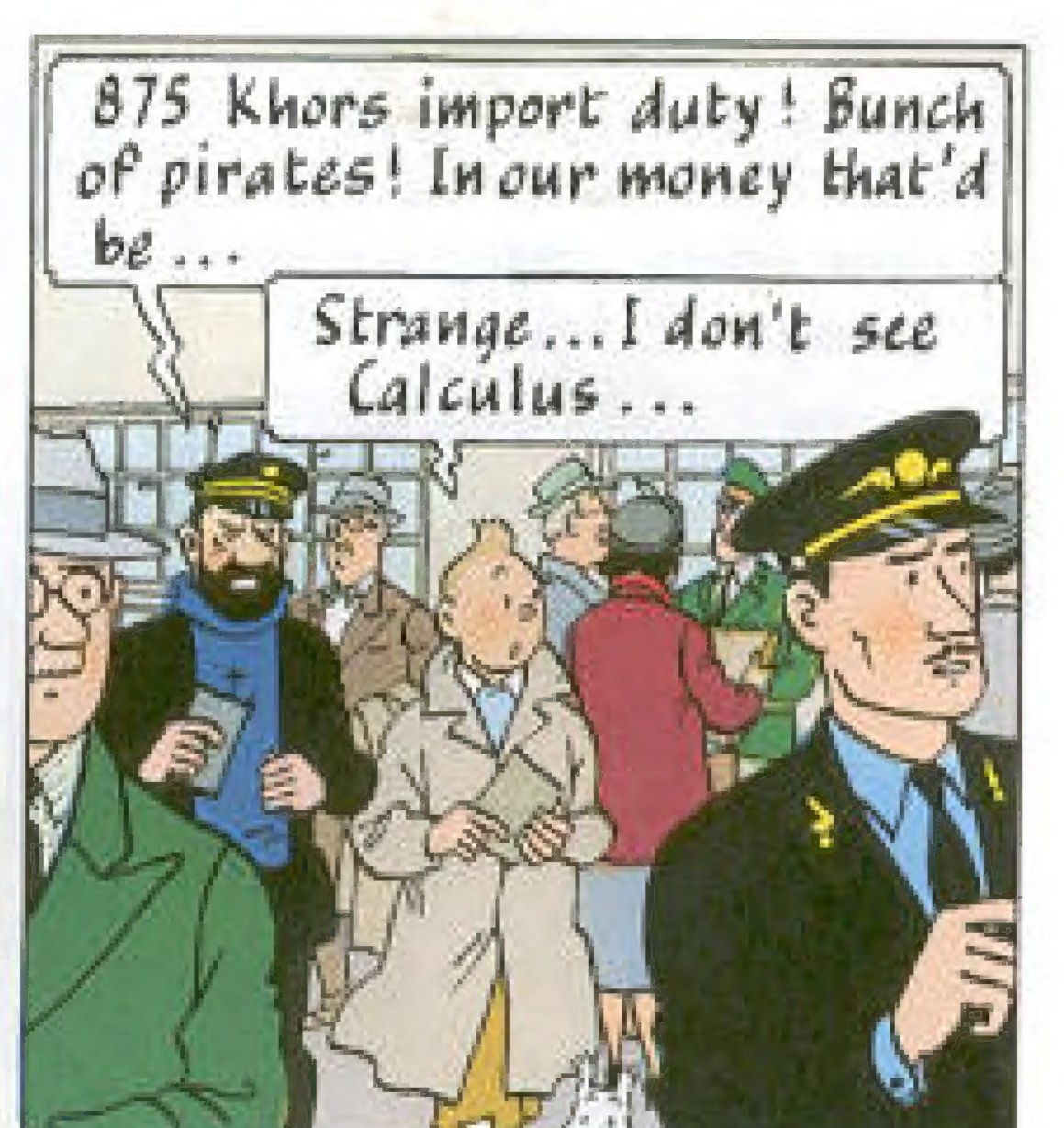
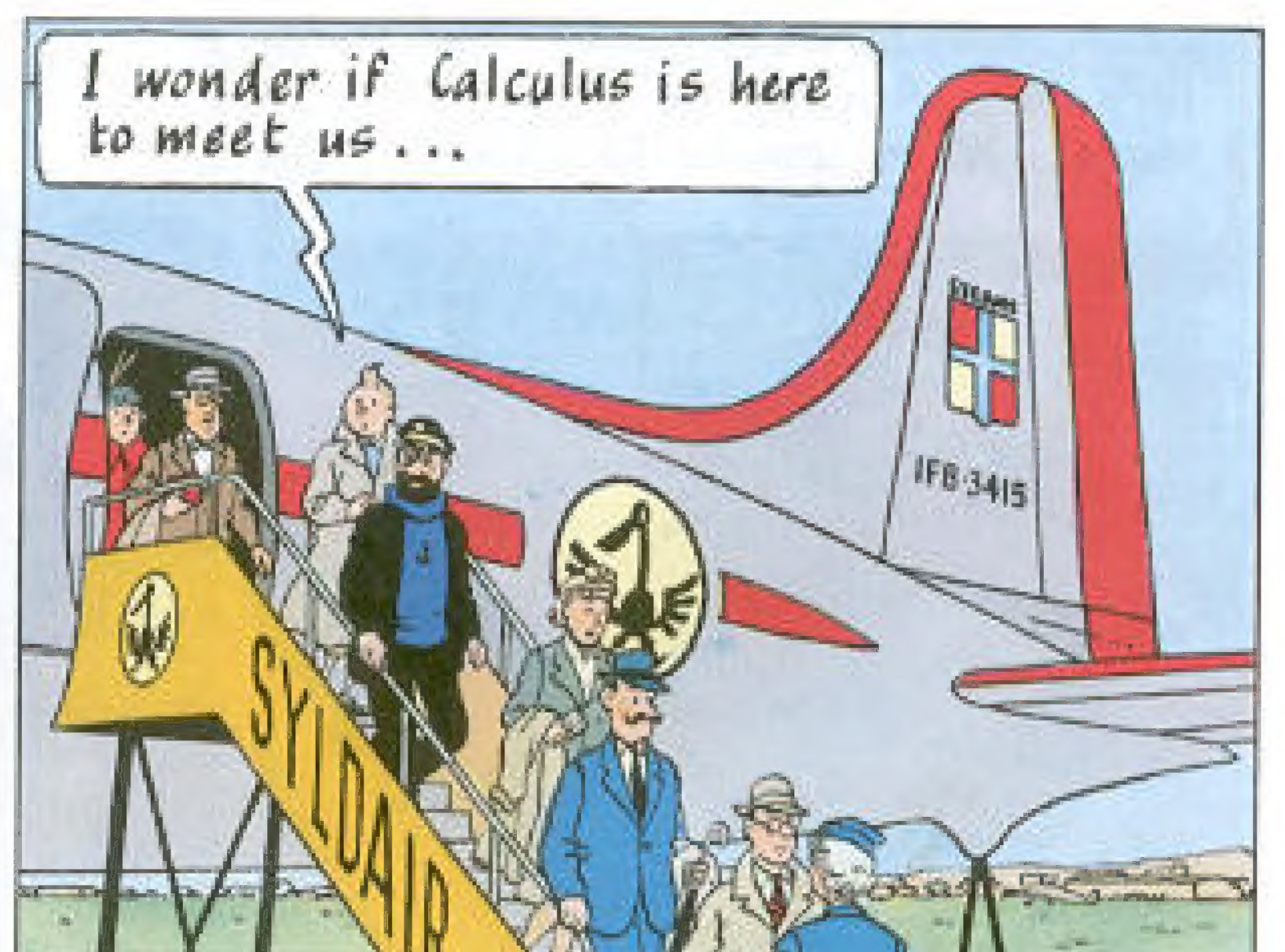
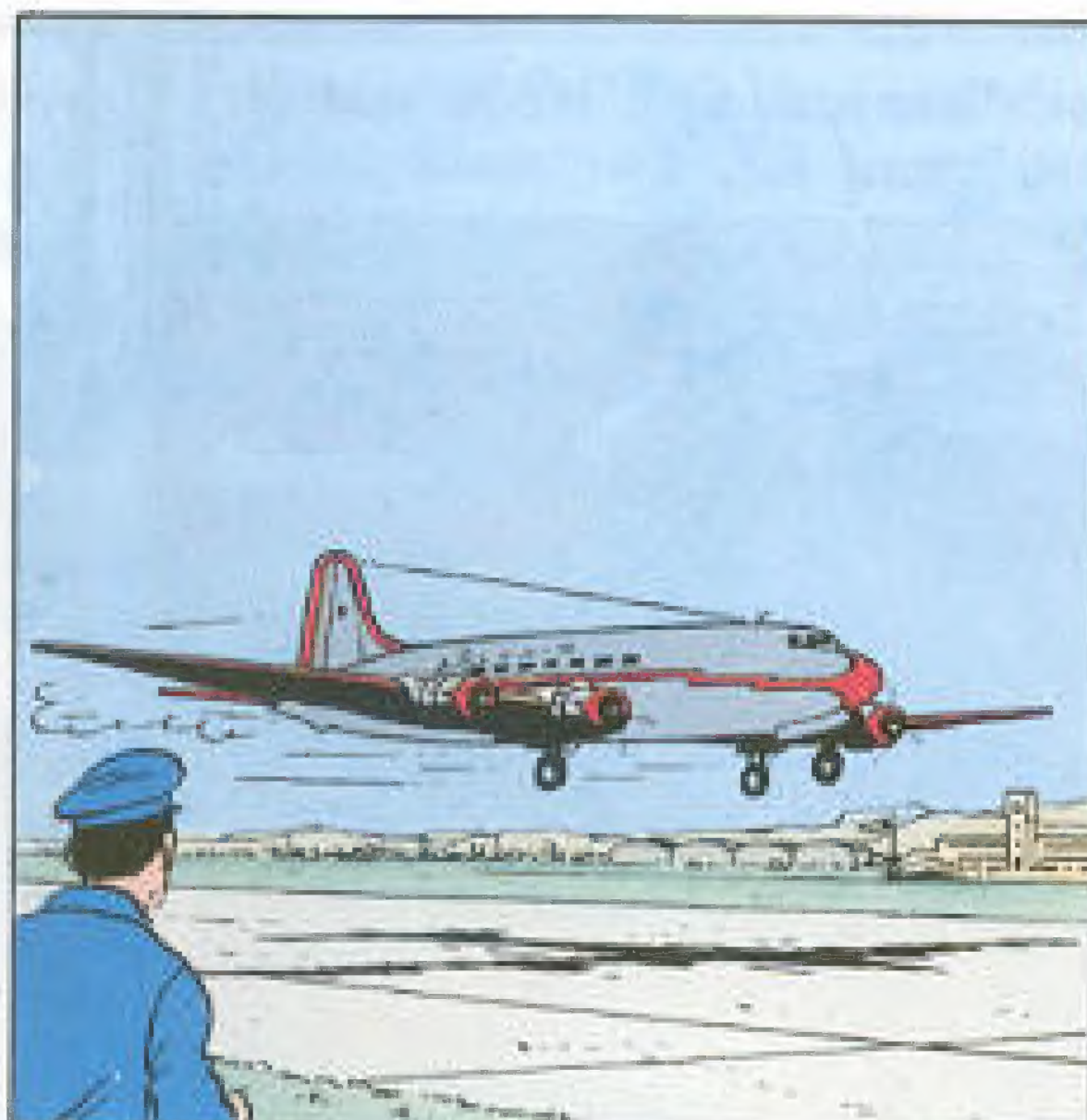
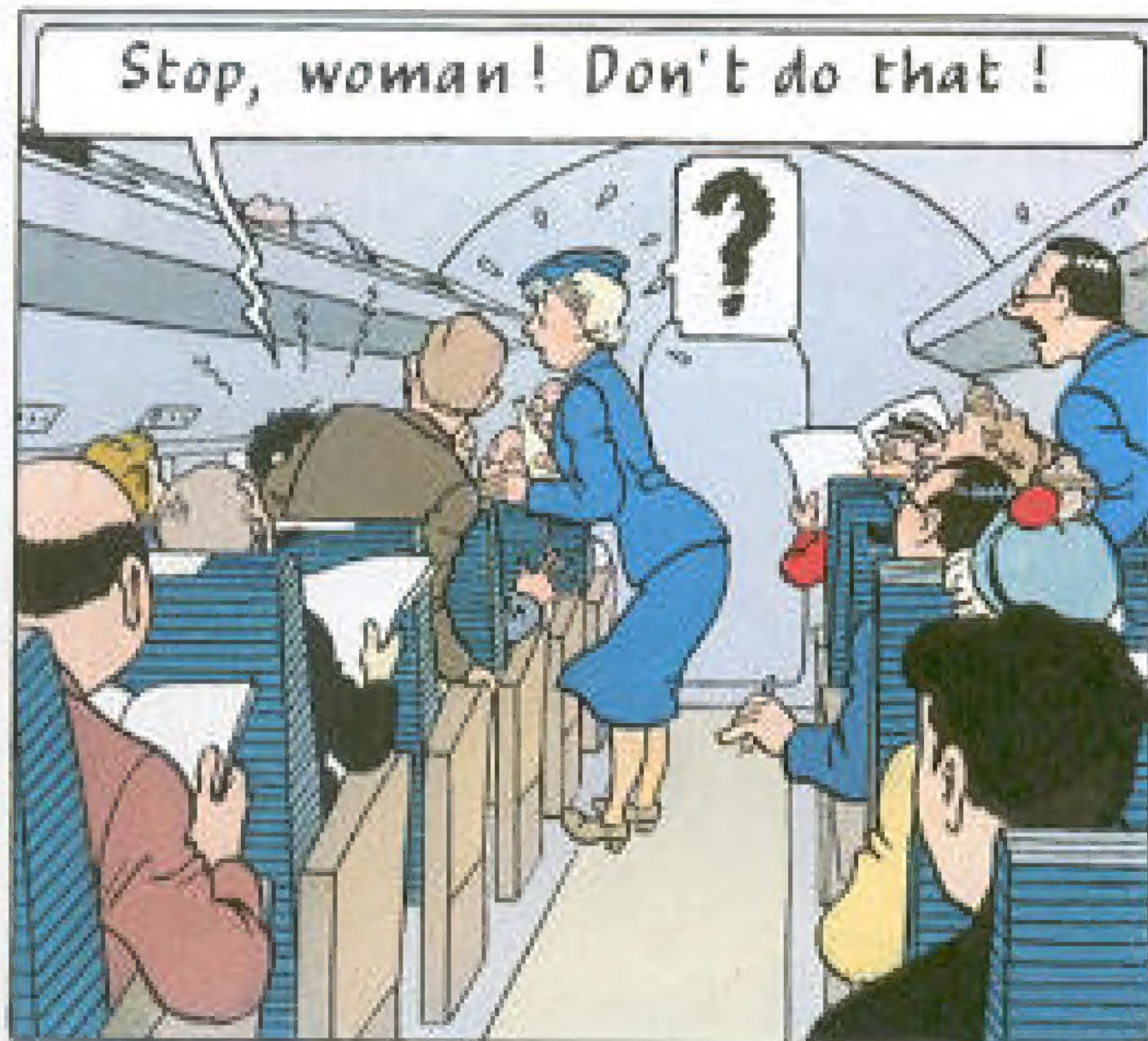
MAMMOTH



DESTINATION MOON









Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkie, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round? ...

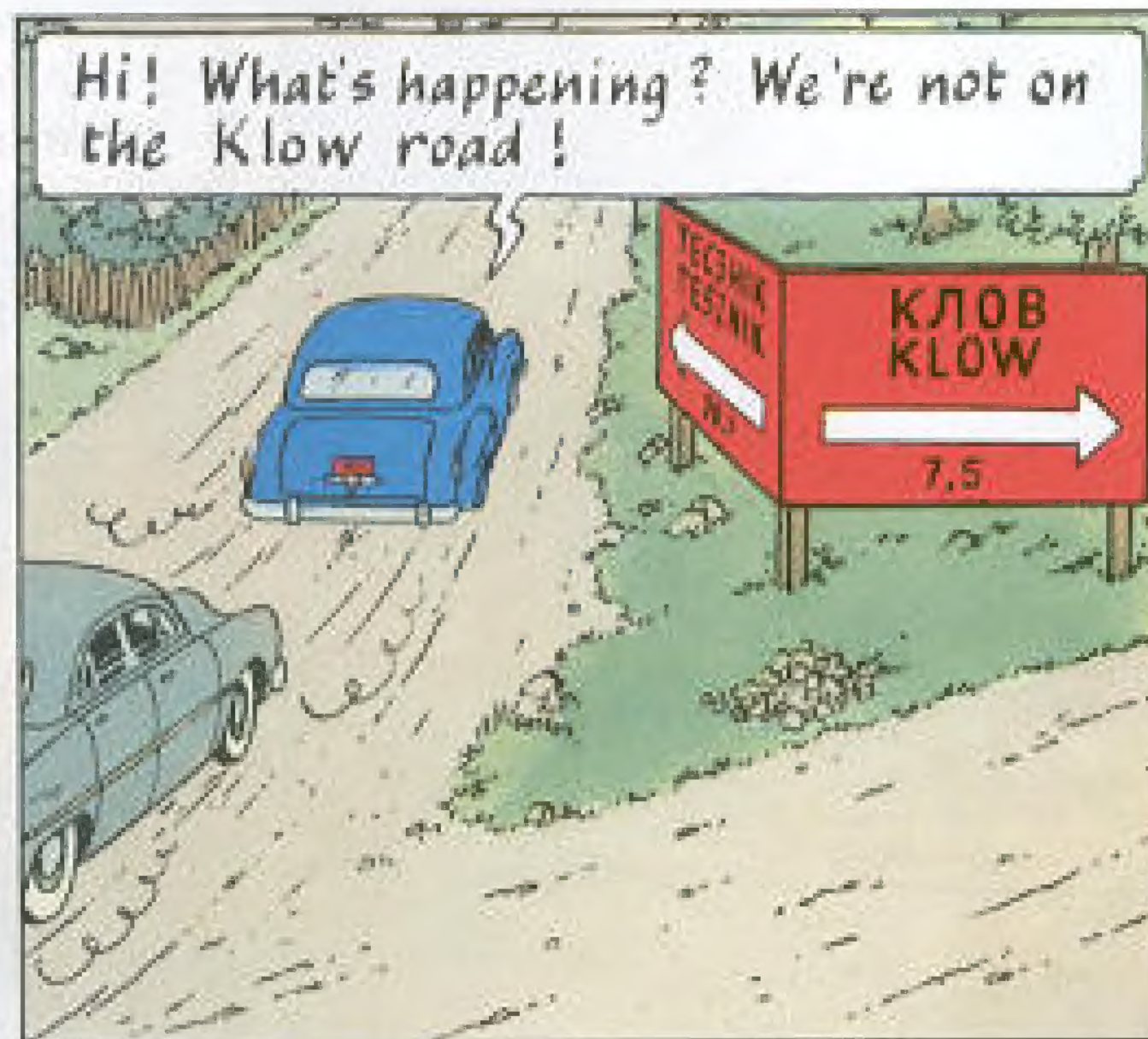


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport ...

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



СЛОУ SLOW
ROAD WORKS



?



Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir?... I not see... we go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?



Captain, just look at that signboard.

ФОРБОТЗЕН
ЗОНА
SECURITY
AREA



By thunder, I'm thirsty! I'm going to get a drink... And while I'm about it I'll see just what that car's doing behind us.



Hält!... Ihn dzekehujchz blaveh!



What?... Is this how you treat tourists in this thundering country of mineral-water-drinkers?



Thundering typhoons, I'm thirsty... Thirsty! You understand? No? Er... Jai soif... Ich bin durstig, blistering barnacles! Drink.. glug-glug
Ah?... Döszt?



Vladimir!... Eh! Vladimir! On flász Klowaswa vüh dzapeih.. Eih döszt!...
Ah, he's understood... About time too!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Mineral-water! And you think I'll drink a single drop of that nauseating liquid?



?



Sea-gherkin!... Pirate!... Logarithm!... Ectoplasm!... Baboon! You call yourself a policeman and you can't open a bottle properly!

Captain, come on! We're going!



Tribe of Polynesians!



Half an hour later...



Captain!... Look!... A helicopter!...



By thunder! It's landing in the road!... Here, Sprodj, what does this mean?

Check-pozt, zir.



Another check-point?



Güdd... Zrädjzmo... Zsälu endzoekhoszd.



Well, it's the first time I've ever seen that... It's incredible! A flying check-point!

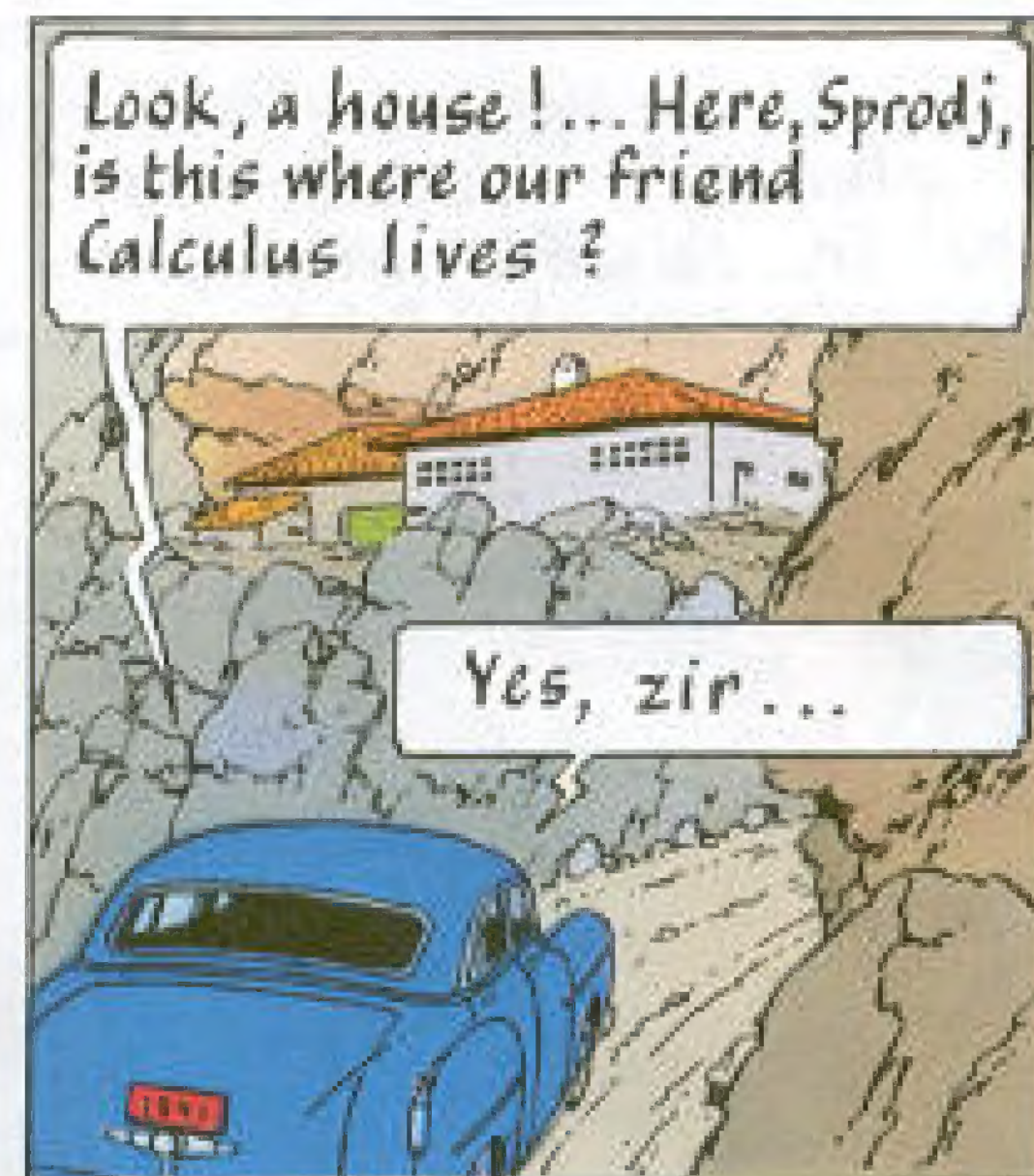


B.H. 15 calling Control... B.H. 15 calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" passed check-point... All in order...



What's all this checking business? Where are we, and where are they taking us?

That's what I'm wondering.



Look, a house!... Here, Sprodj, is this where our friend Calculus lives?

Yes, zir...



What's possessed him to come and nest up here? I simply... Blistering barnacles! Another check-point!



Thundering typhoons! What's going on in this country? Anyone would think there's a war on!



And now that baboon's gone off with our papers! What's he doing with them?



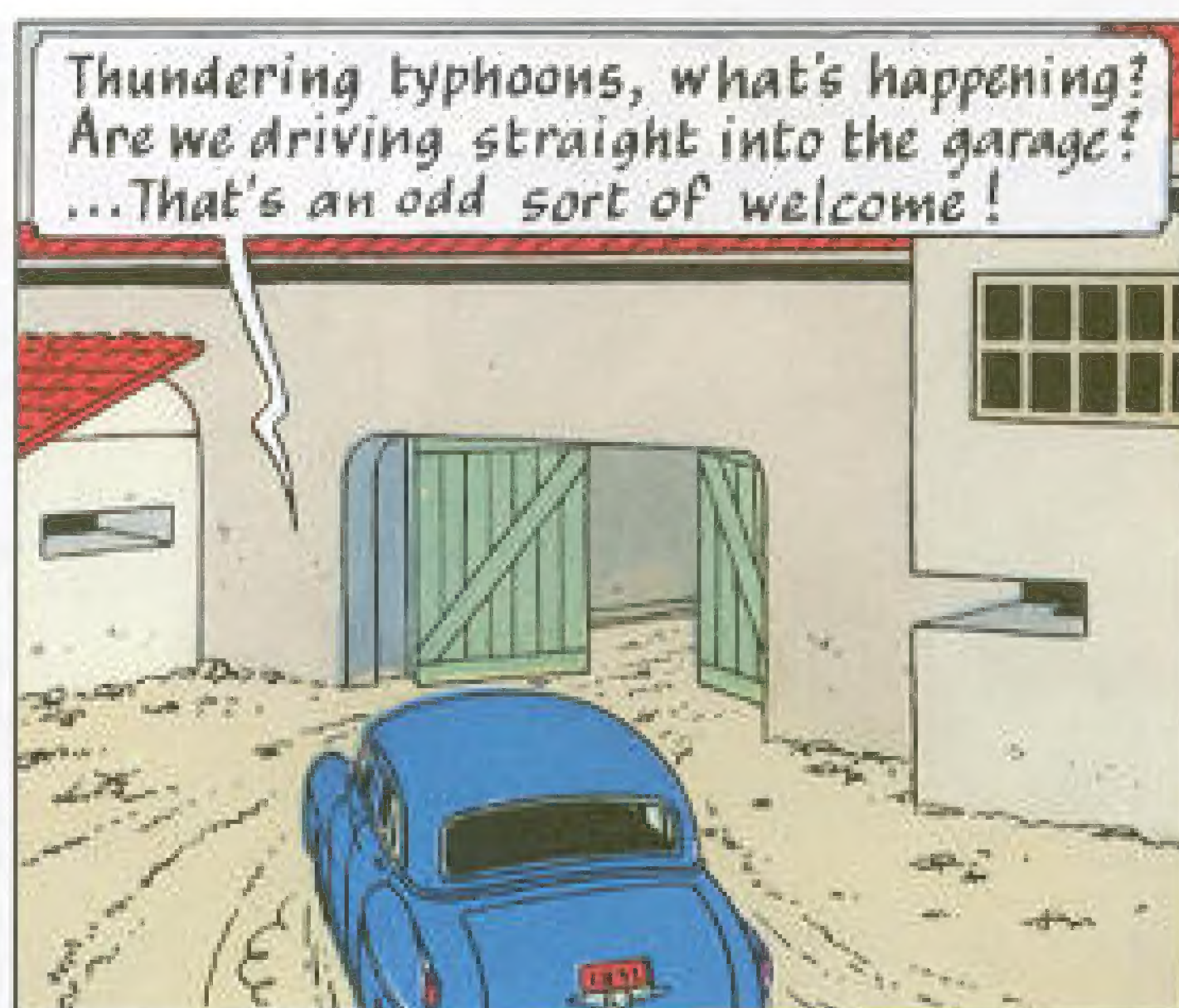
P.K.1 calling Control... P.K.1 calling Control... Expedition "Bluebell" has arrived... All in order... Open the doors...



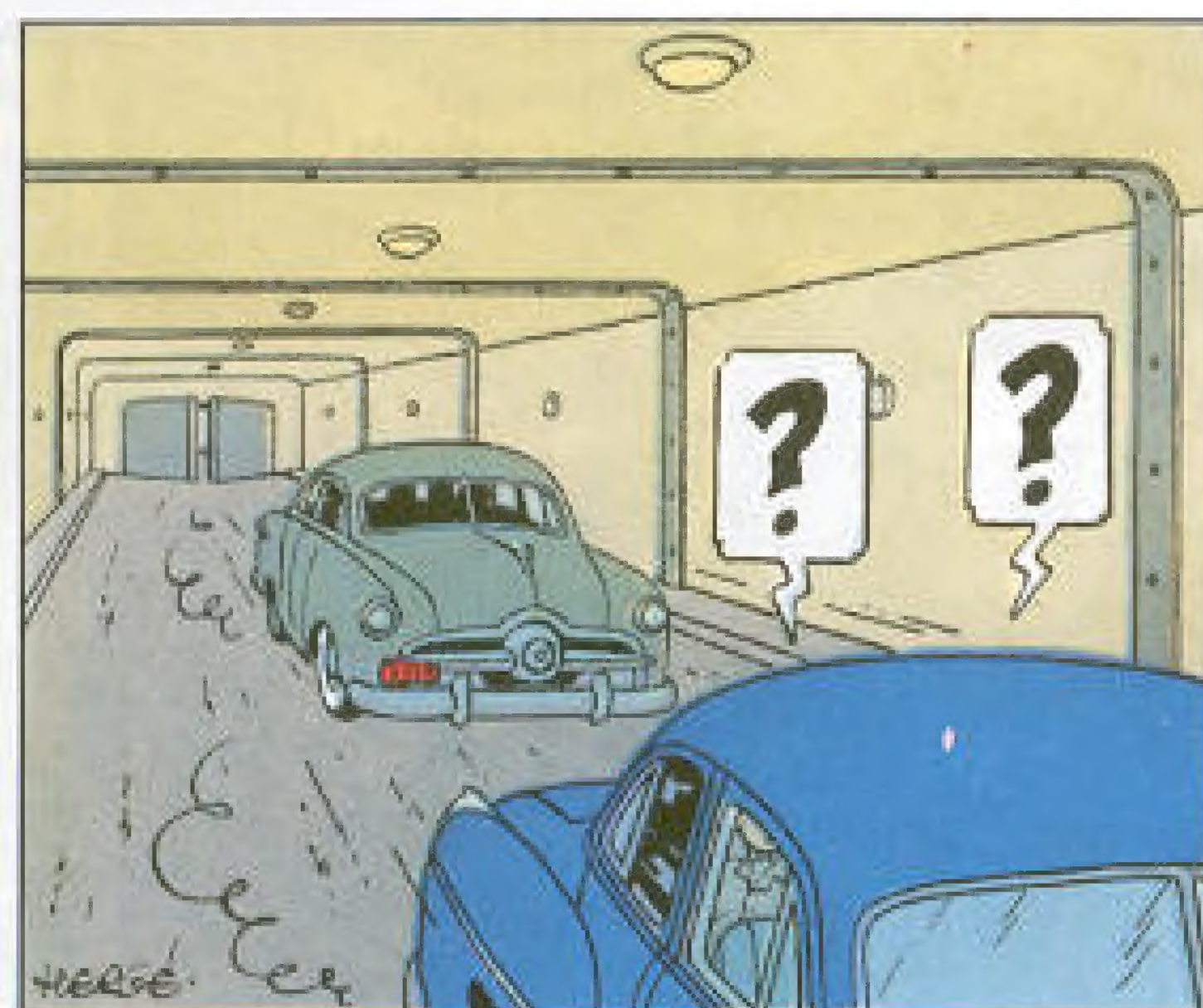
Güdd!... Zrädjzmo!... Zsoe gnounh dzoeteuñ ebb touhn...

Ah, all's well... We can go on.

Güdd!

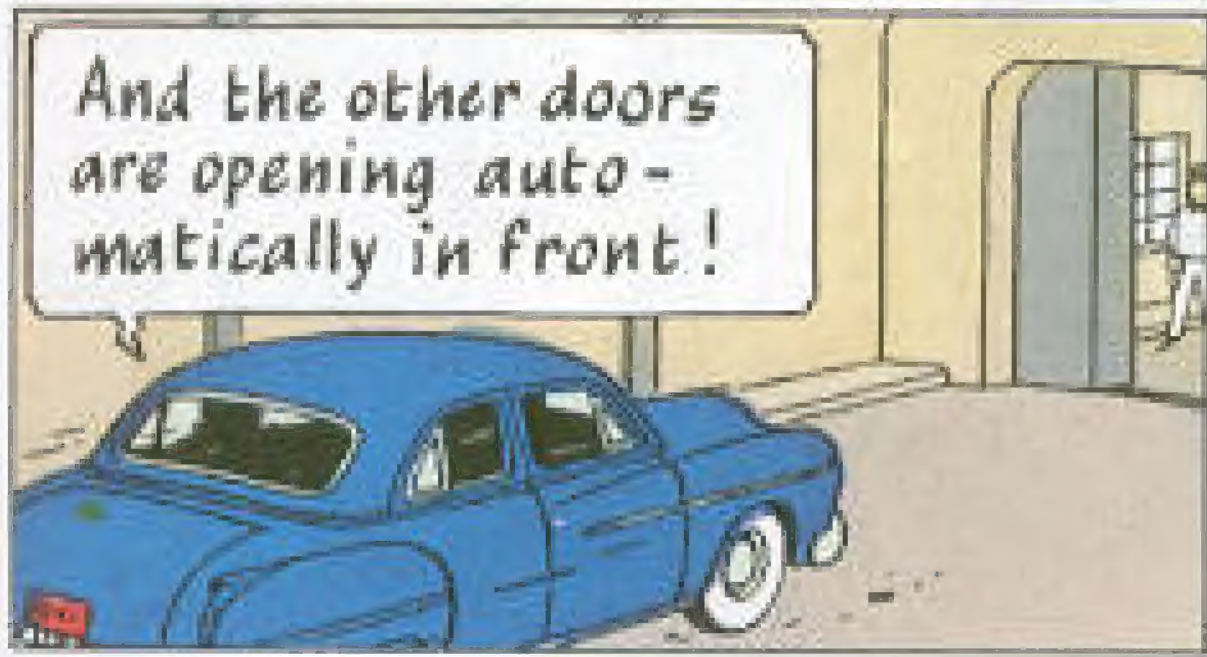


Thundering typhoons, what's happening? Are we driving straight into the garage?... That's an odd sort of welcome!

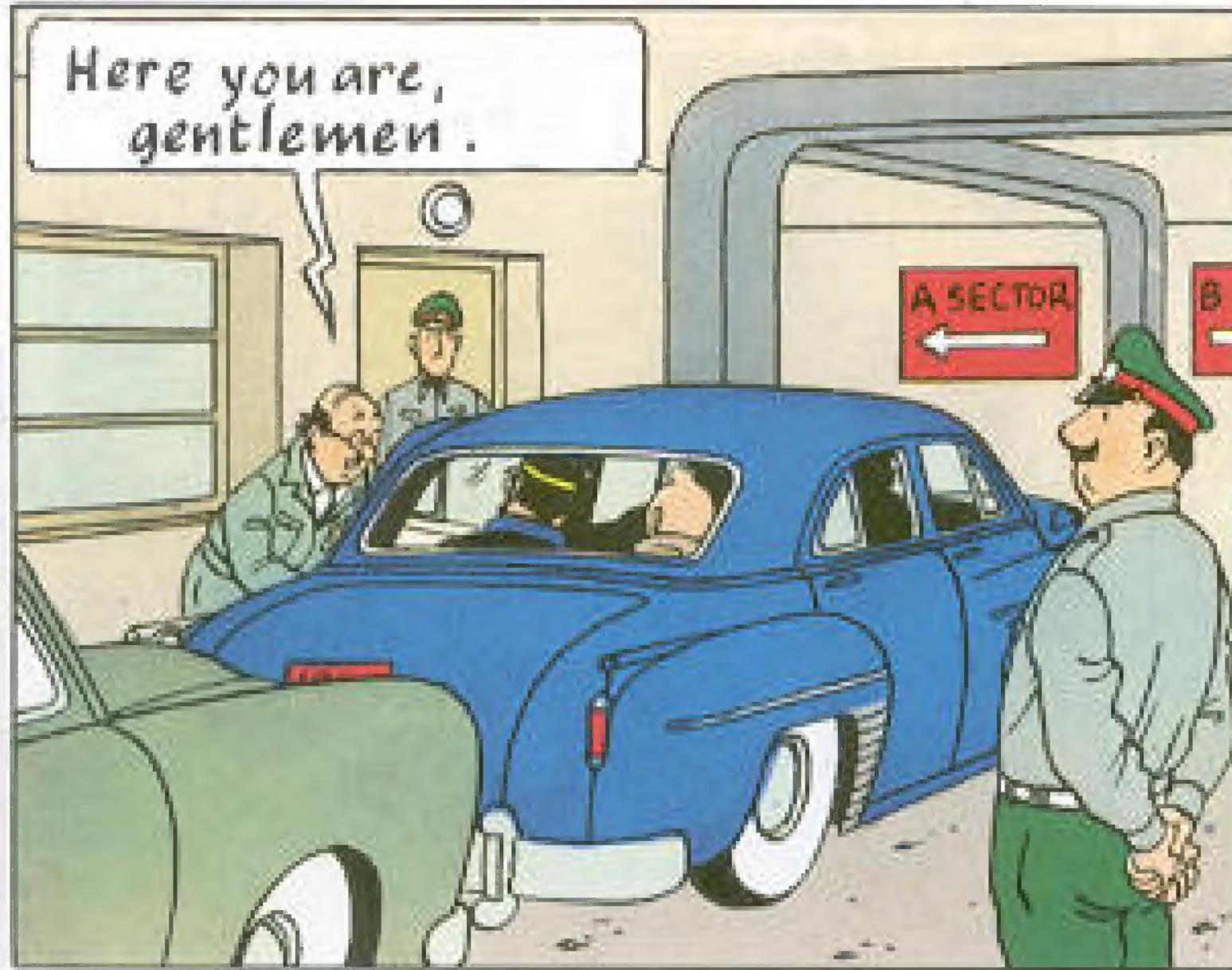




The doors have closed automatically behind us!



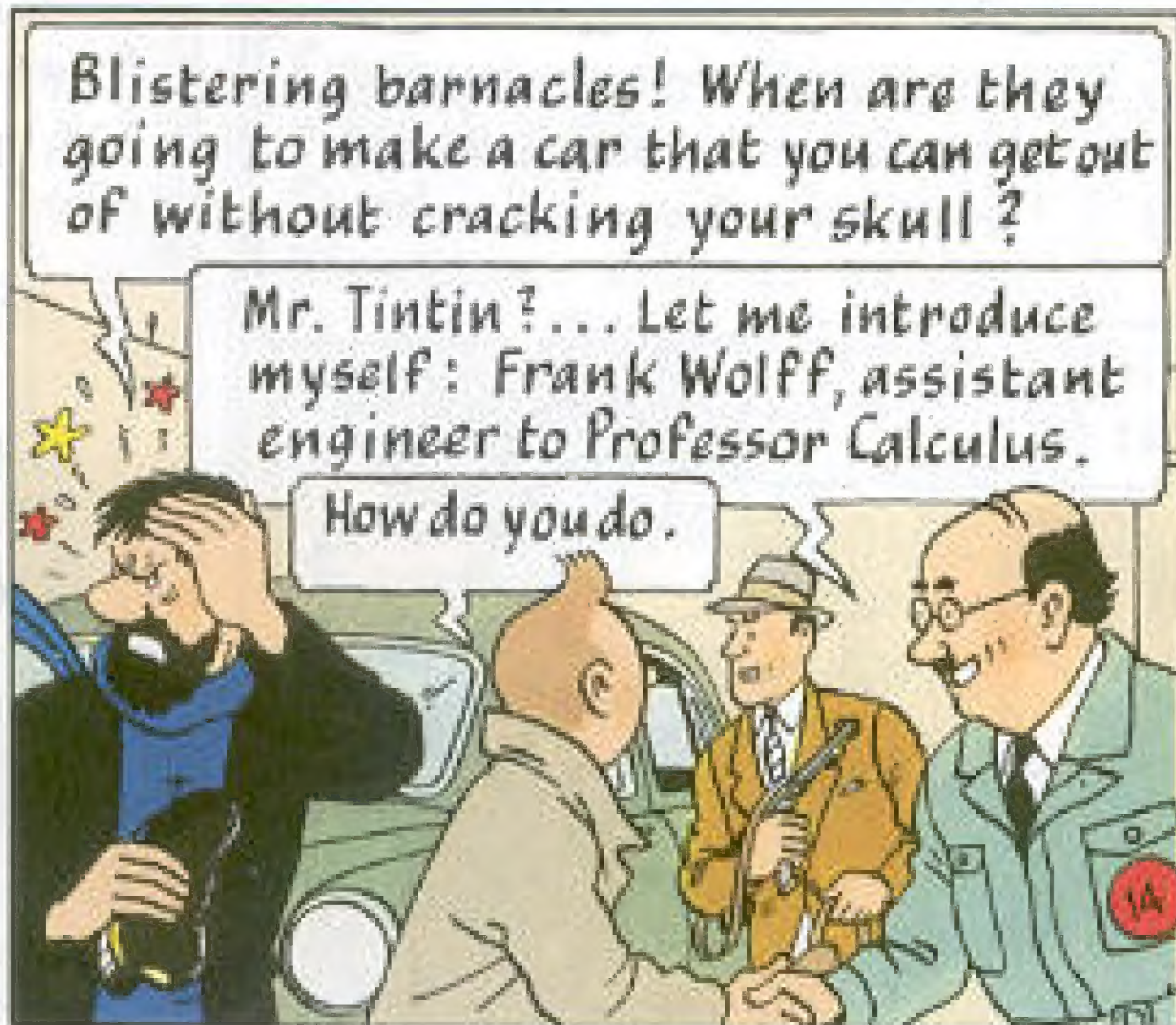
And the other doors are opening automatically in front!



Here you are, gentlemen.



At last! And it's about time too!



Blistering barnacles! When are they going to make a car that you can get out of without cracking your skull?

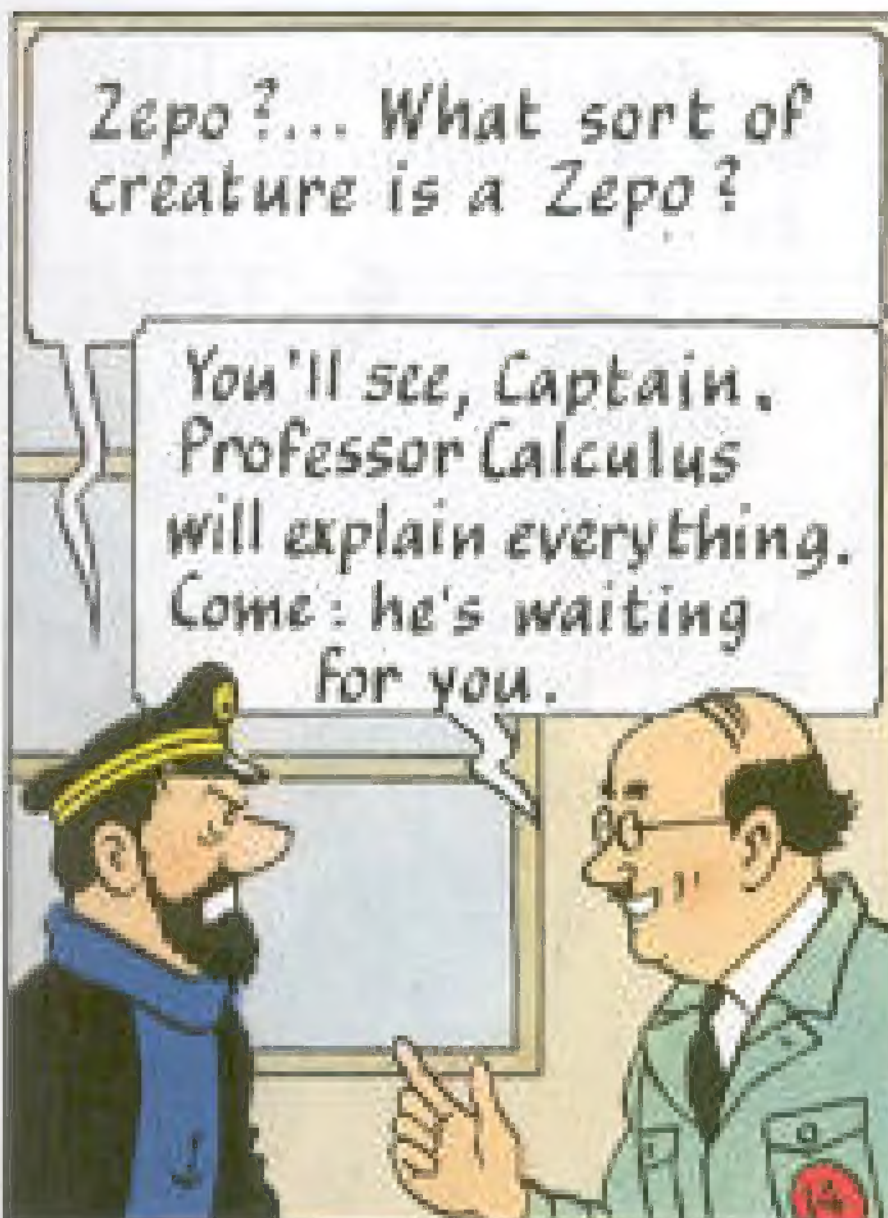
Mr. Tintin?... Let me introduce myself: Frank Wolff, assistant engineer to Professor Calculus.

How do you do.



How do you do... But I'd like to know where we are... And what these gangsters are who followed us from the airport...

Gangsters, Captain? These are ZEPO men!



Zepo?... What sort of creature is a Zepo?

You'll see, Captain. Professor Calculus will explain everything. Come: he's waiting for you.



Fifth floor. We'll take the lift.



After you, gentlemen...



WOOAH!



Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't notice your dog!

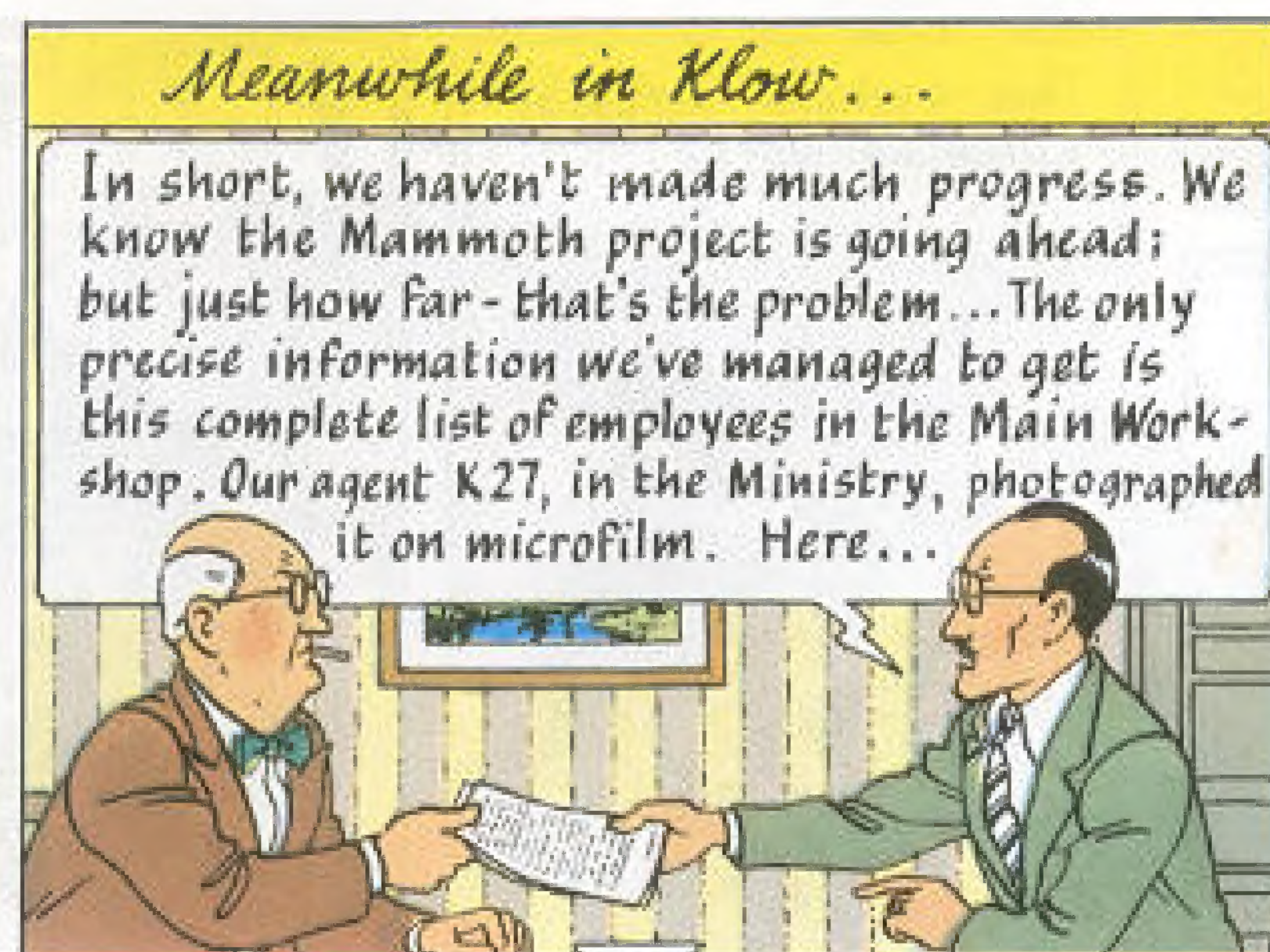
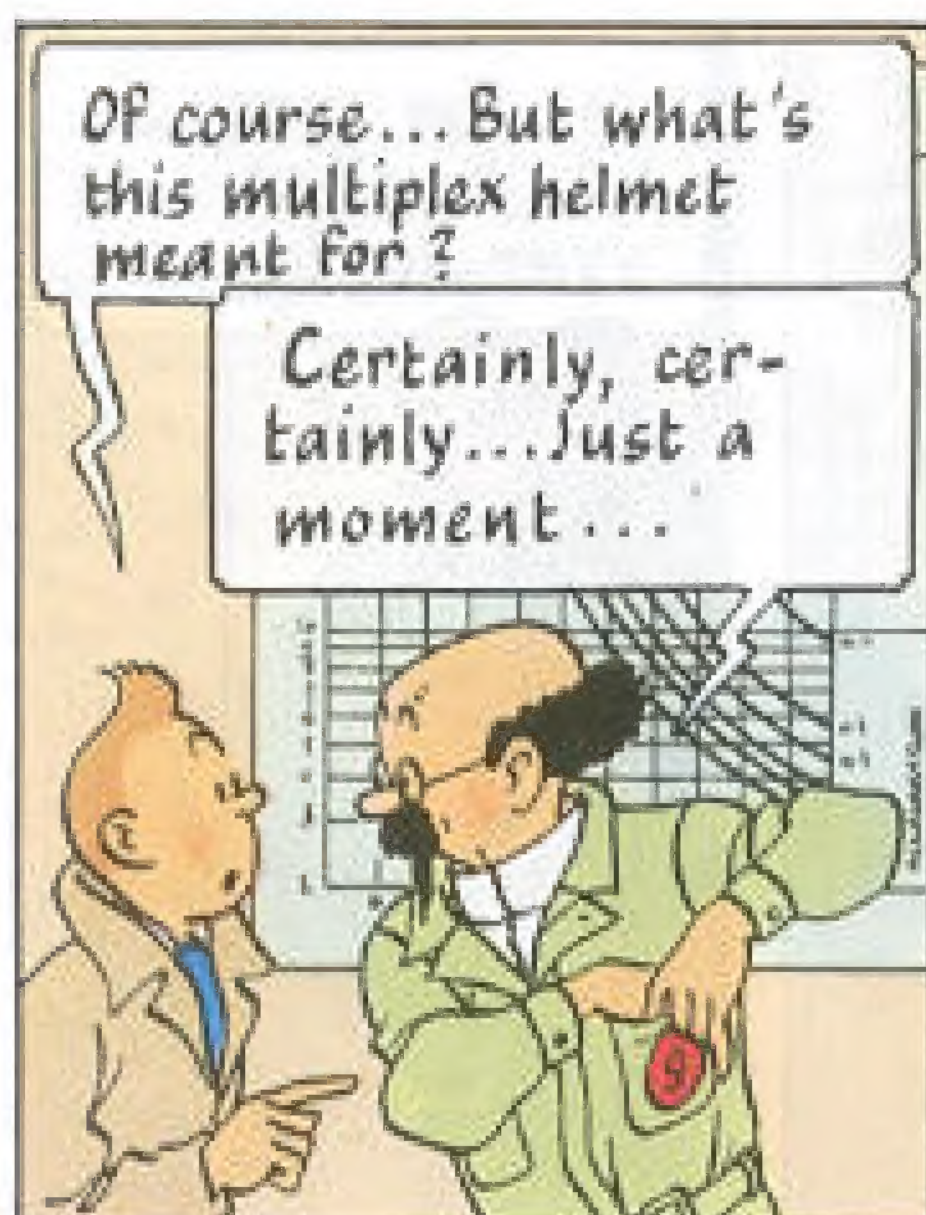


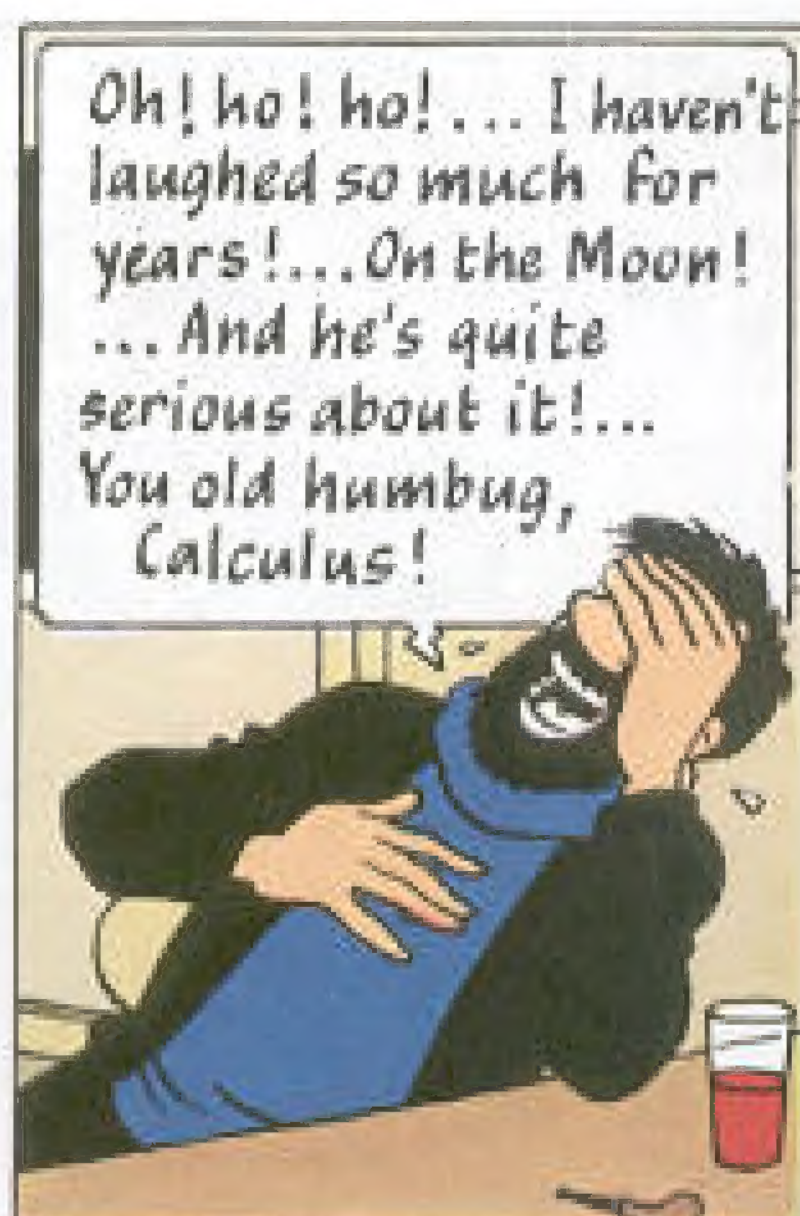
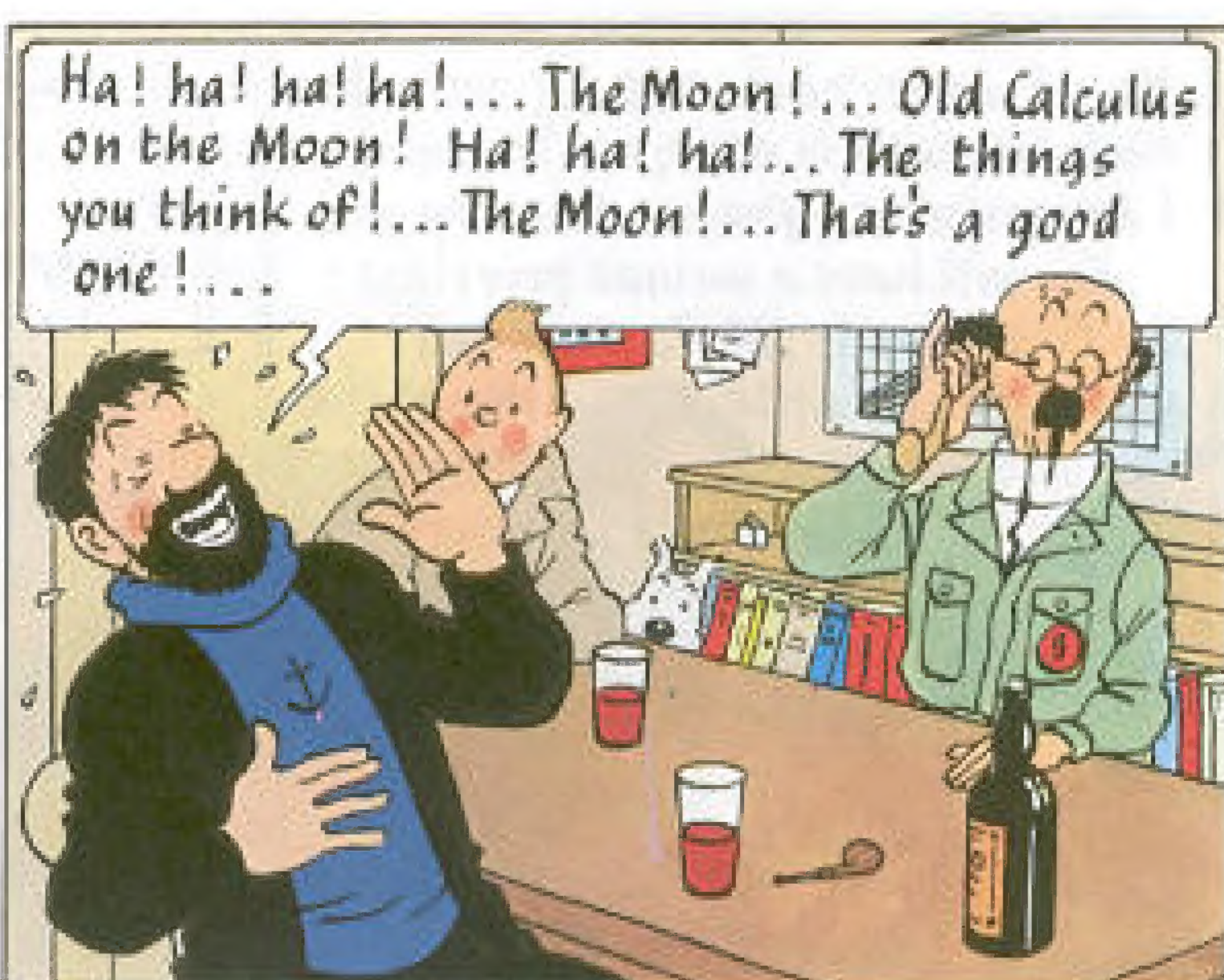
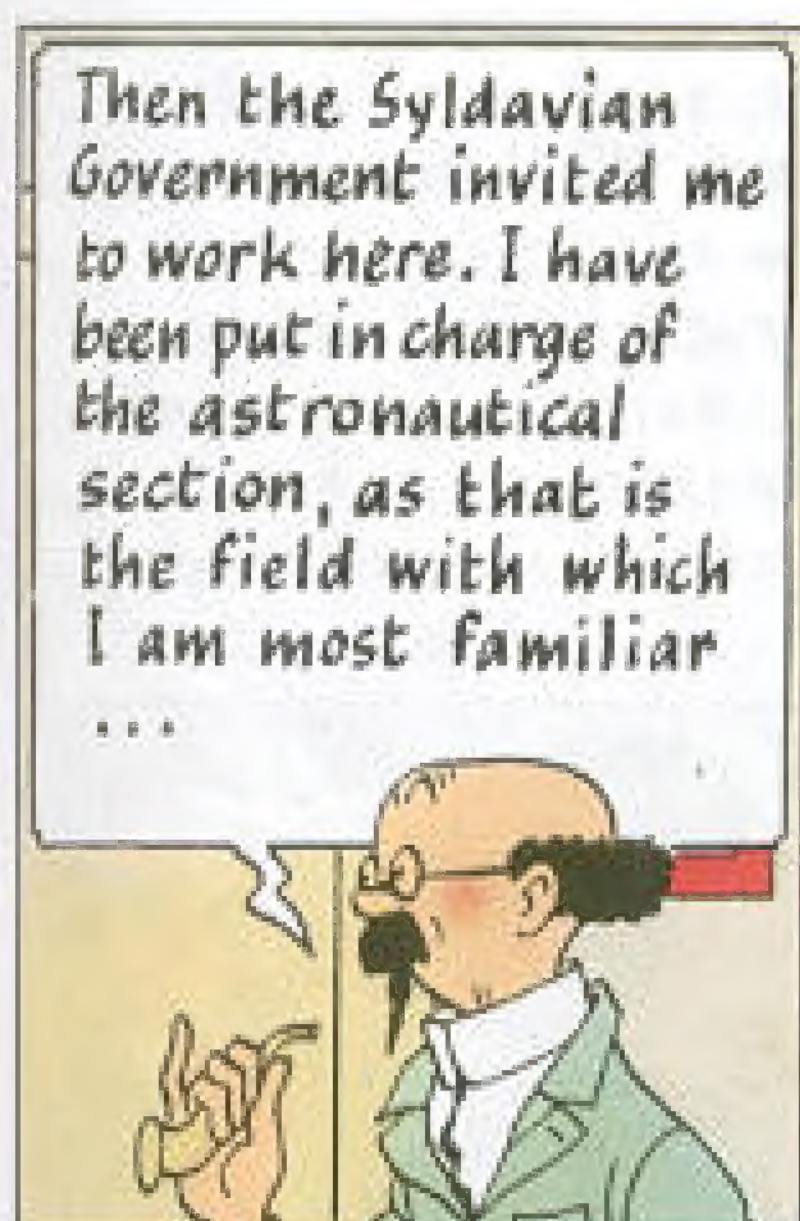
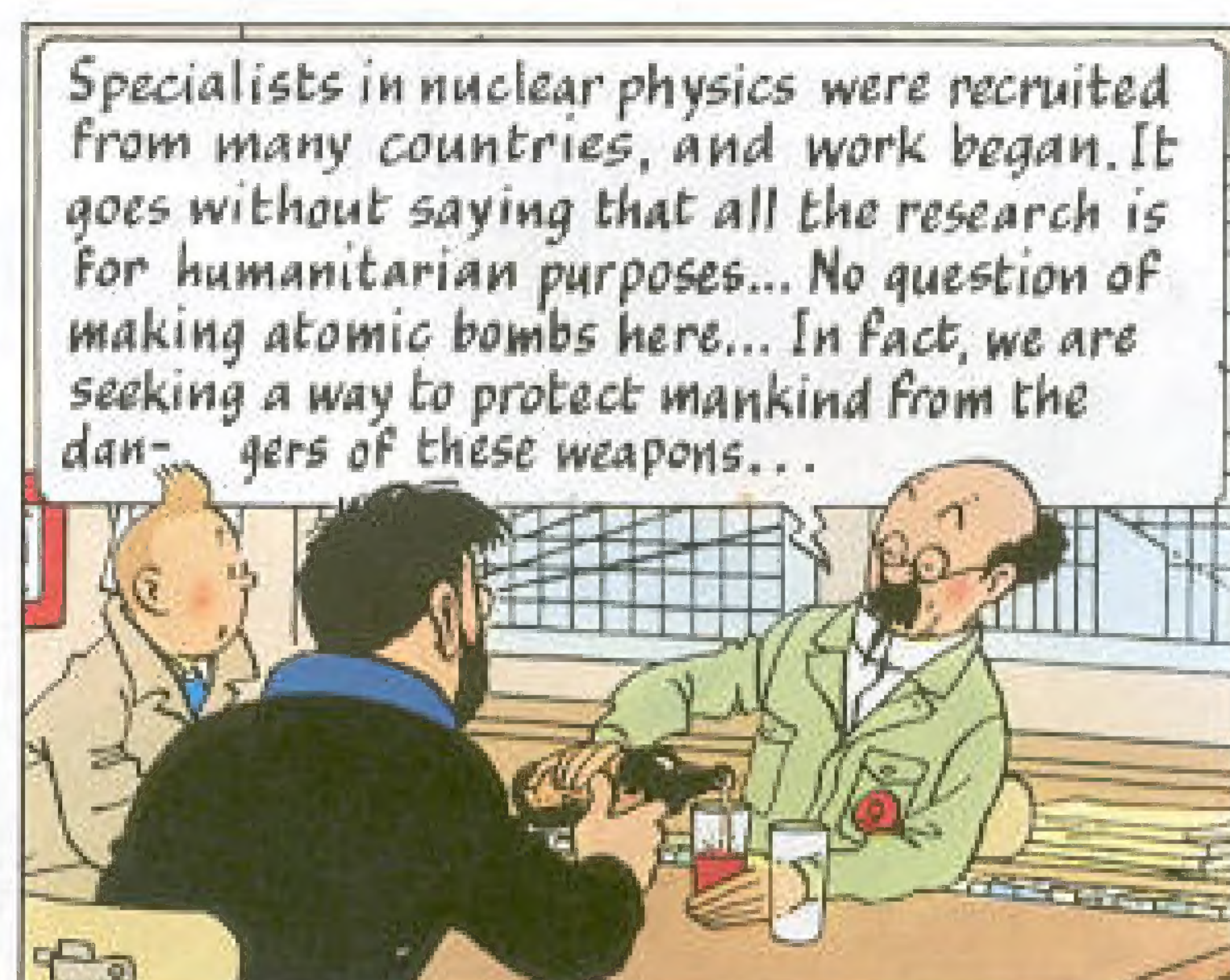
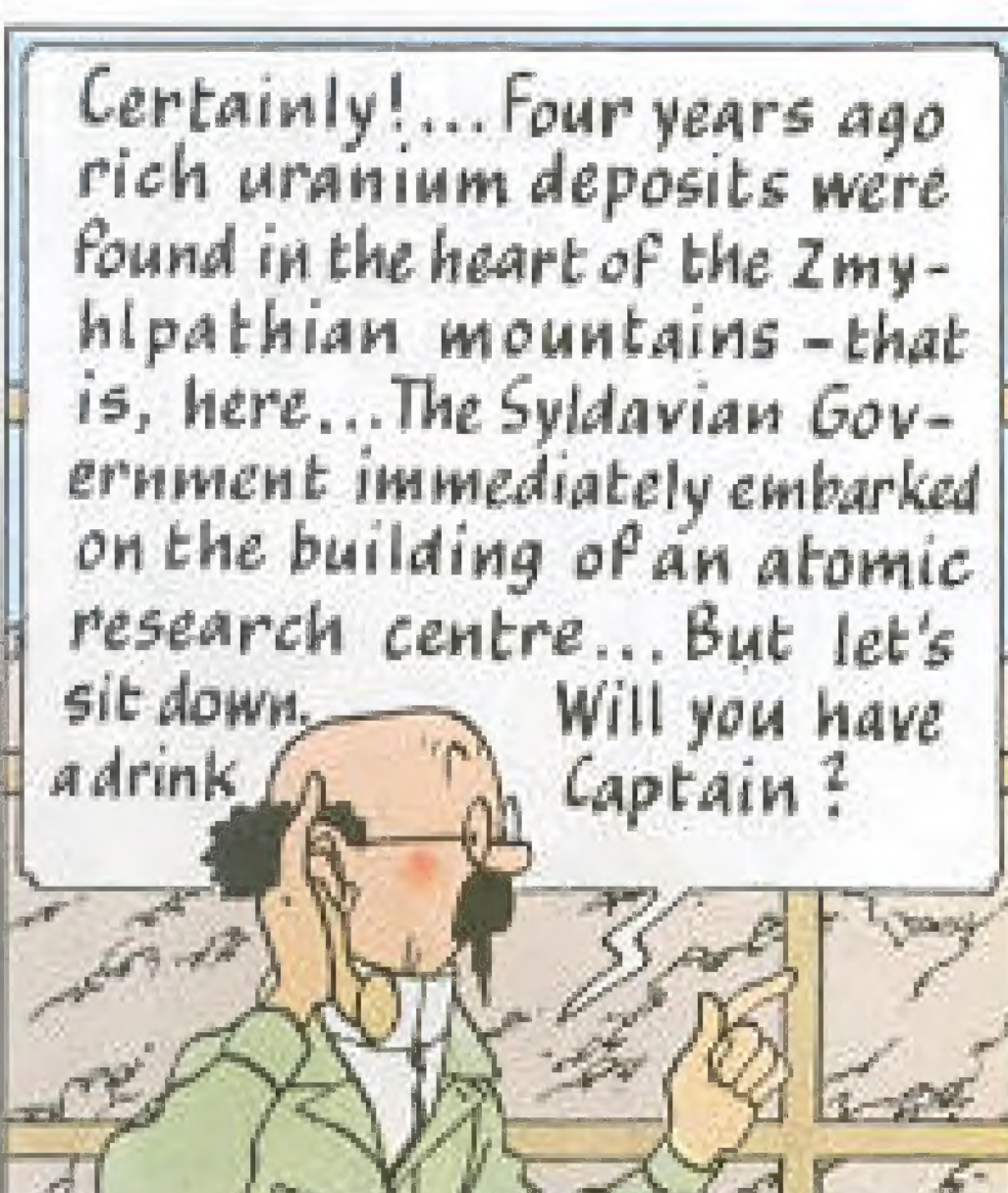
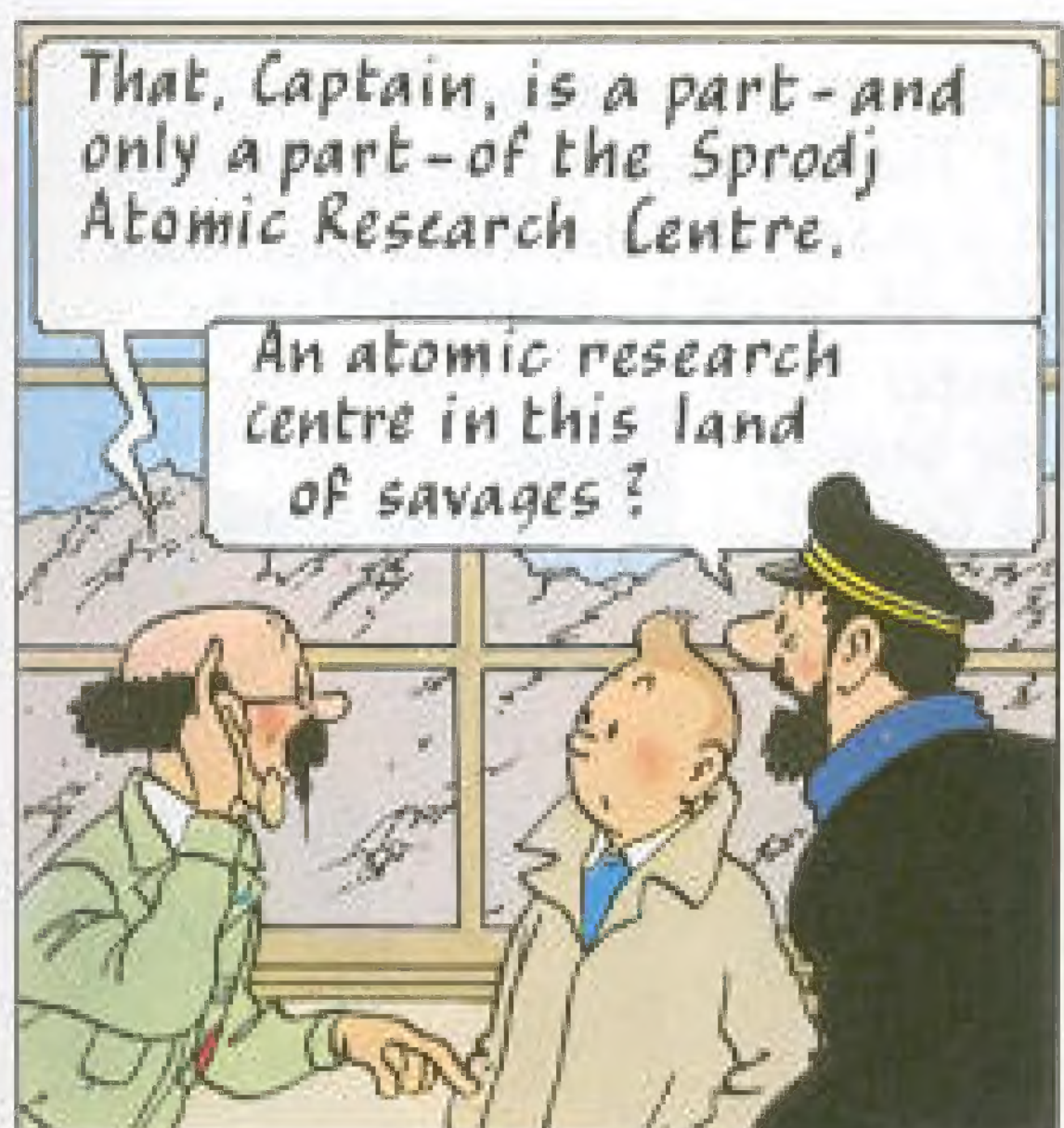
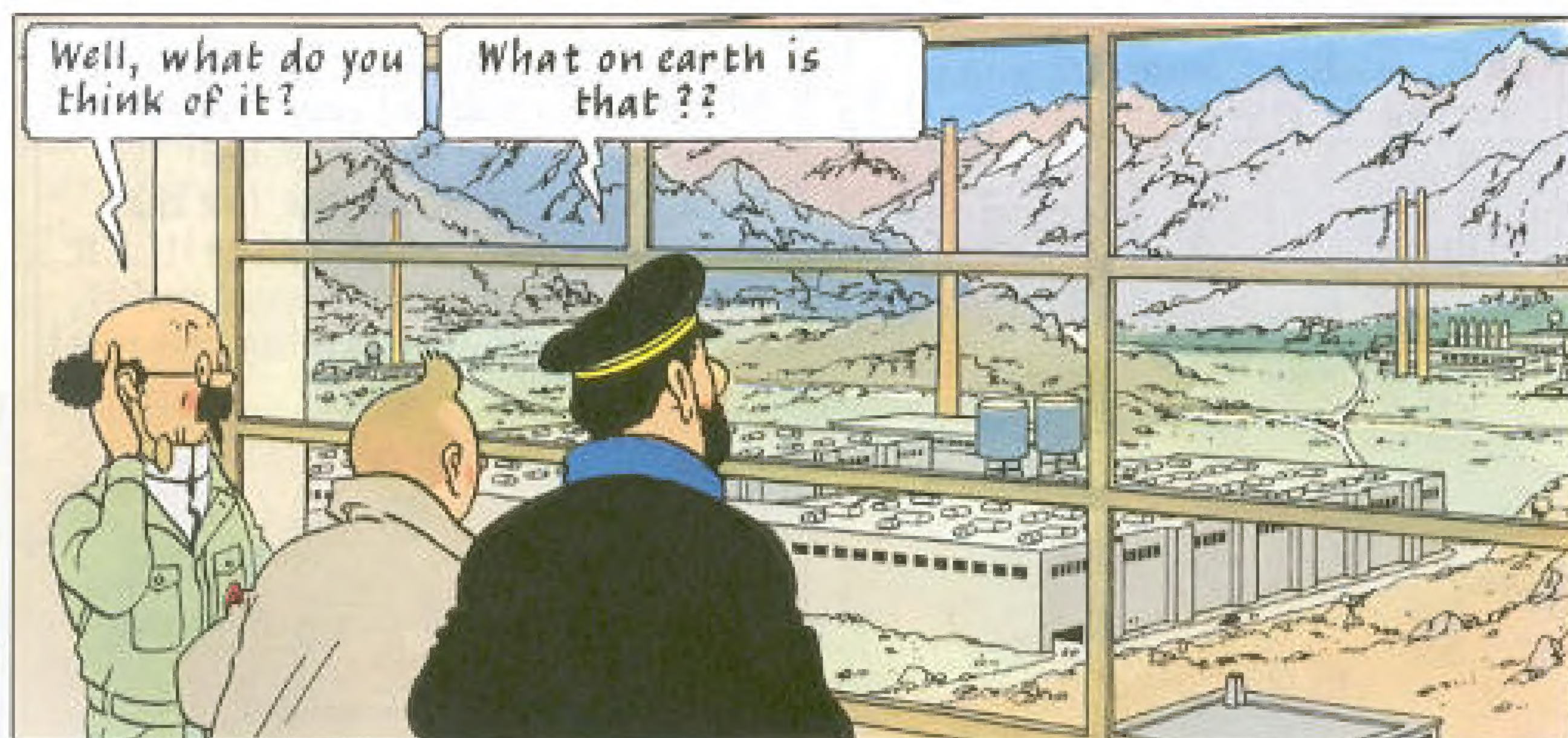
Here we are...

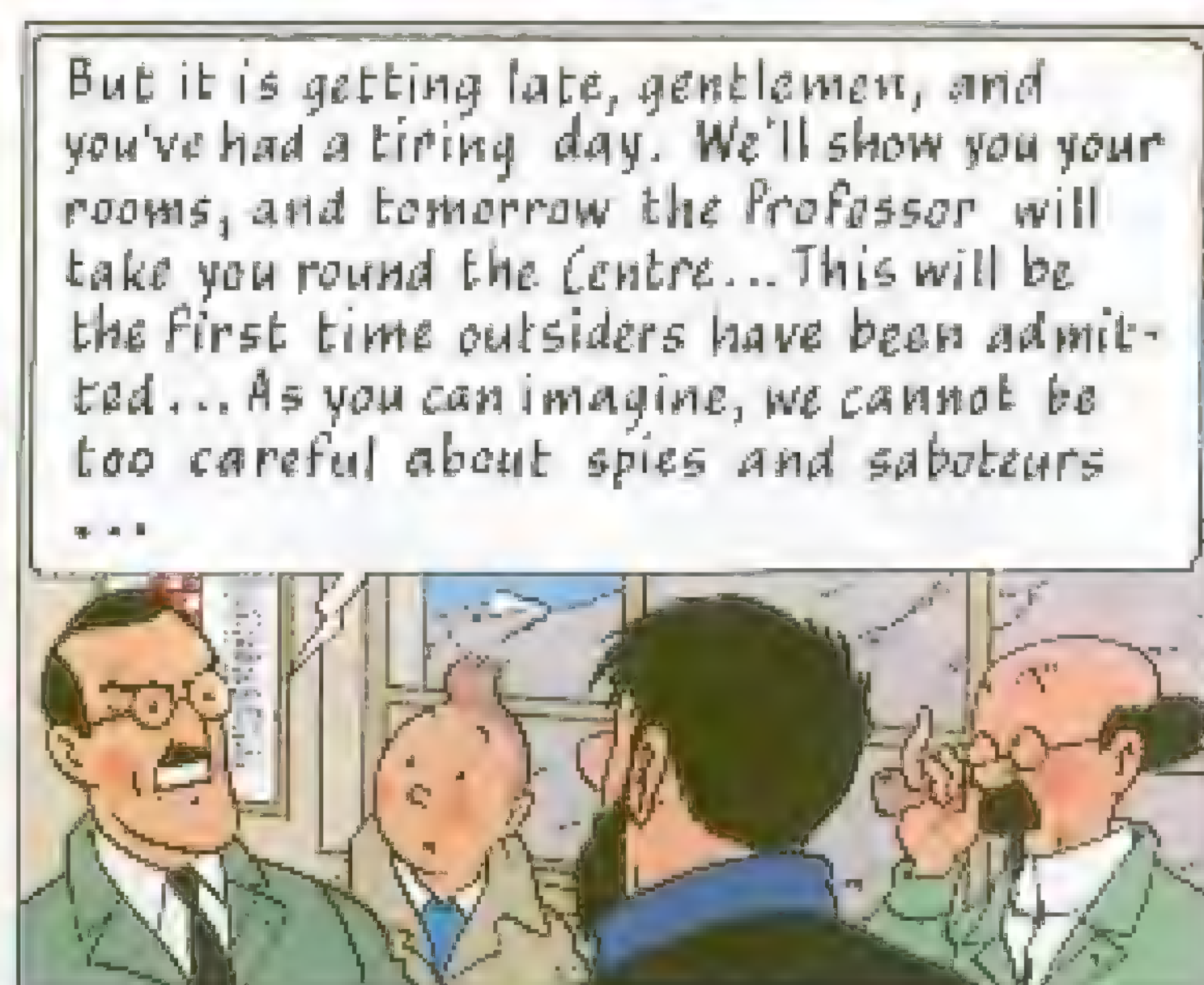
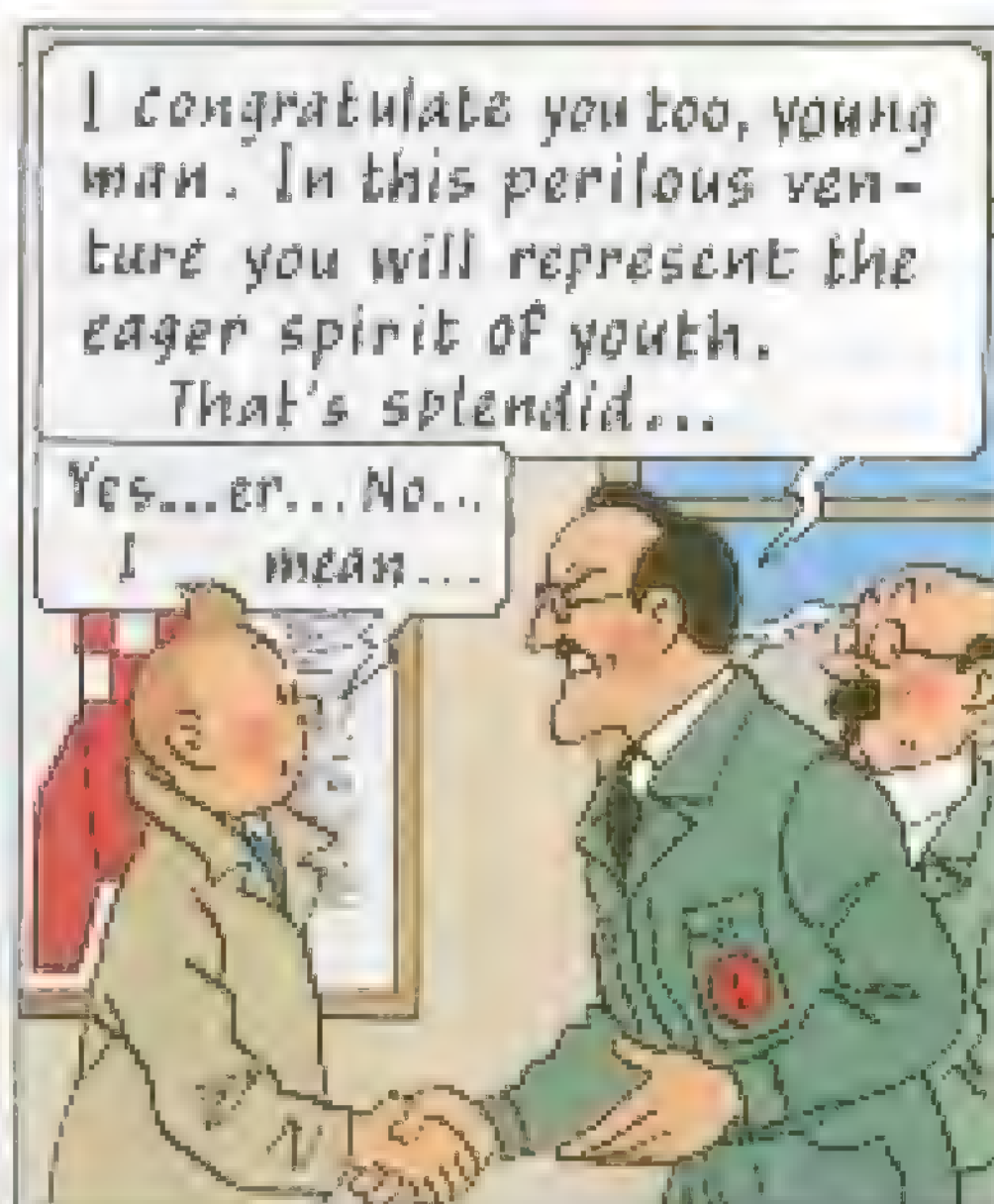
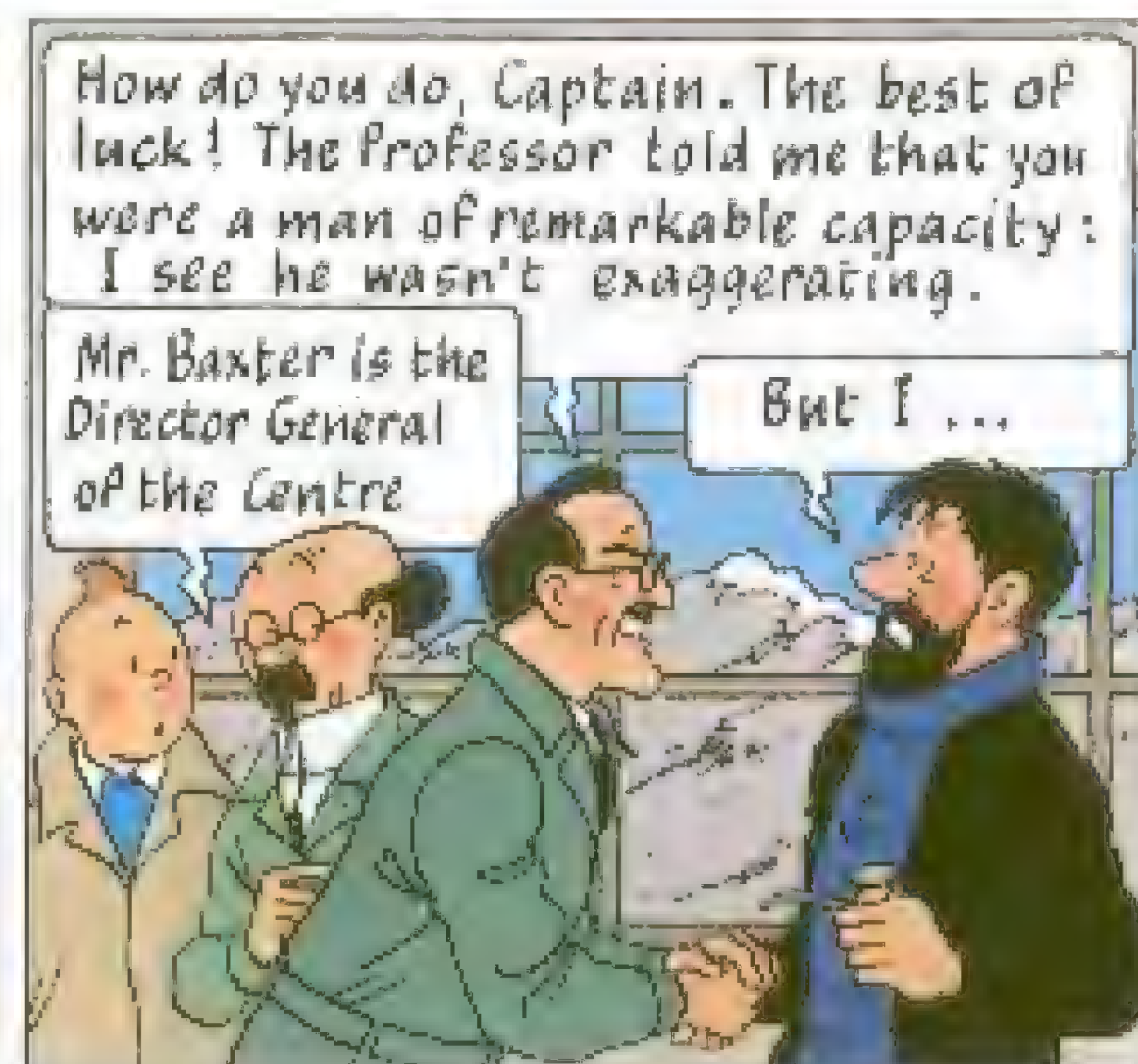


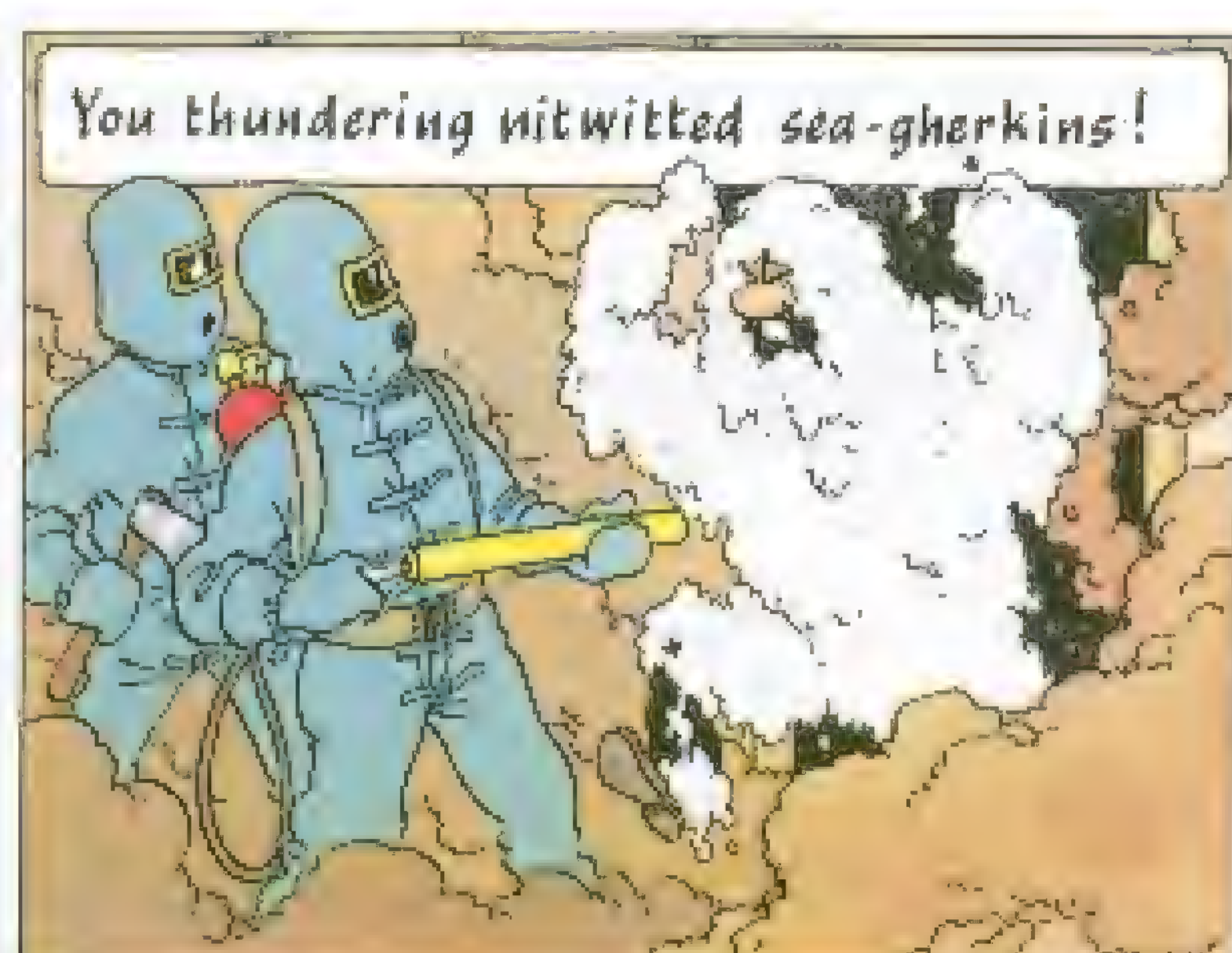
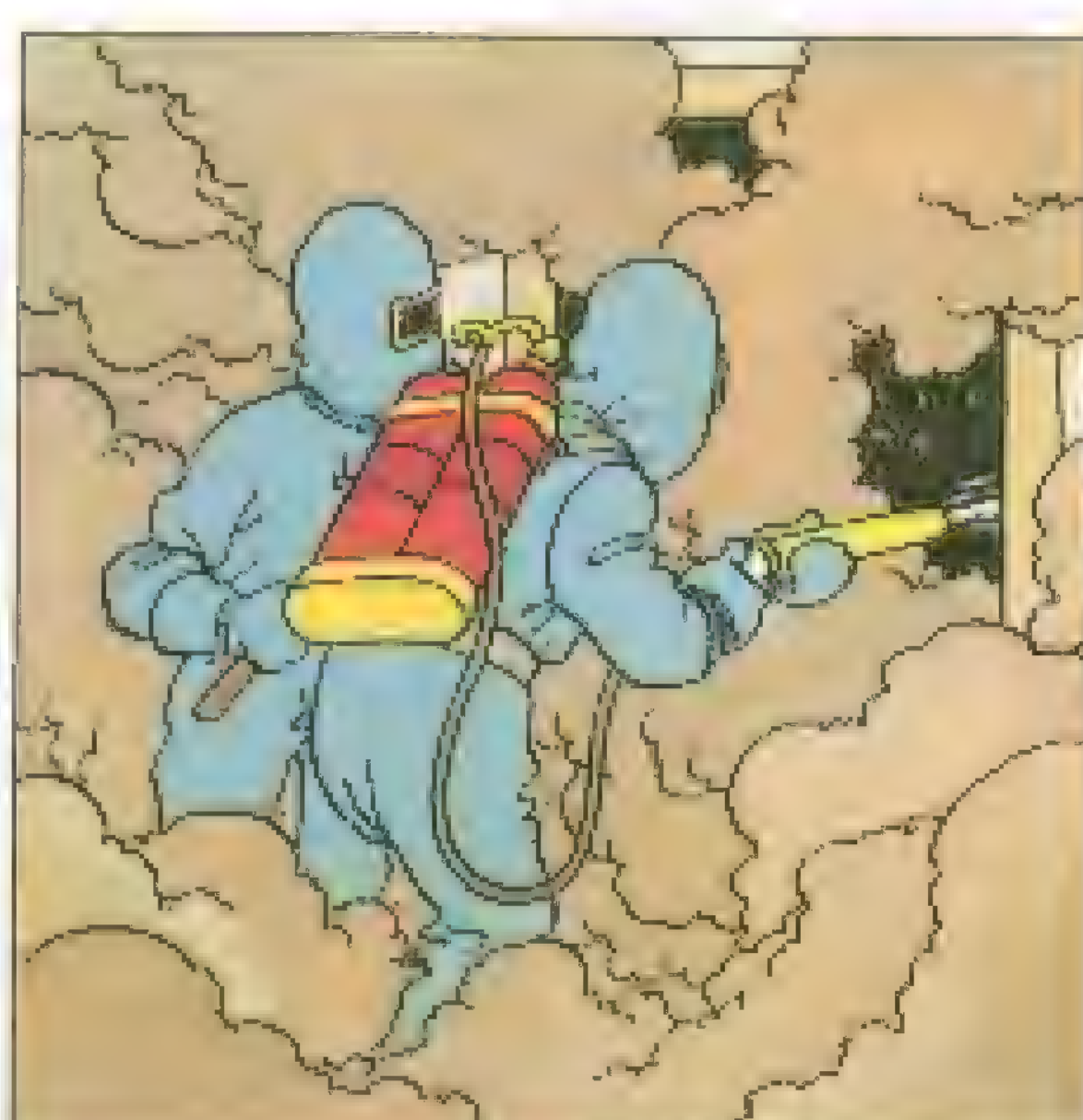
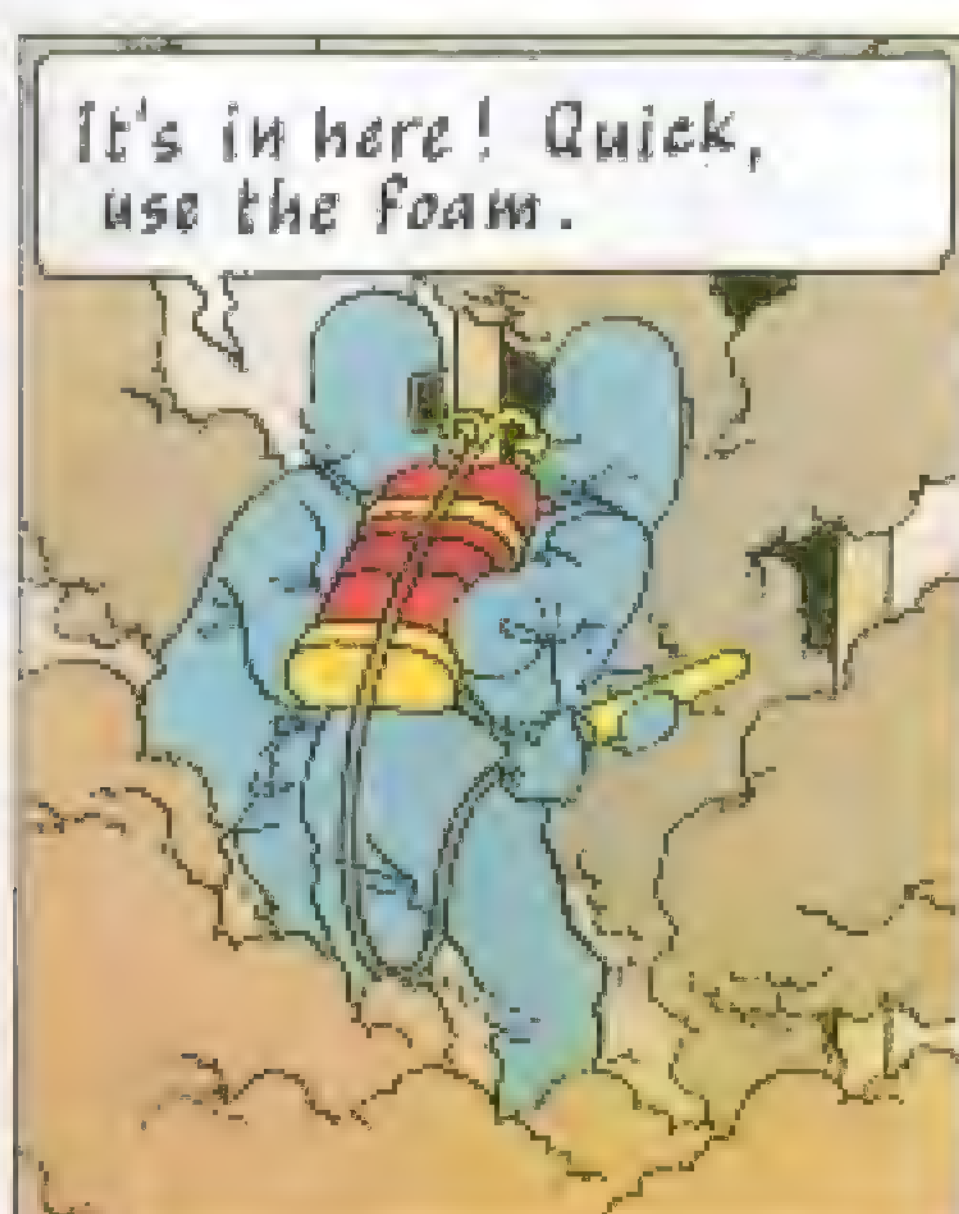
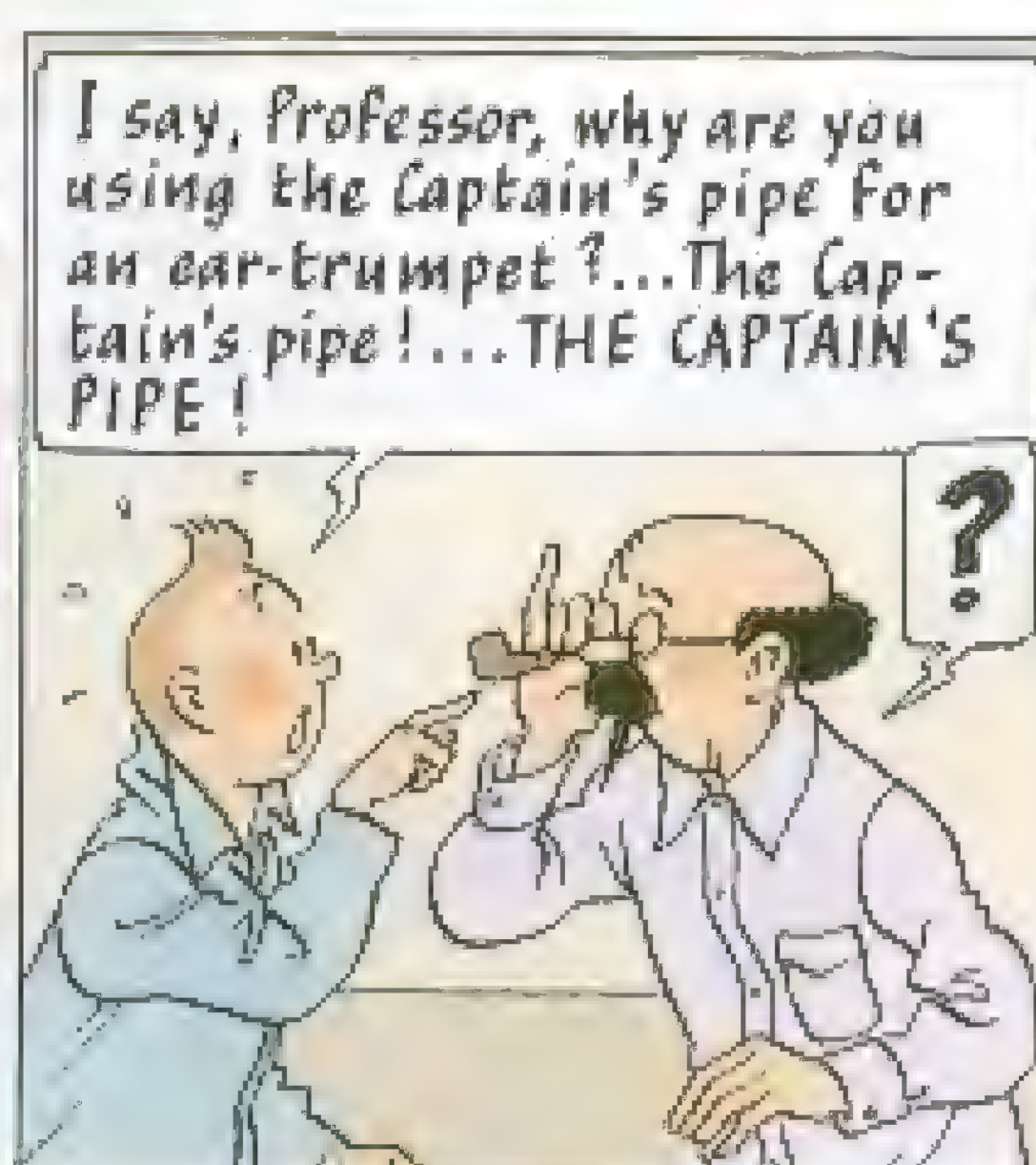
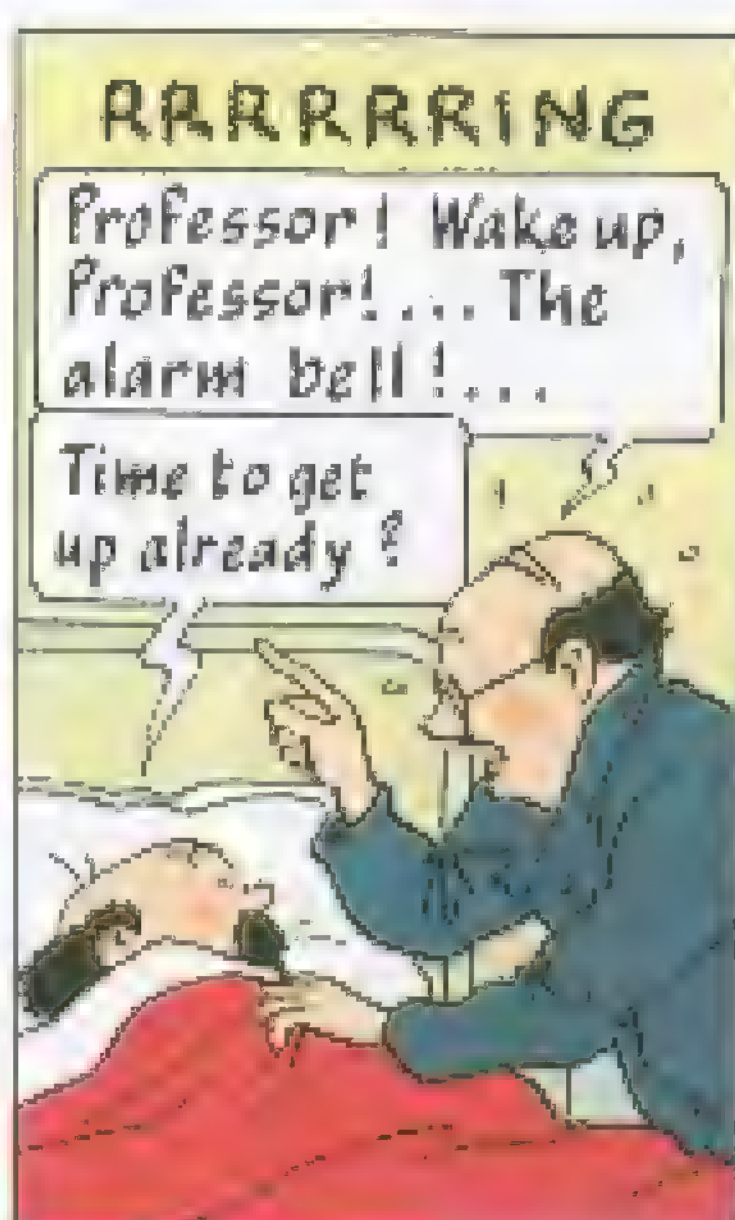
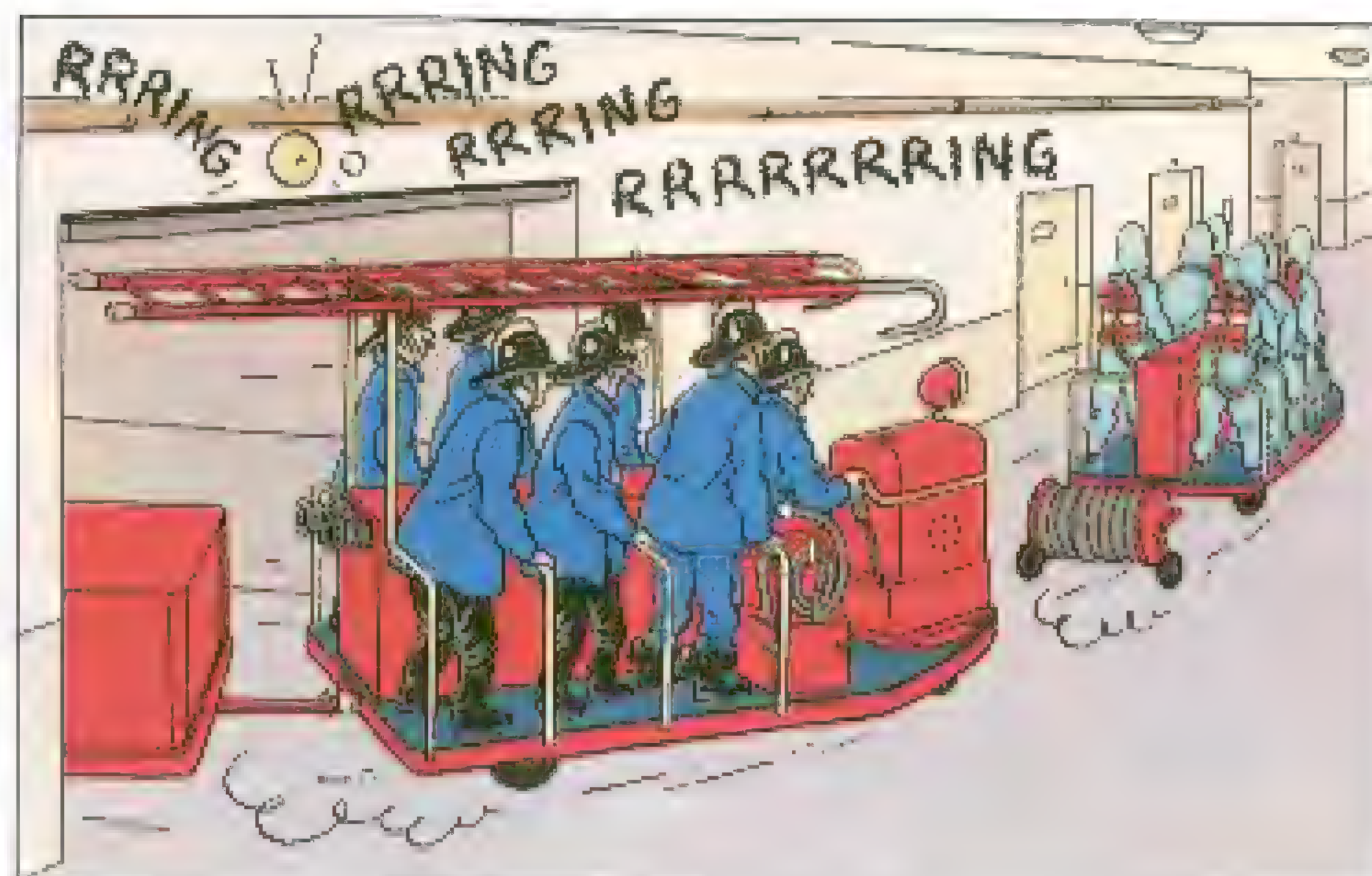
This is where Professor Calculus works...











You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku-Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



This confounded ear-trumpet! I filled it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

The Professor asked me to give you this... He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre... You'd better put on these overalls; then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEPO.



The Zepo again?... Look here, just what is a Zepo?

The ZEPO?... ZE-PO... Zekrett Politzs... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.

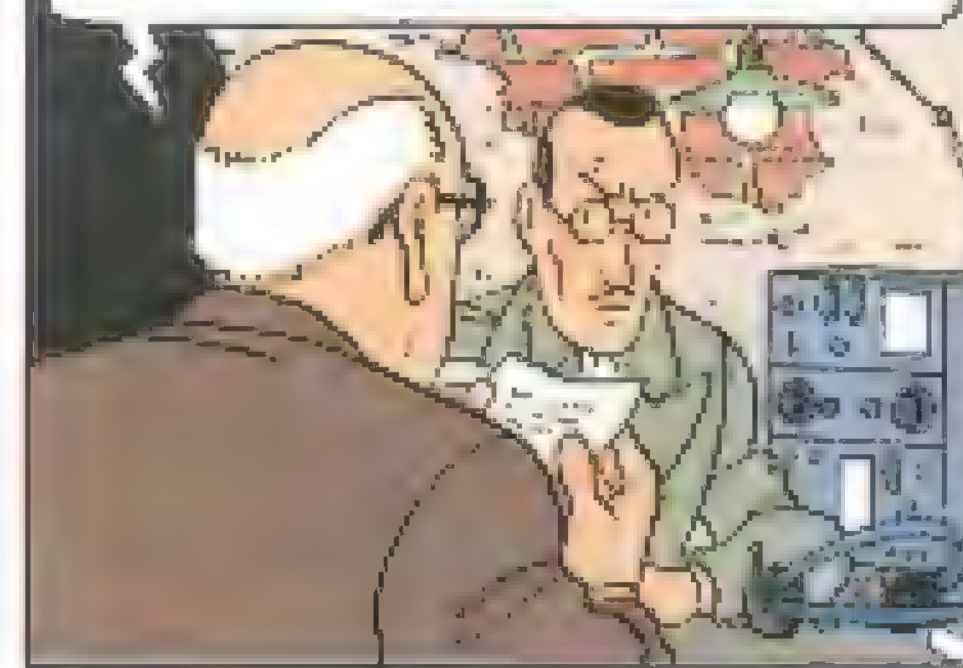


On that score the ZEPO have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon-rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be senior staff... But we need have no worries about that... Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3. R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop..."



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rocket.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking"... You follow me?

Of course!... I'm right behind you.



Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

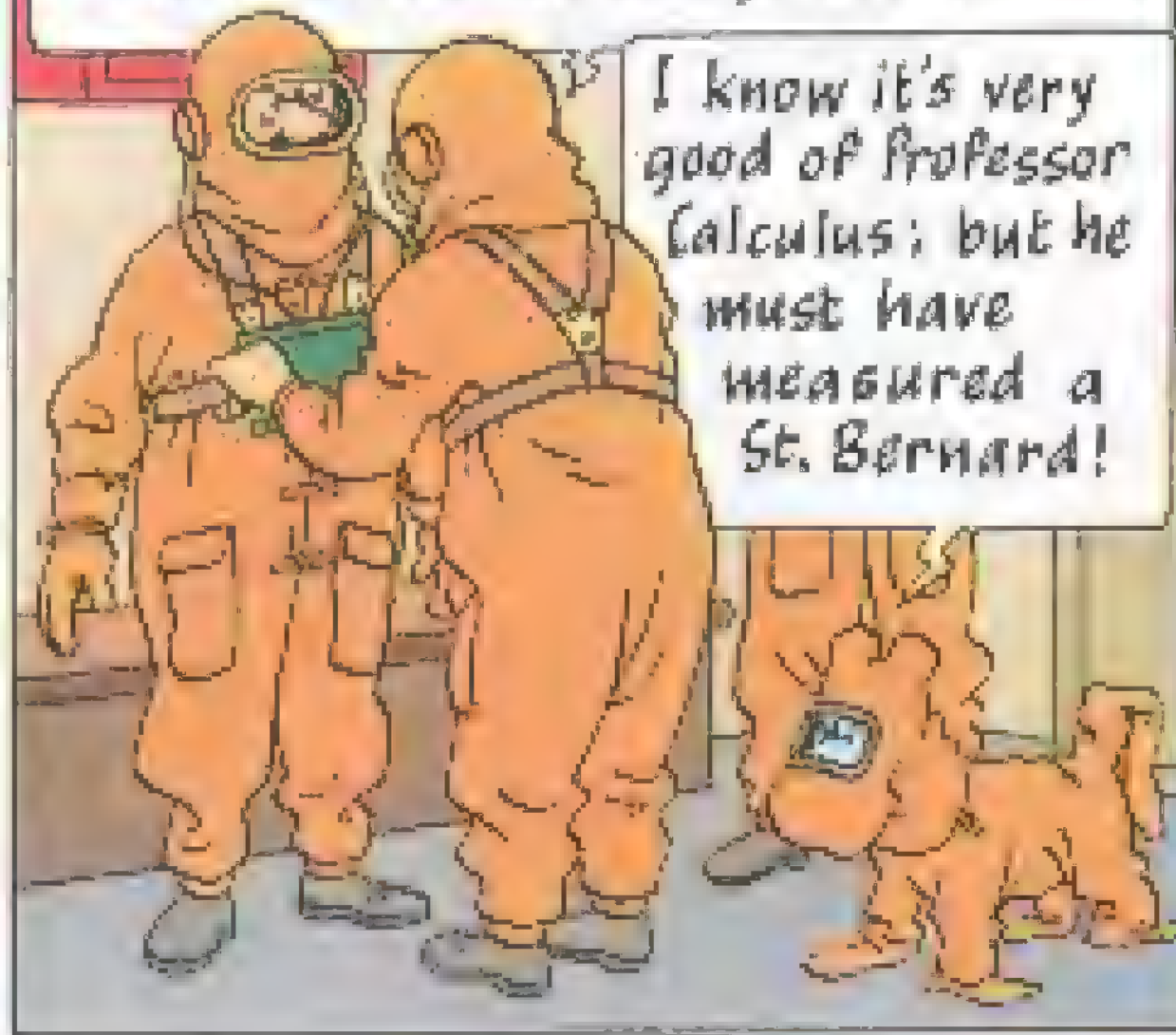


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.

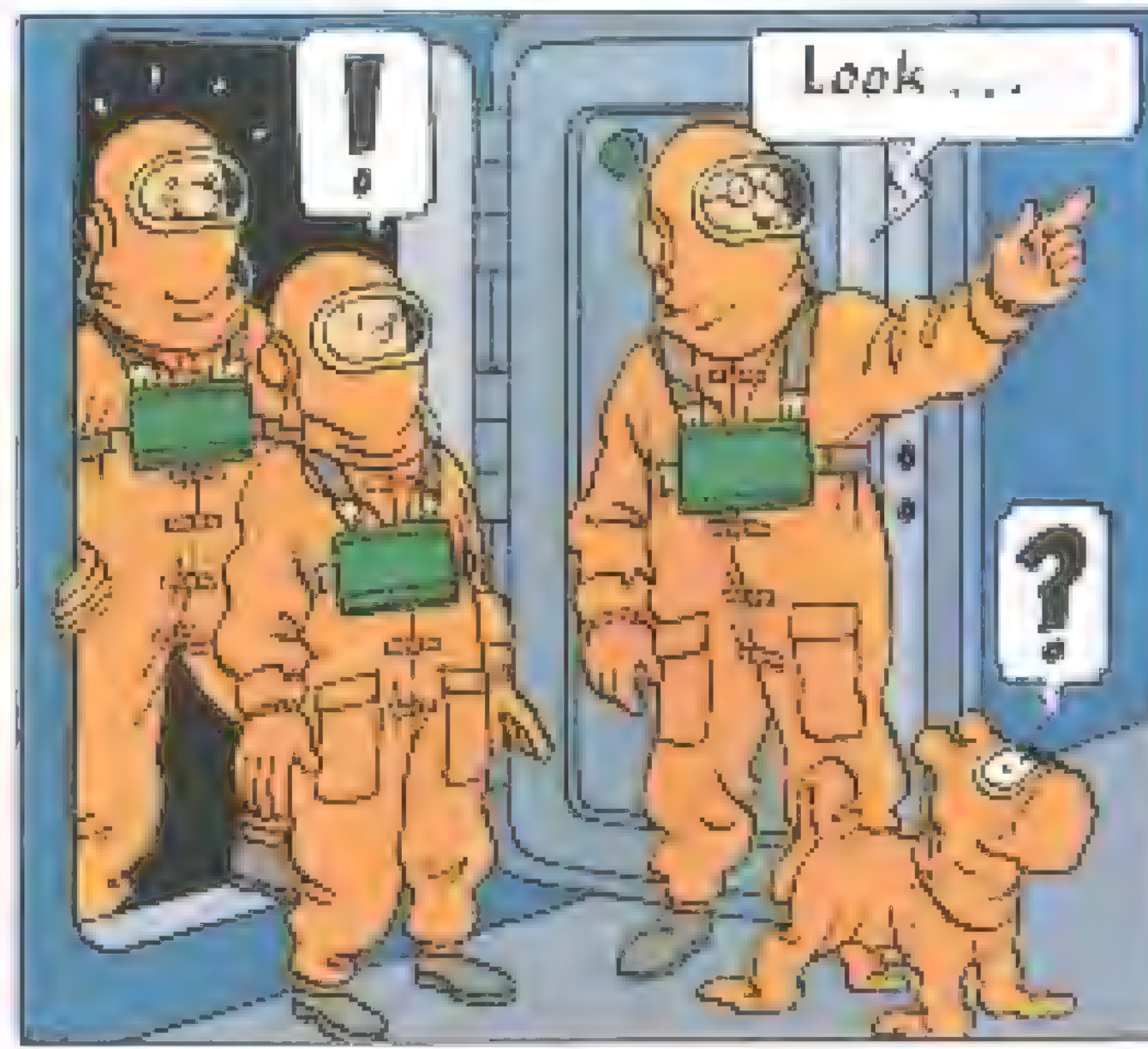


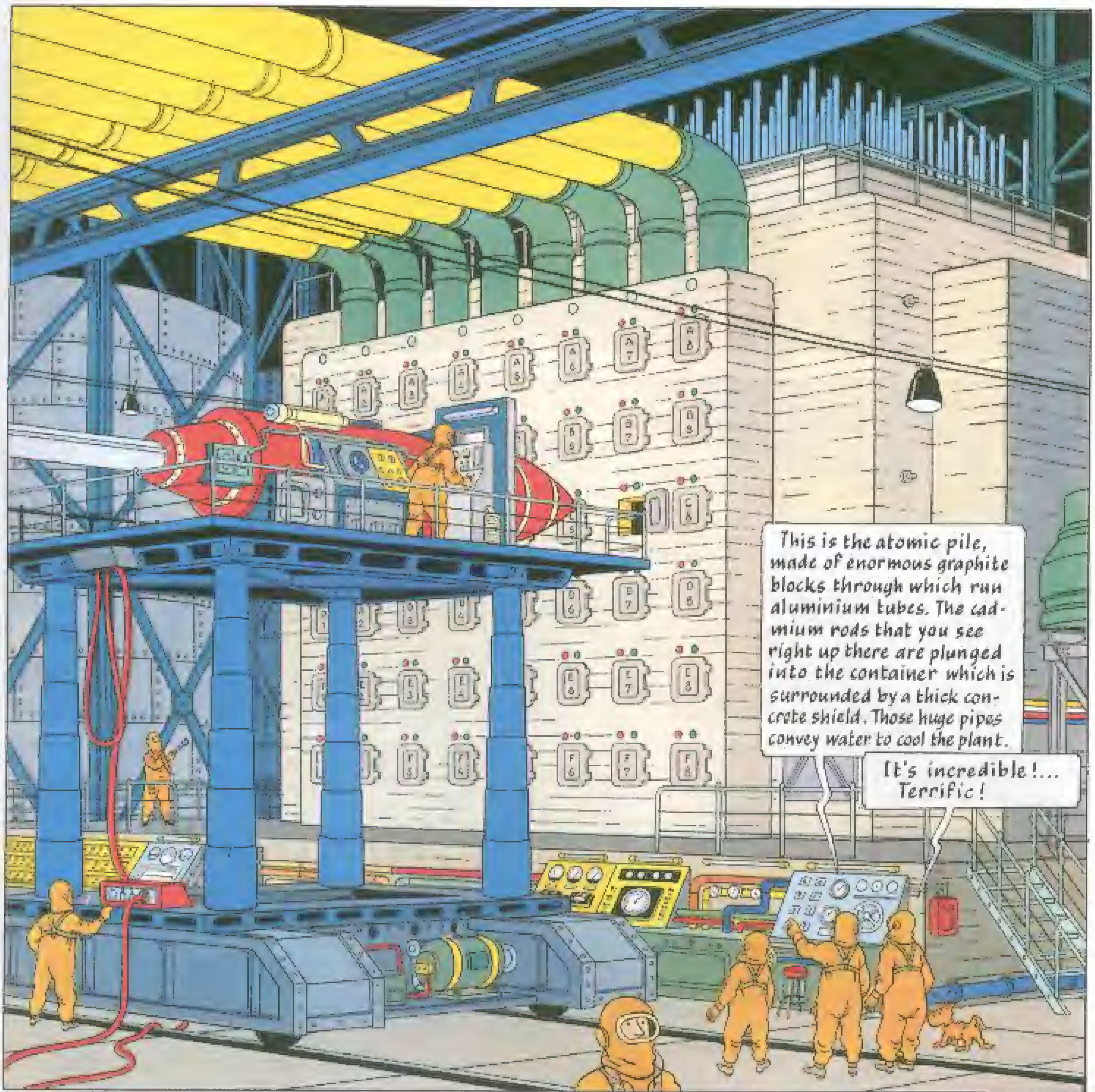
There... Now we can go in...

I know it's very good of Professor Calculus; but he must have measured a St. Bernard!



Look...





This is the atomic pile, made of enormous graphite blocks through which run aluminium tubes. The cadmium rods that you see right up there are plunged into the container which is surrounded by a thick concrete shield. Those huge pipes convey water to cool the plant.

It's incredible!... Terrific!



Isn't it? But come over here; it looks even more impressive ...

It's fantastic!



Stupendous! ... Fabulous! ... It... er...



!

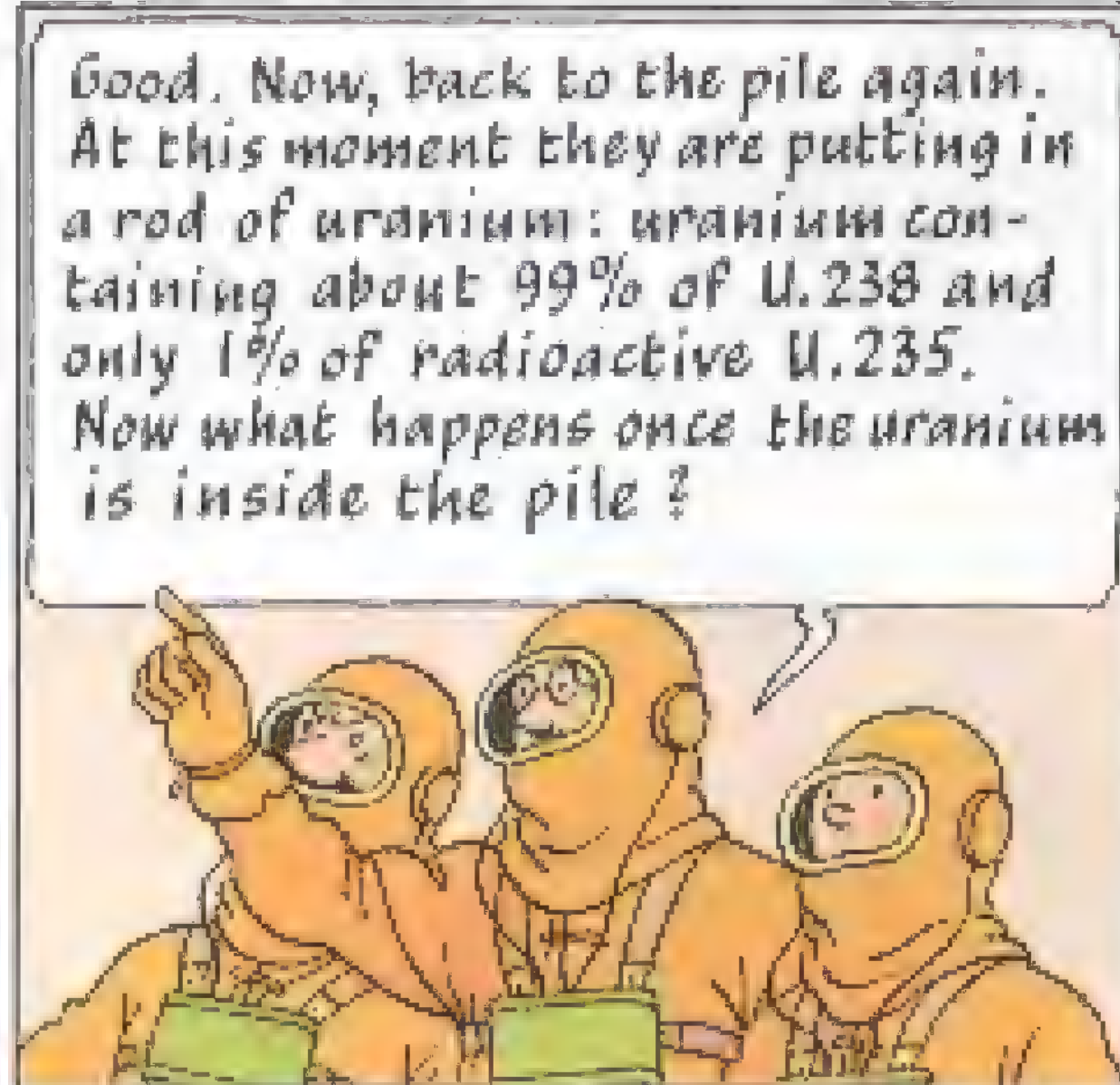


Bowls you over! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it, Captain?



I hope you aren't hurt? ...

Hurt?... Oh no! ... Nothing at all!

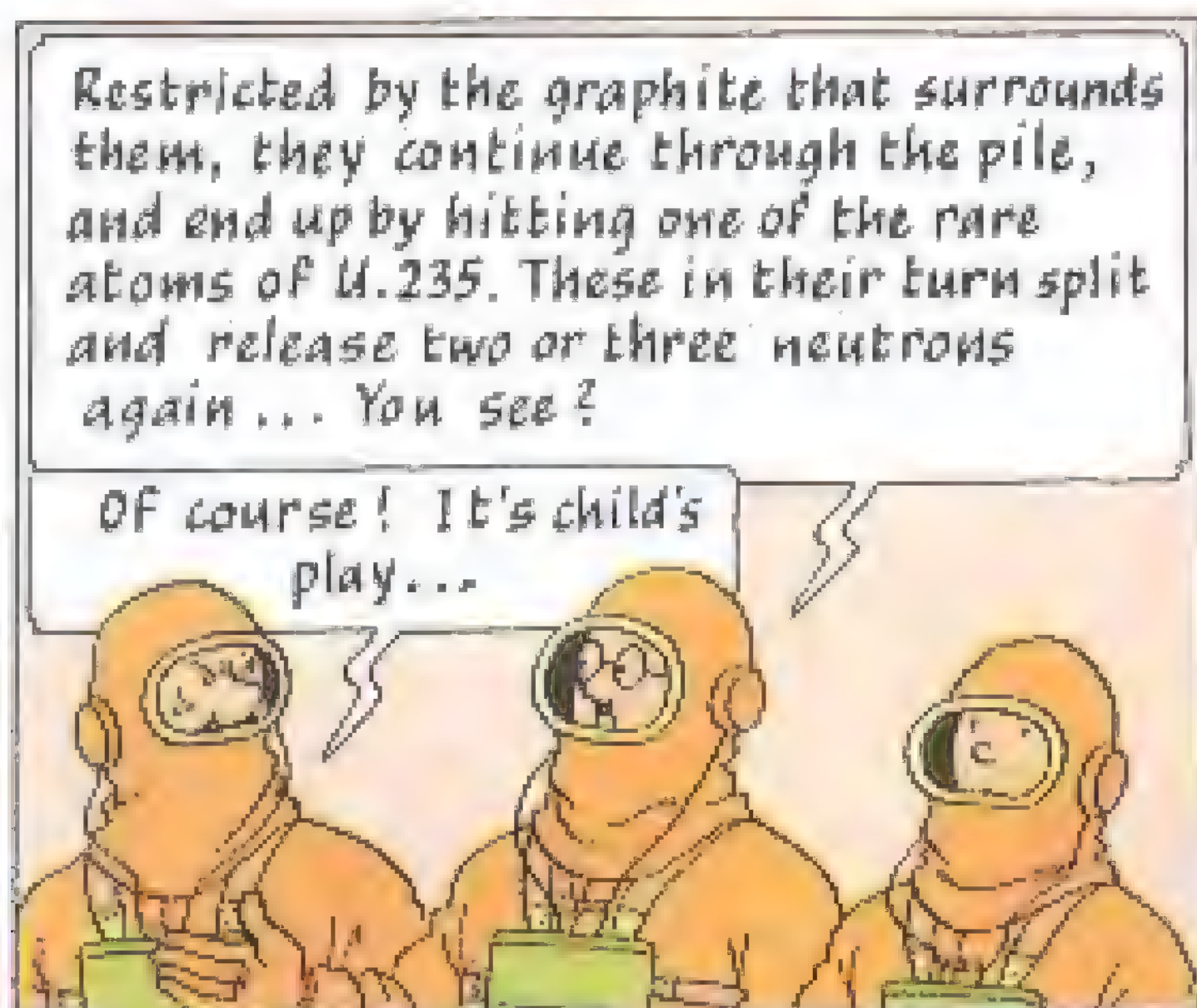


Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



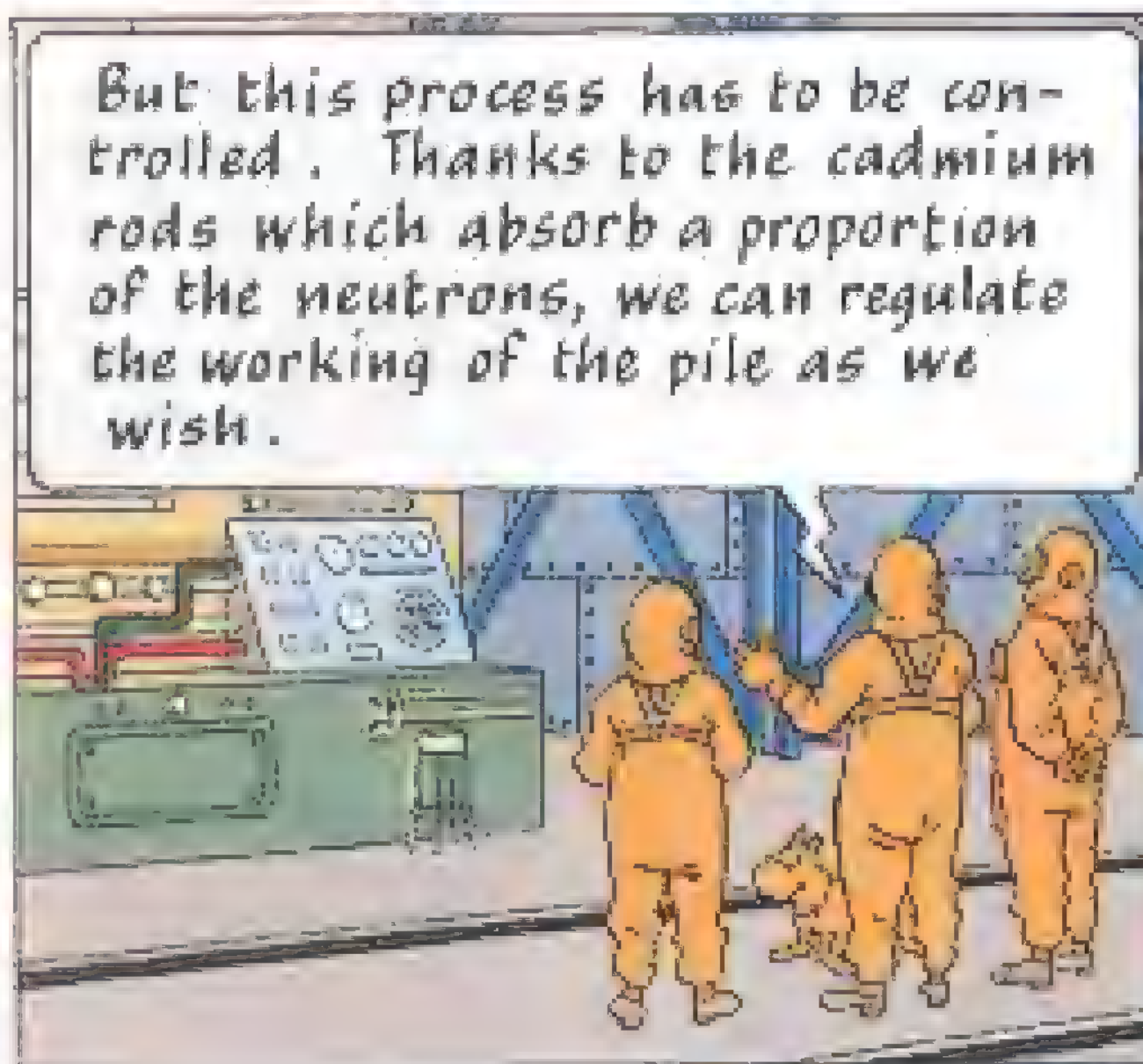
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium ... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...

Yes... I'm worried about them ...

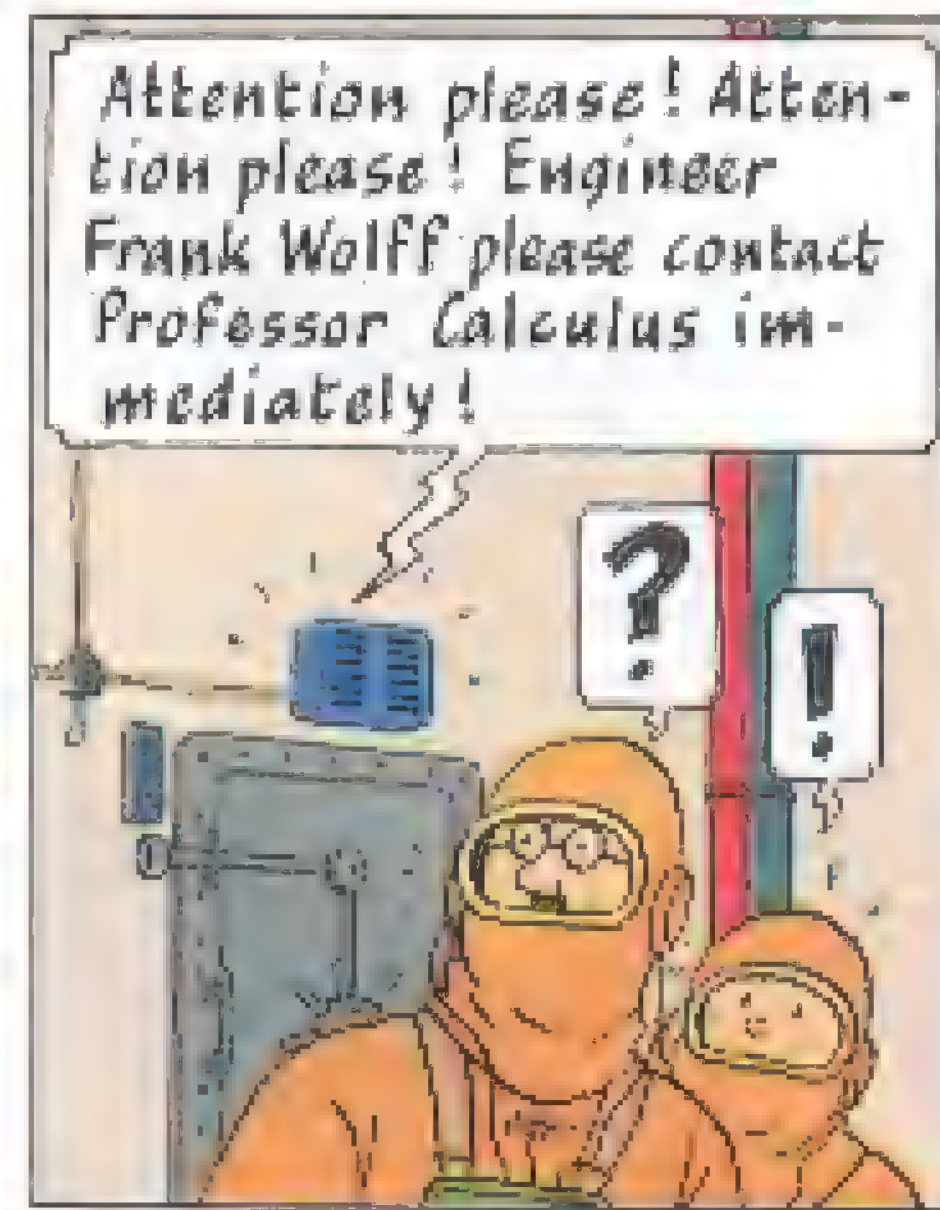


Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again ... You see?

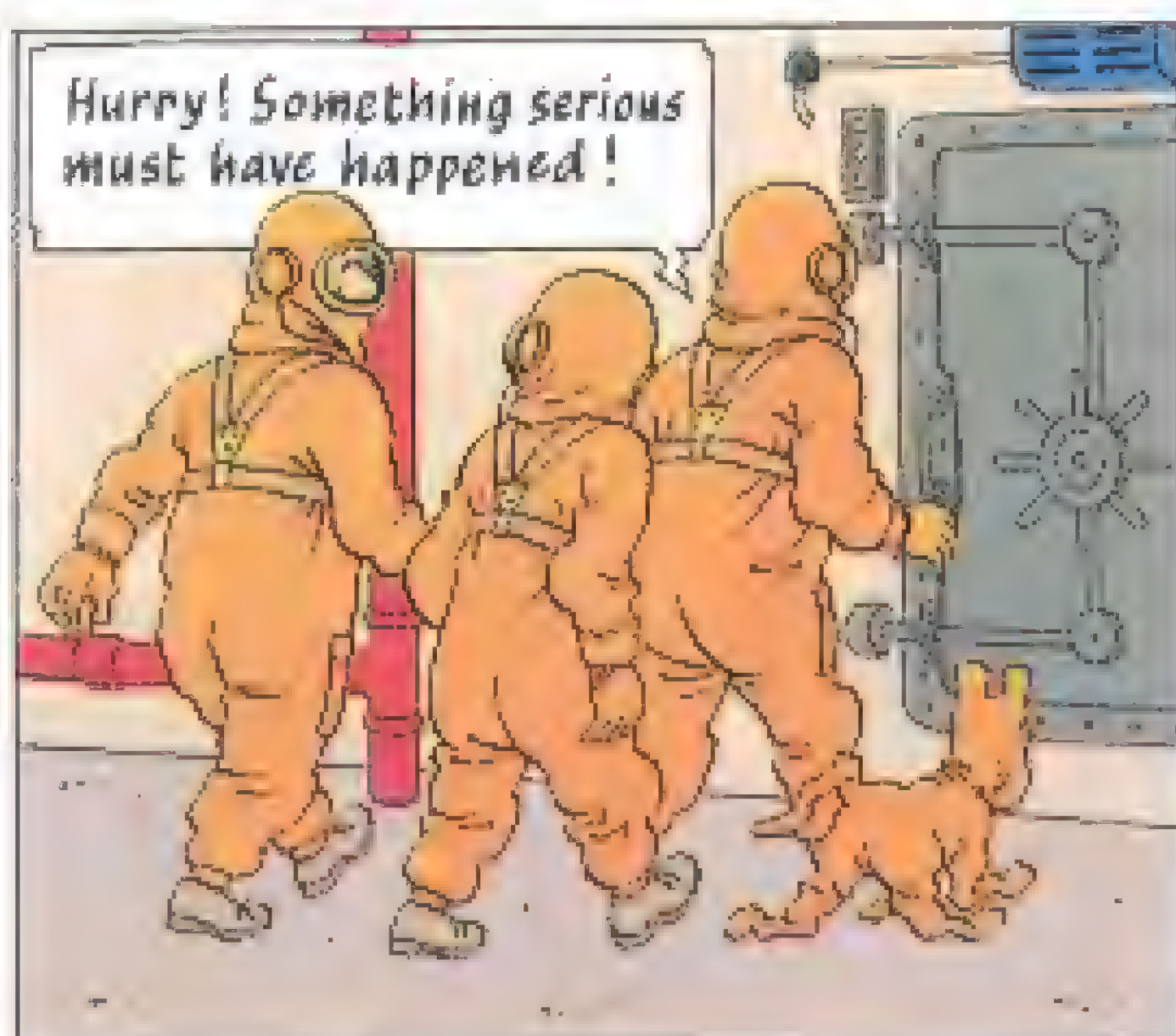
Of course! It's child's play...



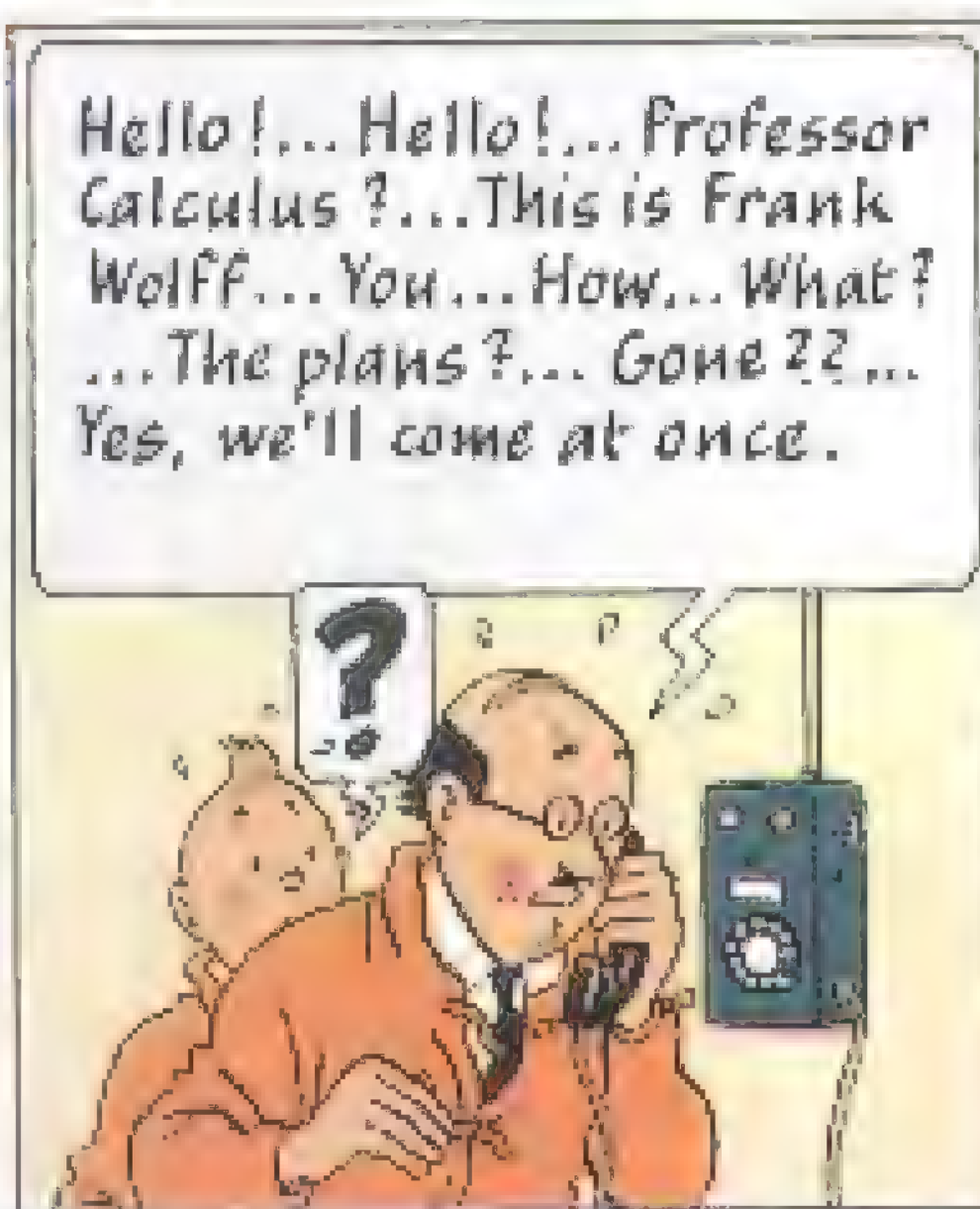
But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



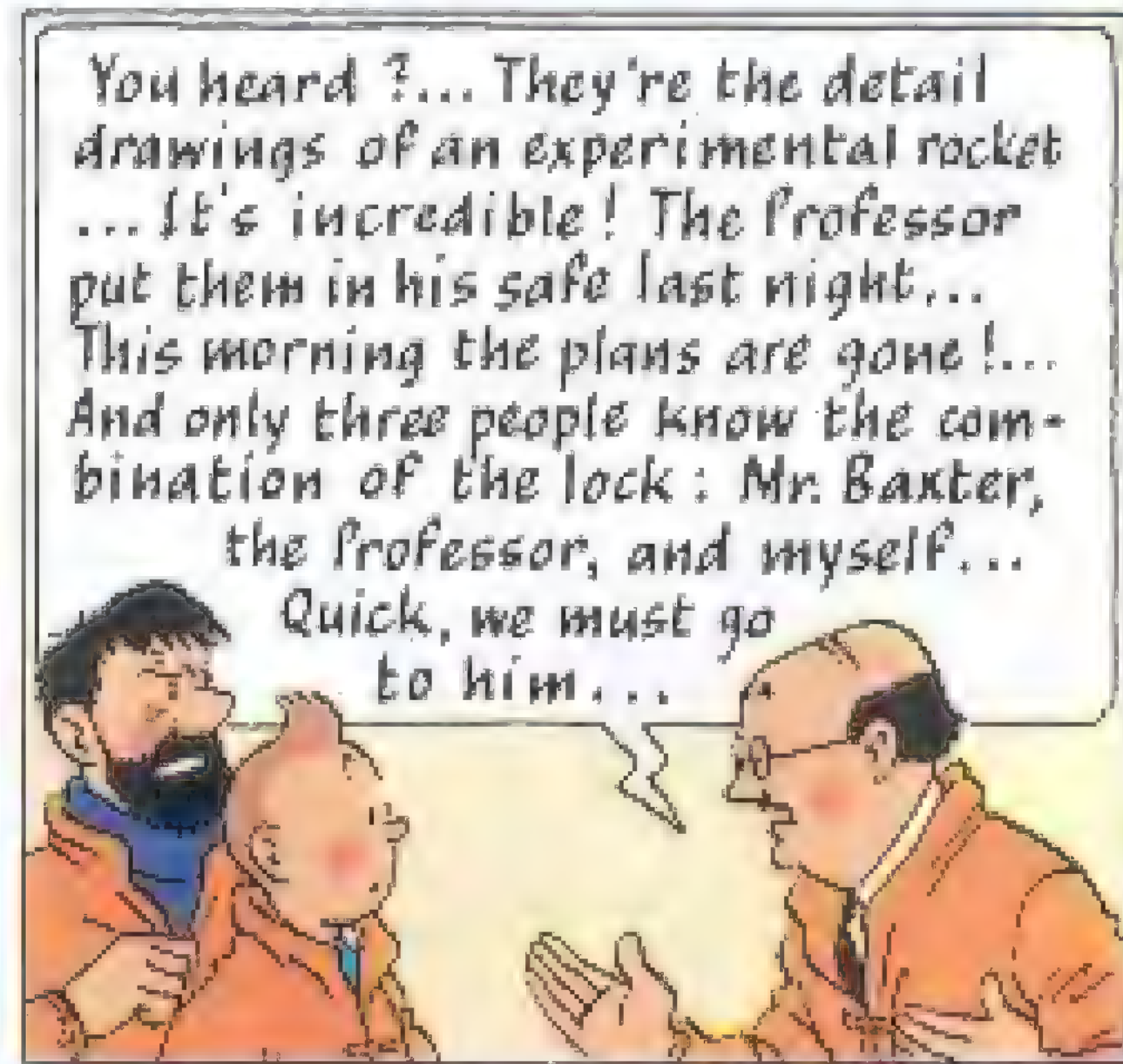
Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



Hurry! Something serious must have happened!



Hello!... Hello!... Professor Calculus?... This is Frank Wolff... You... How... What?... The plans?... Gone??... Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard?... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket ... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter, the Professor, and myself... Quick, we must go to him...



Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy - dress?



A few minutes later...

And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...

We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!



Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well I never!



I... Why, so they are!... But how could I? I'm terribly sorry... In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you... It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take us to the Moon...



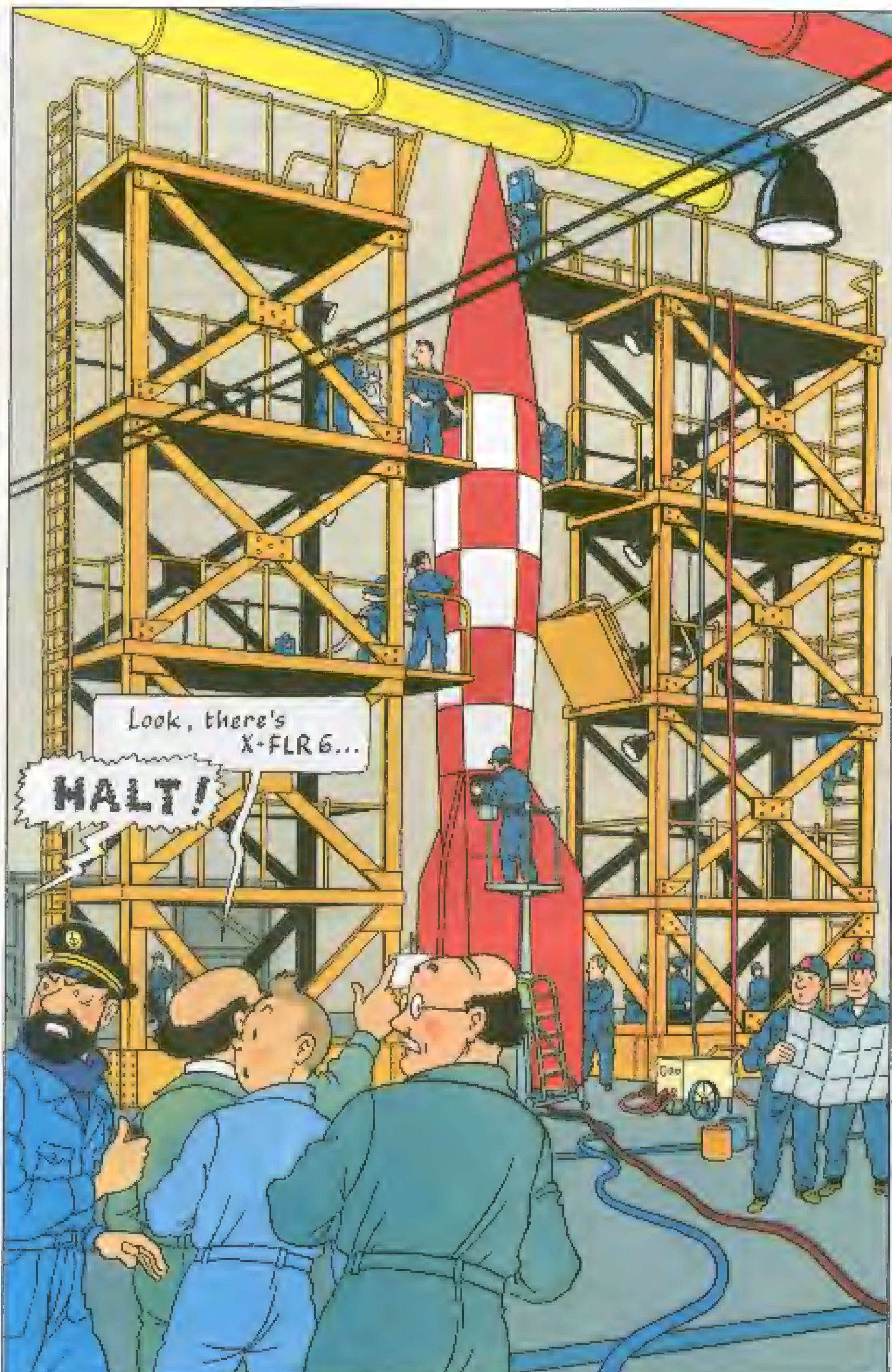
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...



... and take photographs of the other side—the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Needless to say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...



What's that dog doing here in protective clothing?... You know these suits are not allowed in this sector.

Heavens! I quite forgot!

I'll go back with him. Here, good dog; come with me...

Follow the gentleman, Snowy.

You may say that X-FLR6 is no different from other rockets already launched... But my reply to that is: our rocket's unique because it's the first...

It's about time someone took an interest in me!

...to be driven by a nuclear motor ... And I, Professor Calculus perfected it! ... How does it work? ... Well, think of a nuclear bomb: but instead of an instantaneous explosion, the force is spread over several days.

Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitric acid and aniline... Why?... Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts ...

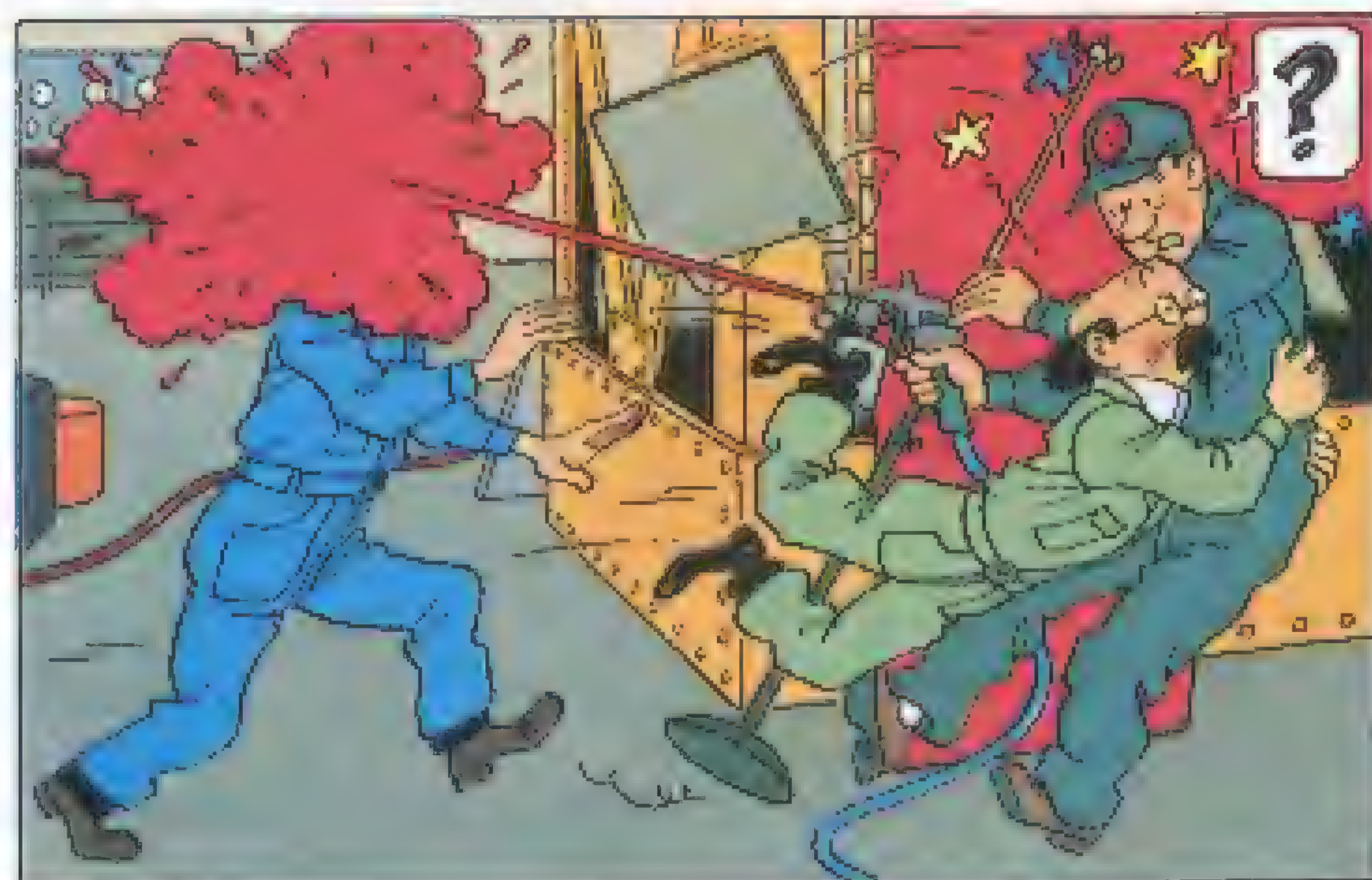
... would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites... You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself! No! Because I have invented a new substance, calculon. It has a silicon base, and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calculon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.

Ah, the very thought of it makes me walk on air...

Look out!

LOOK OUT!

CAUTION! WET PAINT



A week goes by. Then, one night...

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!...



Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations



Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back!



At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.

Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...



... craft... F... R... receive... lost... course... please... our... posi...



A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



Control calling!... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!



BOOM BOOM BOOM

Crumbs! It wasn't a dream: that's Ack-Ack fire!



TIUUUUUUUU

That's an unexploded shell coming down!



Zzzzzzz... Zzzzzzz...



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!



Who is it? Did someone knock?

Next morning...

Attention please! All personnel in category "A" please report at once to Mr. Baxter for an important announcement.

Category "A"?... That's us!

Yes. Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...

Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I ask for your co-operation...

Operation?... Who's he talking about, having an operation?... Is somebody ill?

... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May I just have a word with the X-FLR 6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least: it's just blocked, that's all.

You see? It's plaster... from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...

Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?

OH! Blistering barnacles! I thought that sort of thing only happened to me!

I'm terribly sorry...

Don't mention it!

Excuse me: the telephone...

RRRRING

Hello... Yes... What?... Captured the parachutists?... Both of them?... Splendid!... Greeks, you say?... That's odd. Bring them here immediately. I'll question them myself.

A few minutes later

... You've got the strong end of the wick... no, I mean...

Silence!

RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise: the stick!

These are the two birds, sir.

This is it!... Sensational appearance of the Thomson twins!



So the game's up, eh, my friends?... You can start by explaining this get-up...

Get-up? You call Syldavian costumes a get-up?... Your own national dress?



Syldavian national dress? That?... This is no laughing matter... You know as well as I do those are Greek costumes.



Greek costumes?... But we certainly asked the costumer for Syldavian ones...

I told you he didn't seem very bright.



Anyway, that is quite unimportant... What chiefly interests me is why you were parachuted here...

Us... parachuted?... We weren't parachuted!



Excuse me, Mr. Baxter, but there must be some mistake... I know these gentlemen. Far from being spies - they are police officers, and above suspicion. I can vouch for them.

Tintin!

Him!

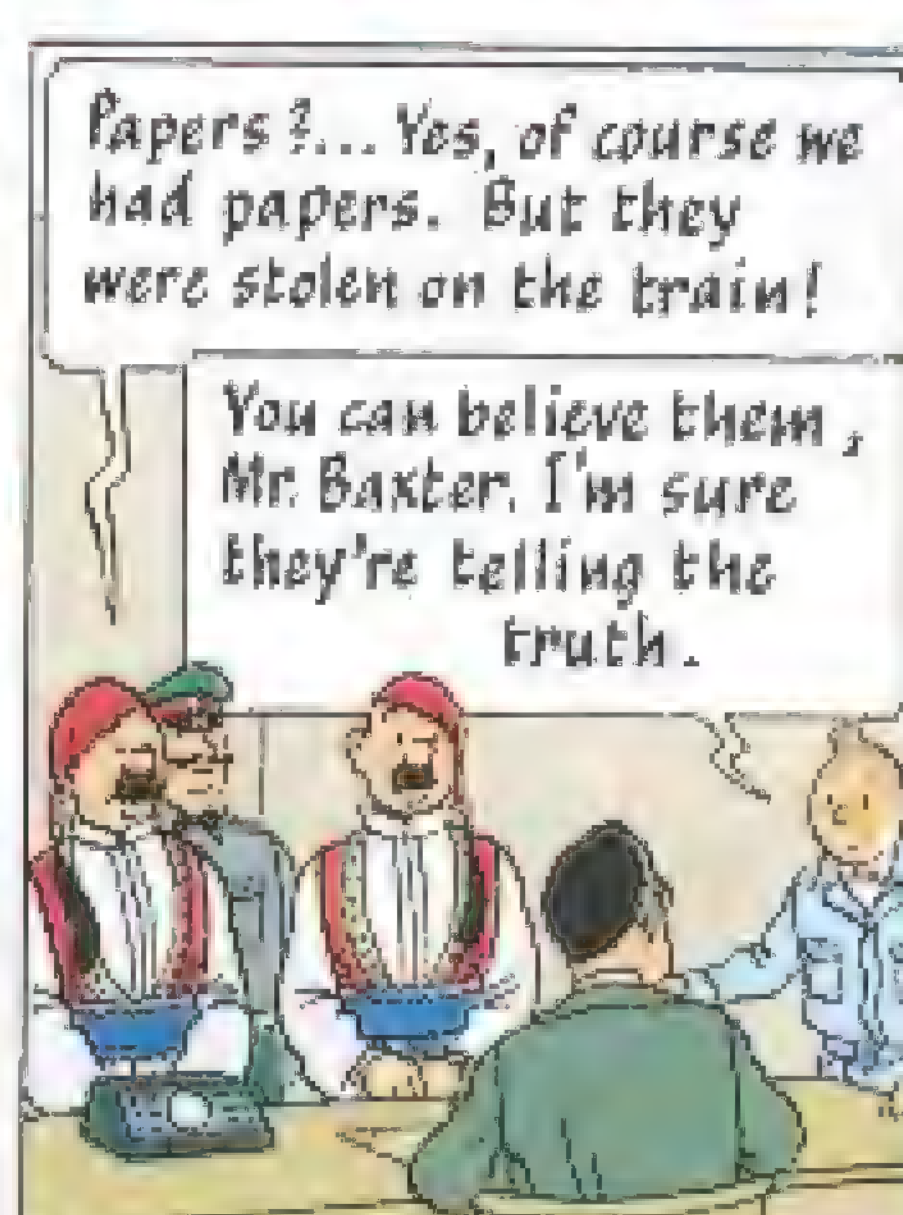
Policemen!

Them?...



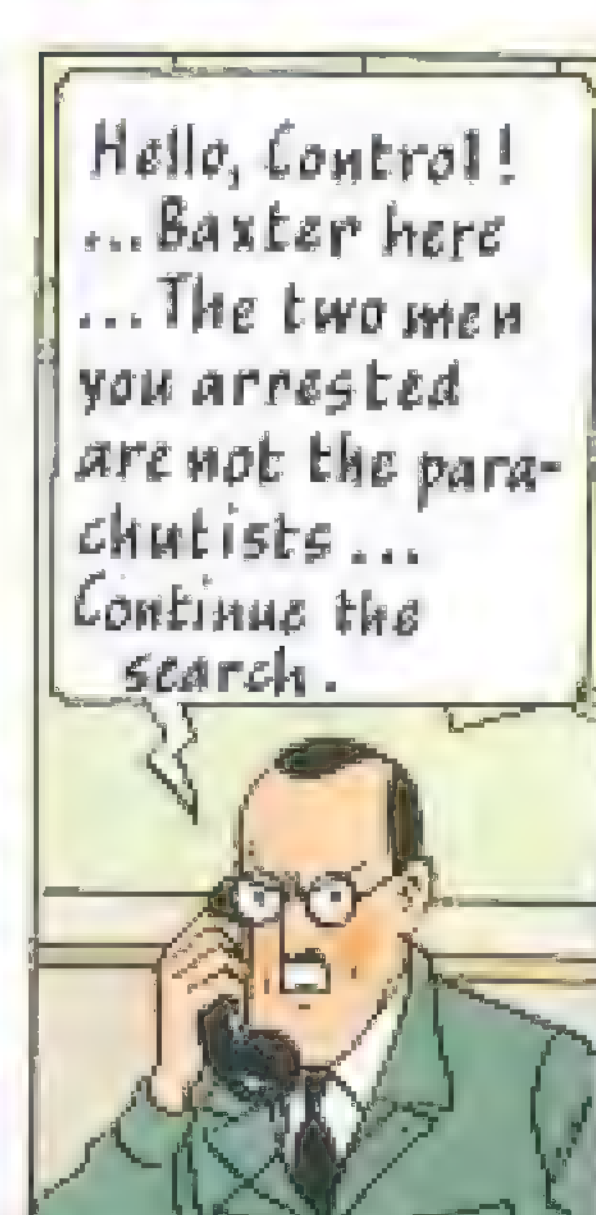
Yes, us!... On a special mission. Our government sent us to protect our countrymen.

So it was you I was told about. But in that case you should have some papers...



Papers?... Yes, of course we had papers. But they were stolen on the train!

You can believe them, Mr. Baxter. I'm sure they're telling the truth.



Hello, Control!... Baxter here... The two men you arrested are not the parachutists... Continue the search.

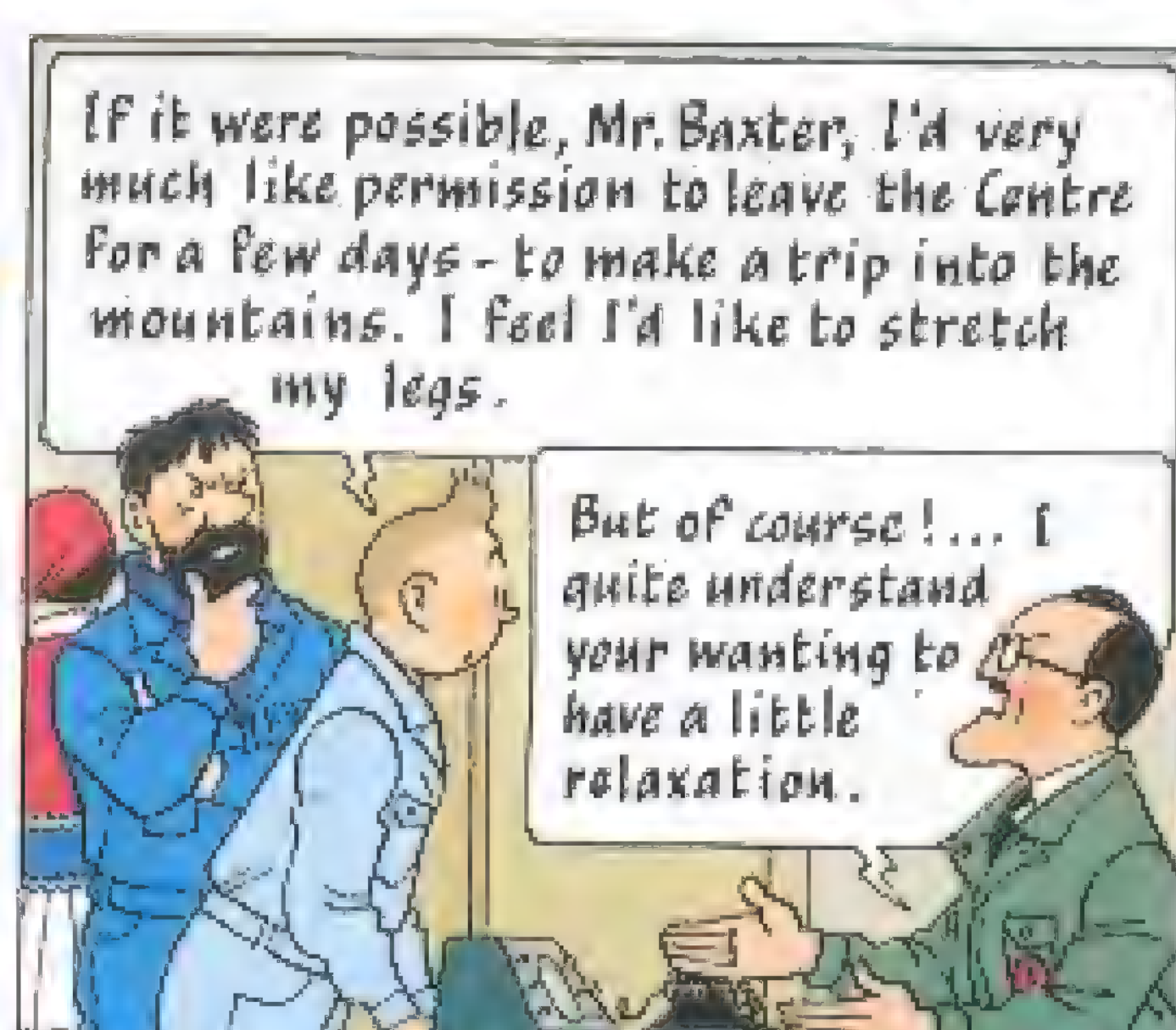


You're free now, gentlemen. Please excuse our mistake.

It's nothing. Just one of the risks of our job!



Now to get back to X-FLR 6. I'd like to say a few words... The trial rocket will soon be ready. I'm sure that's where the spies will concentrate their efforts. So please be especially alert...



If it were possible, Mr. Baxter, I'd very much like permission to leave the Centre for a few days - to make a trip into the mountains. I feel I'd like to stretch my legs.

But of course!... I quite understand your wanting to have a little relaxation.



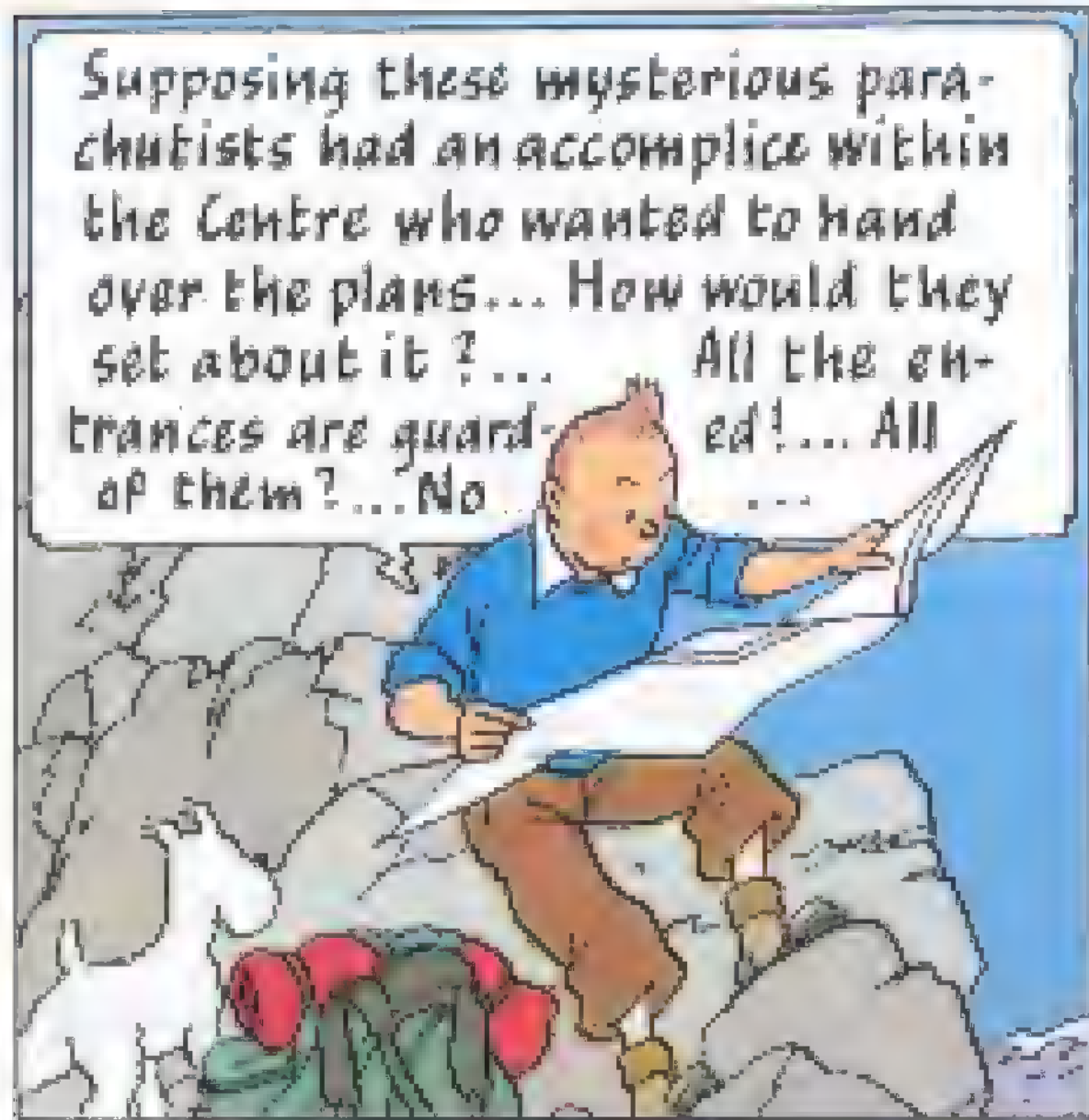
A few hours later...



Humping a rucksack on your back, blistering your feet with heavy boots, clambering over piles of rock: that's called relaxation!



Aha!... From here there's an unrestricted view... so now to work!



Supposing these mysterious parachutists had an accomplice within the Centre who wanted to hand over the plans... How would they set about it?... All the entrances are guarded!... All of them?... No...



You see, Snowy, before we left I spent a long time studying a plan of the Centre. And I found two ventilators no one bothers to guard. They think they're inaccessible... Well, I believe there's a way of getting at them...



Let's see, where's the first one?... There!... Yes, that's it... No, you can't reach that; it's a sheer drop... Where's the other one...



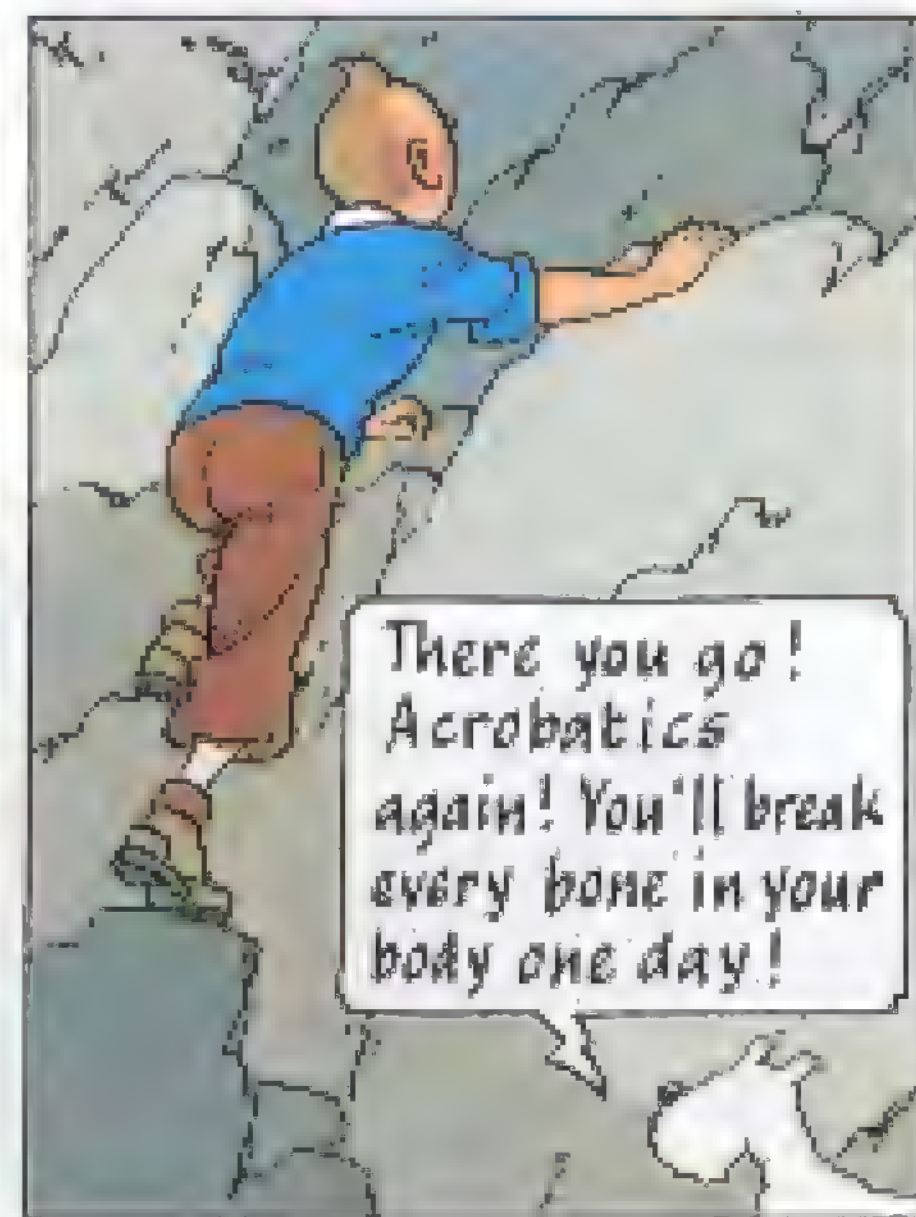
There it is!... Well I think there's a way to approach that one... Come on, Snowy, we'll take a closer look.



So there's our ventilator!



I'm going to look. You guard my rucksack, Snowy - and no noise! Those parachutists can't be far away.



There you go! Acrobatics again! You'll break every bone in your body one day!



It's just as I thought. This must be where the spies contact their inside accomplice... I...



WOOAH! WOOAH!



A BEAR CUB!

WOOAH! WOOAH!



It must have been attracted by the smell of the honey sandwiches in my rucksack...



Well, if you like them, take one... Enjoy yourself, little greedy-guts!



There he goes, without waiting for more... And he didn't even say thank you!



That's that, eh, Snowy my boy? Here's a piece for you.



Hey, Snowy, what's the matter?



Steady! Steady! You bunch of gluttons!



Crumbs! Here come the parents! That crowns it!



There! Those are for you! Go and get them!



Quick Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there.



Funny sort of life!



Here we are... The first thing is to warn the Captain.

The first thing is to let me down!



Hello, hello!... Hello, Captain?... Yes, it's me. I think I've got it... Yes... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Yes... I can count on you?



Trust me!... You said J Sector, Corridor 7, Ventilator 3... Right! No, no, not a word to a soul!



Well... all we can do is await events... Here, Snowy. We must wrap up well; it's a chilly night.



What's that?... I heard a noise!



That's one of the parachutists! ... But where's the other?



He's approaching the grating... Someone's handing him papers... Now's my moment to join in!



Hands up!

?



Well done, Jim!

BANG

At that moment, inside the Centre...

That's a shot!

From outside! ... I... Hey, I've got someone! ... Oh, I've lost him!

Wooa-aa-aa-aaah ...

Got him again! ... Quick, help me hold him!

Where are you? ... Ah, there!

Let me go! Here, let me go! ... It's me, Frank Wolff!

Ah, the lights have gone on again... Why it's Mr. Wolff!

That's what I tried to tell you! ... Meanwhile he's got away...

OH!

Great Scotland Yard! Who's that?

The Captain! He's been knocked out!

Now then, what's the meaning of all this hullabaloo?

Mr. Baxter!

That's Snowy howling, Mr. Baxter. Something must have happened to Tintin. Hurry! He's out there, near the ventilator grid.

Hello, Control?... Baxter here... Send a search party at once to look for Tintin... Outside... J Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Hurry!... Keep me informed at Post 18.

Now Captain, tell me what happened to you.

It's like this... Tintin went off this morning, saying he was going to try to catch the parachutists... About five o'clock he called me by radio: he was convinced he'd found the place where the intruders...

... would try to contact their accomplices. According to him it was the ventilator grid in this corridor. Events proved him right!... In the evening I lay in wait here... It was well on into the night when the lights suddenly went out, leaving the corridor in total darkness. I heard a rustling beside me, and that moment I thought my head had burst!

And you, Wolff?

Well, I happened to see the Captain as he left his quarters... There was something... er... odd about him and it intrigued me... I followed him. When he hid, I did the same... Time passed... Then, as he said, the current went off. I heard a dull thud, and the sound of a body falling... I leapt forward... There was a shot outside... then shouts... Someone jostled me in the dark... And then I found myself in the hands of these men.

Very odd...

And what are you doing here at this hour gentlemen?

In all sincerity Director-General, I can solemnly and truthfully say...

BHOOP

BHOOP

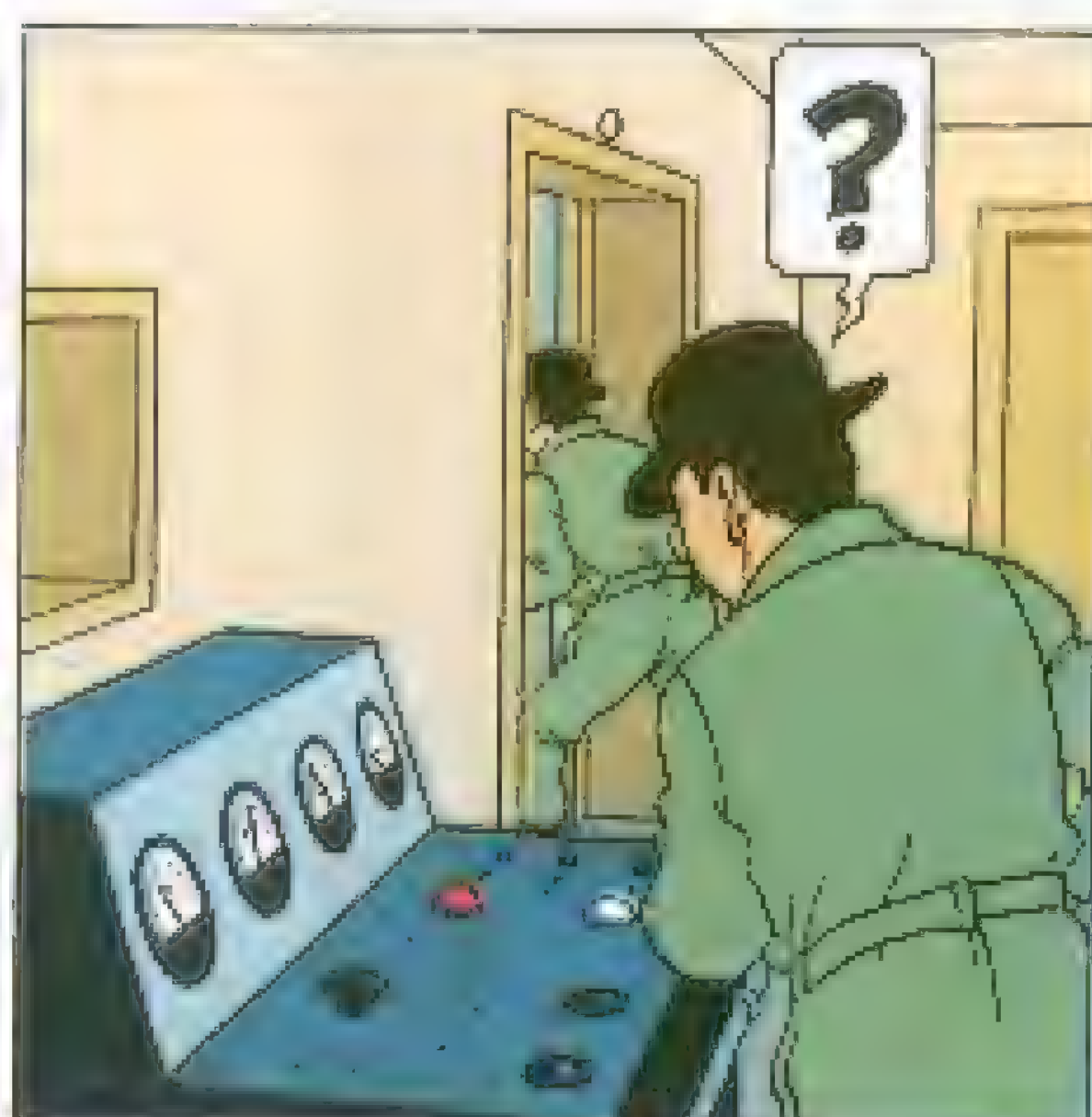
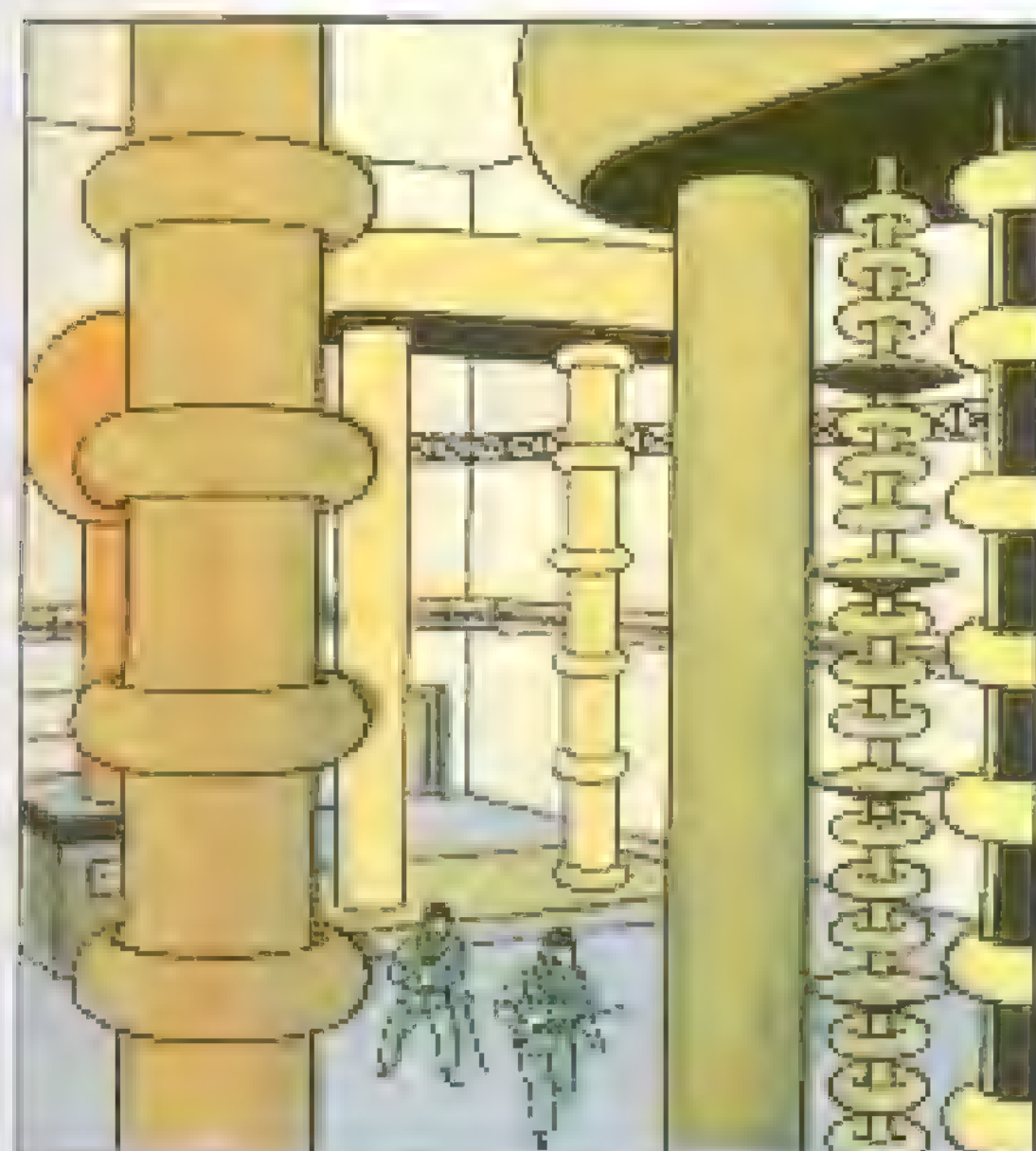
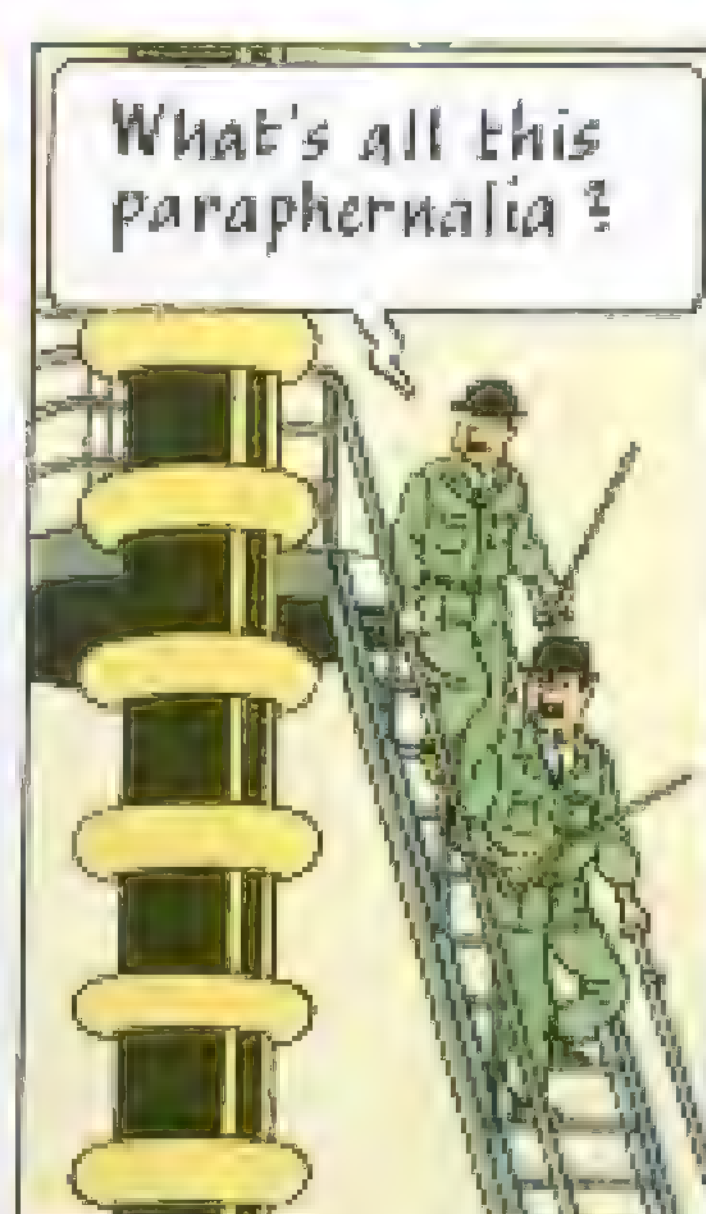
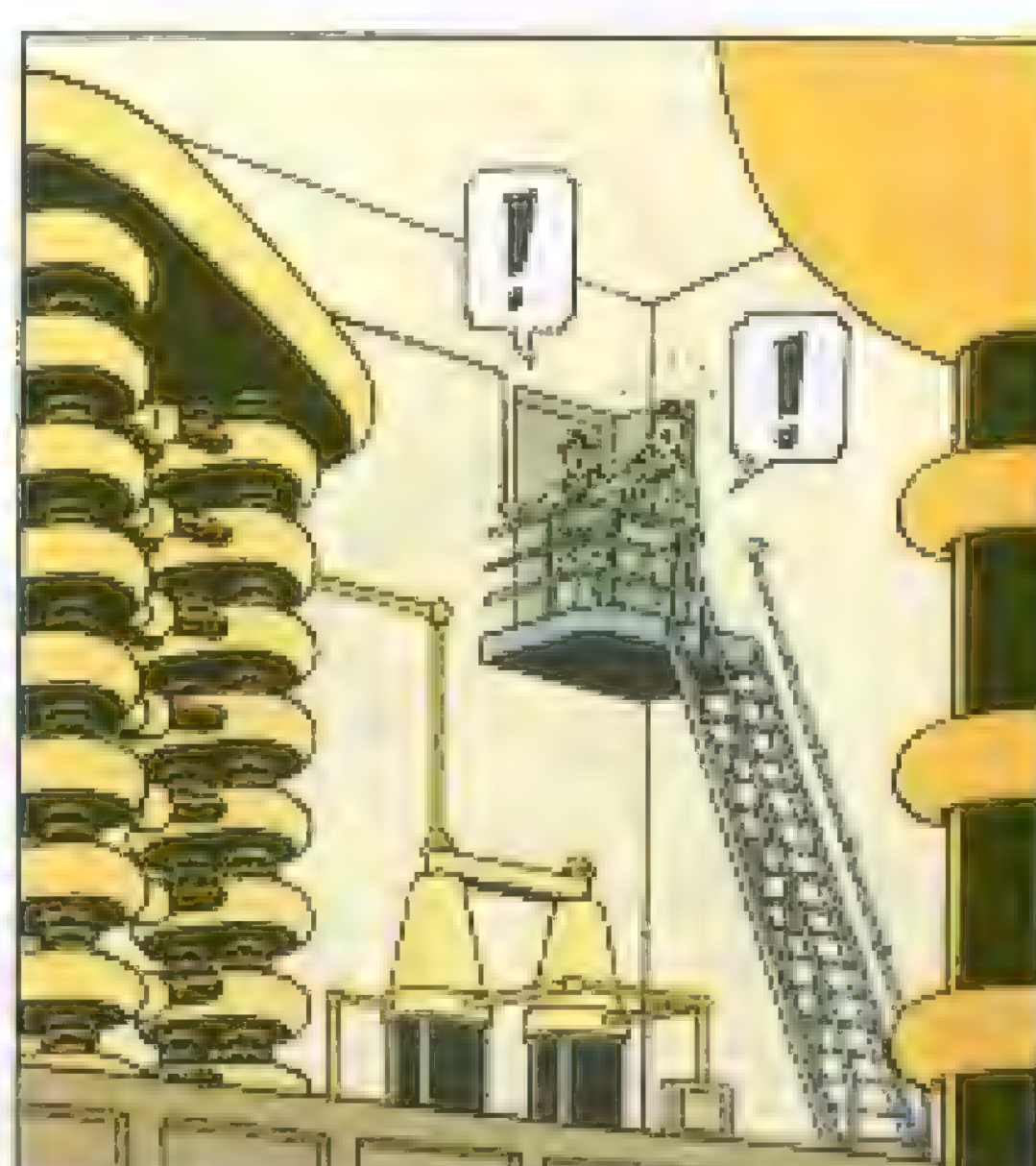
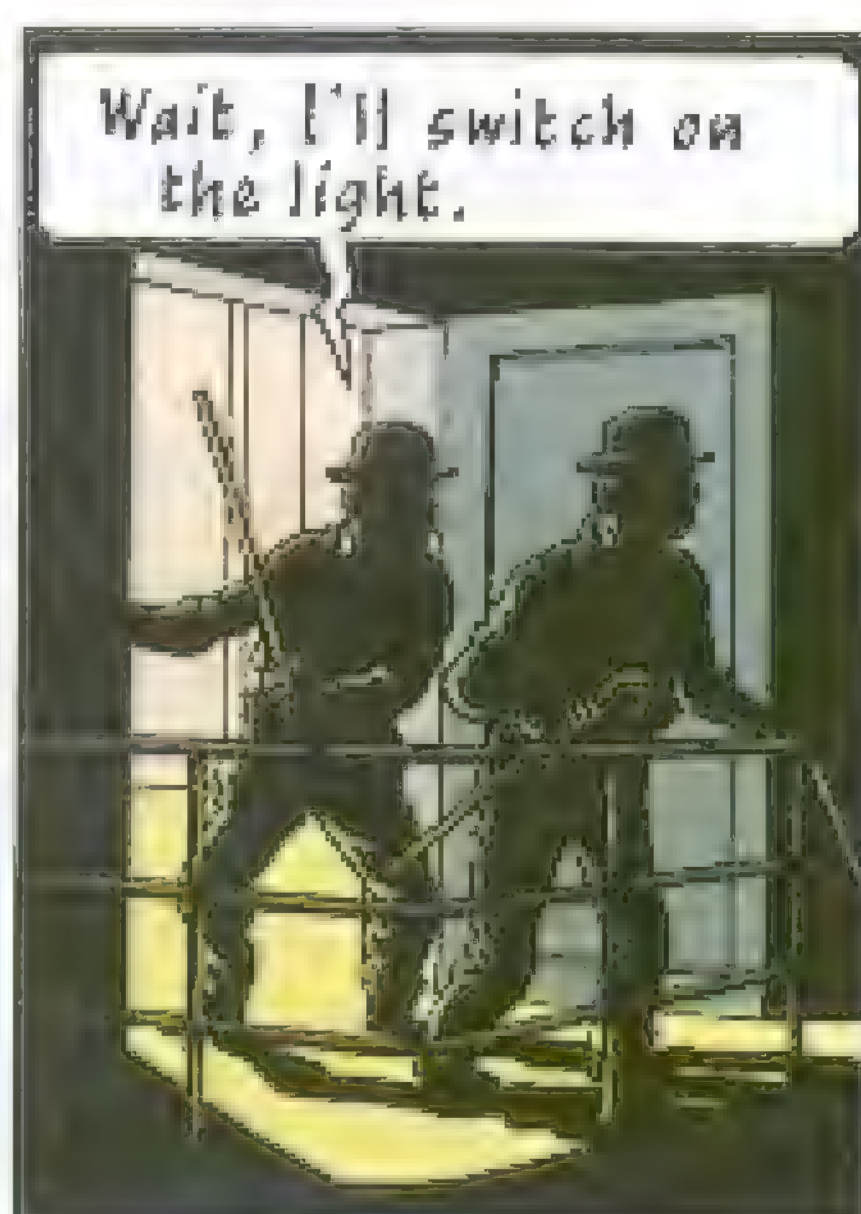
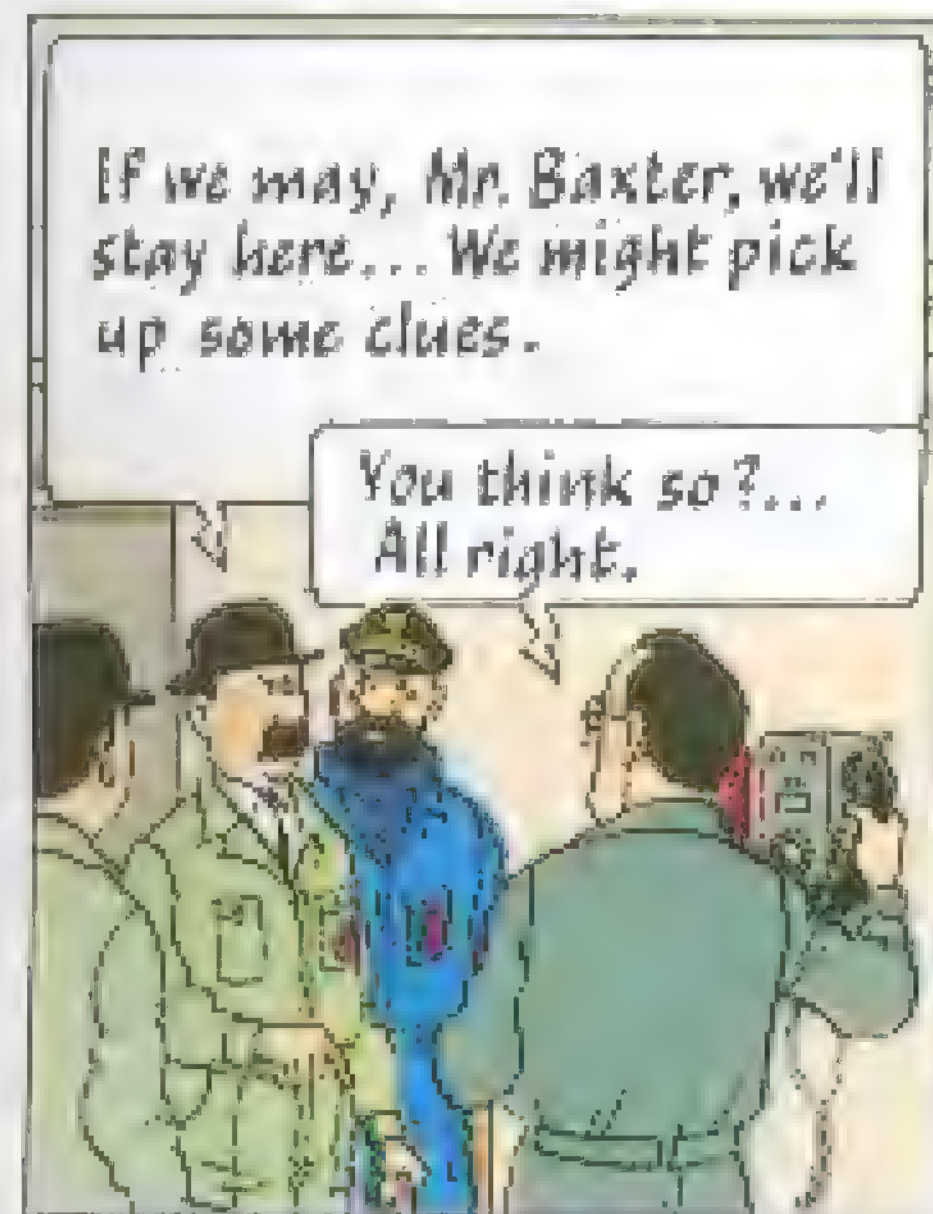
Forgive us... It's some extraordinary pills we once took... in Arabia¹... Their effect recurs sometimes.

RRRRING

Oh! The telephone...

Hello!... Yes... You've found him? He's hurt?... What did he say?... Oh, he's unconscious... In the sick-bay?... You're waiting for the doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.

¹ See Tintin in the Land of Black Gold





What's the matter?... You're white as a sheet!... Here, tell me. And stop your teeth chattering!... Now, what is it?



A sss... a sss... a skeleton!... I saw a skeleton!... There, behind that screen!

A skeleton? My poor friend, you're talking through your hat!



I... I assure you...

Now then, don't be silly. You come with me!



There... you see? Where's your skeleton now, eh?



But I'm quite sure...

You are?... Oh well, if you see it again, give it my love!



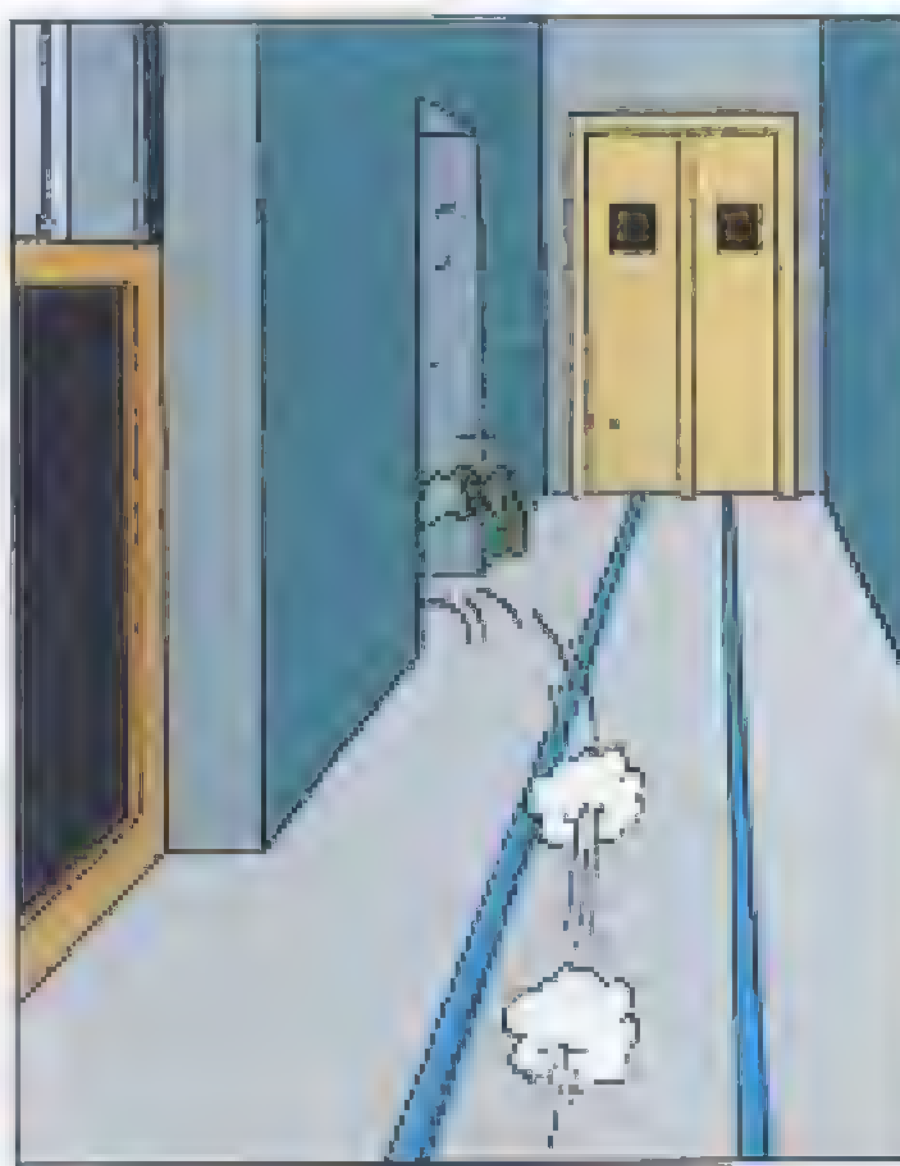
A skeleton!... Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker!...



Oh, my stick!



EEEEEEEEEEK!



The sss... the sss... the skeleton!... You were right!... I saw it too... There... behind that screen again!

You too!... Now you see I wasn't dreaming!



Now keep calm!... No one leave the room!... And don't picnic... I mean panic... We'll proceed with caution... and look around...

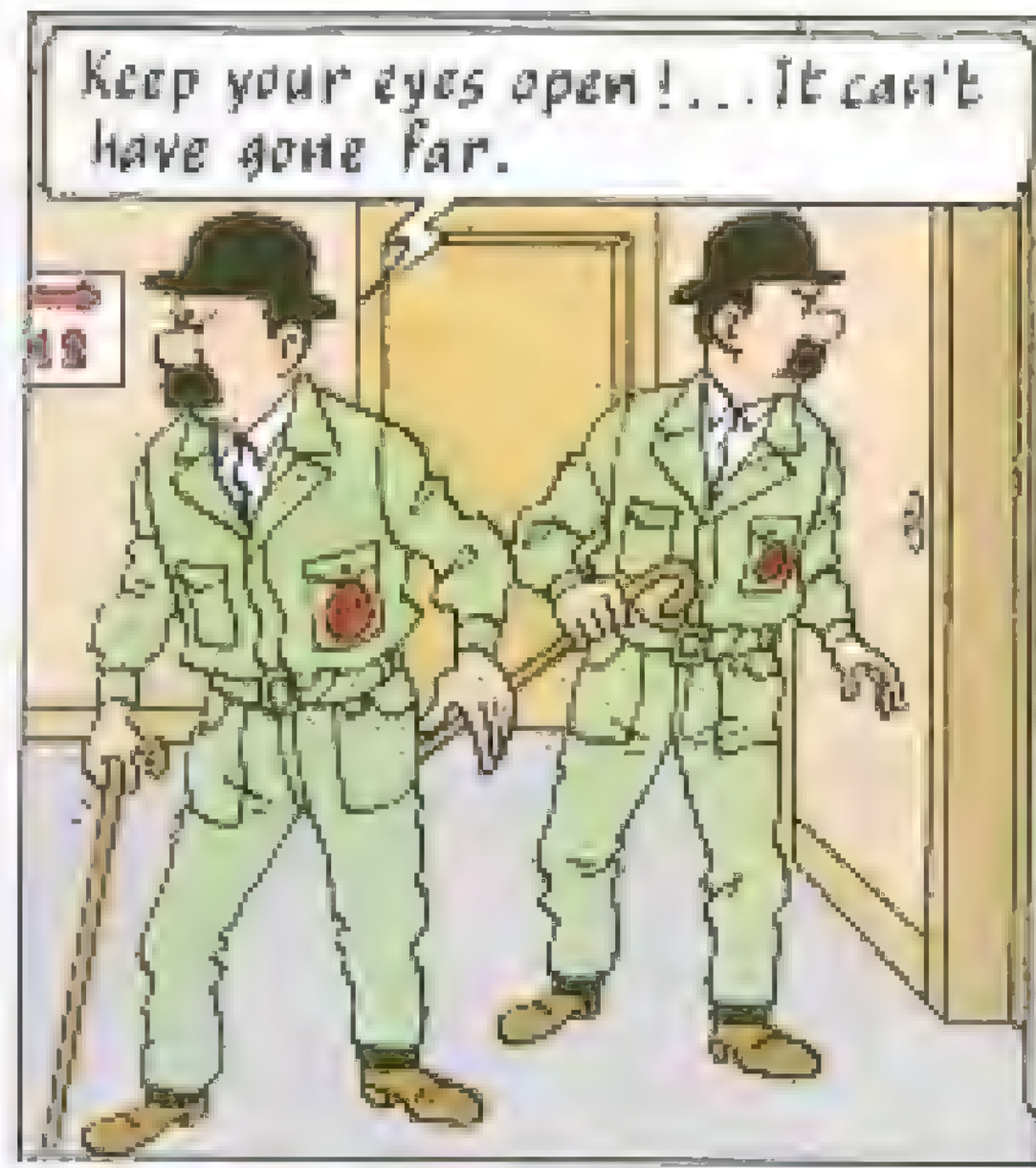
That's... that's it... We'll look around...



Nothing... That's queer...

Where the devil can it have gone?





Keep your eyes open!... It can't have gone far.



In here, perhaps?



Hey, psst!... Quick, Thompson, come and look!



W-w-we must act at... at... at once! At once! T-t-t-take him b-b-b-by surprise! ... Now, keep calm!... Get your gun out: he may be armed.

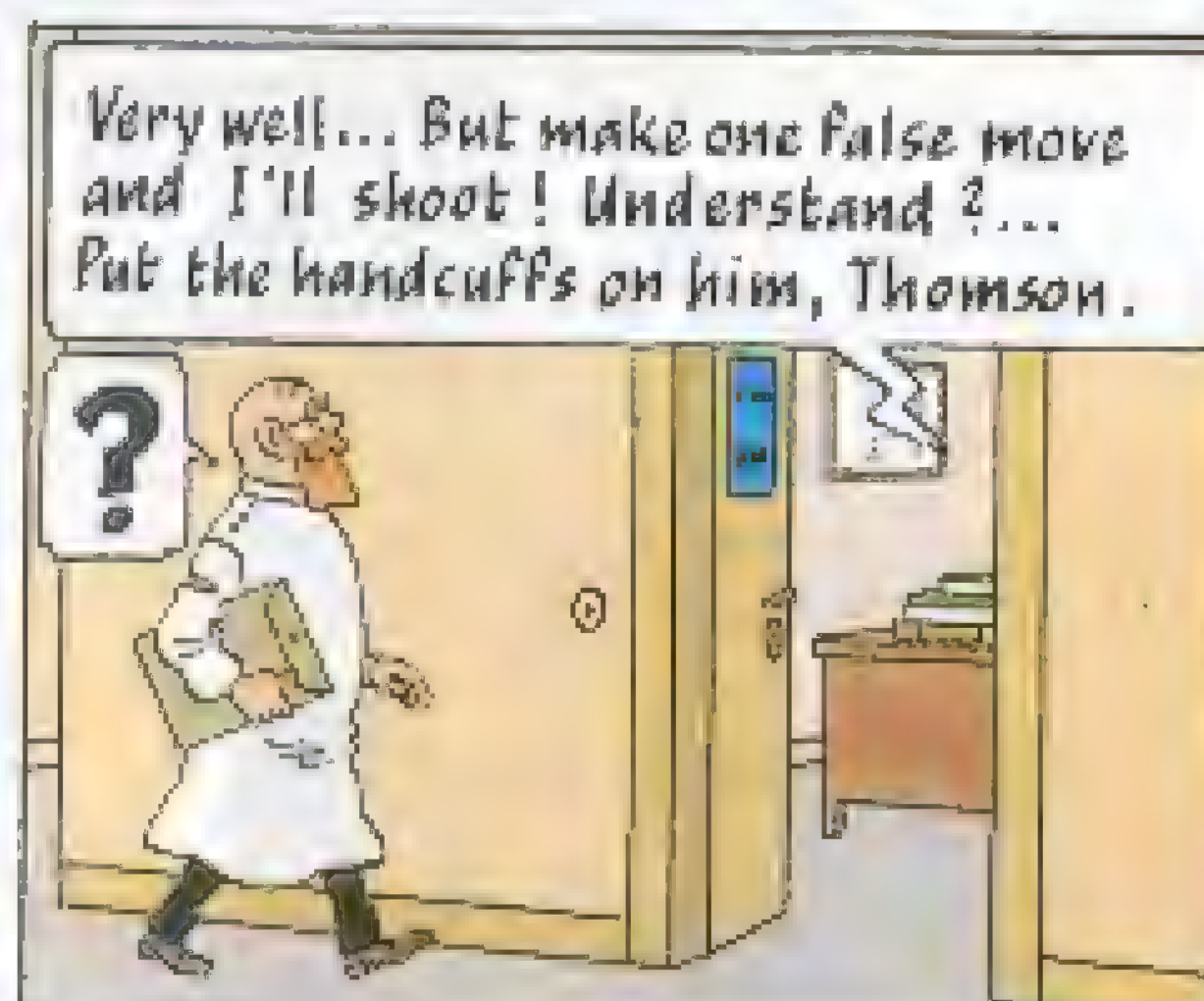
All... all... all... all right!



Hands... hands... hands... hands up!



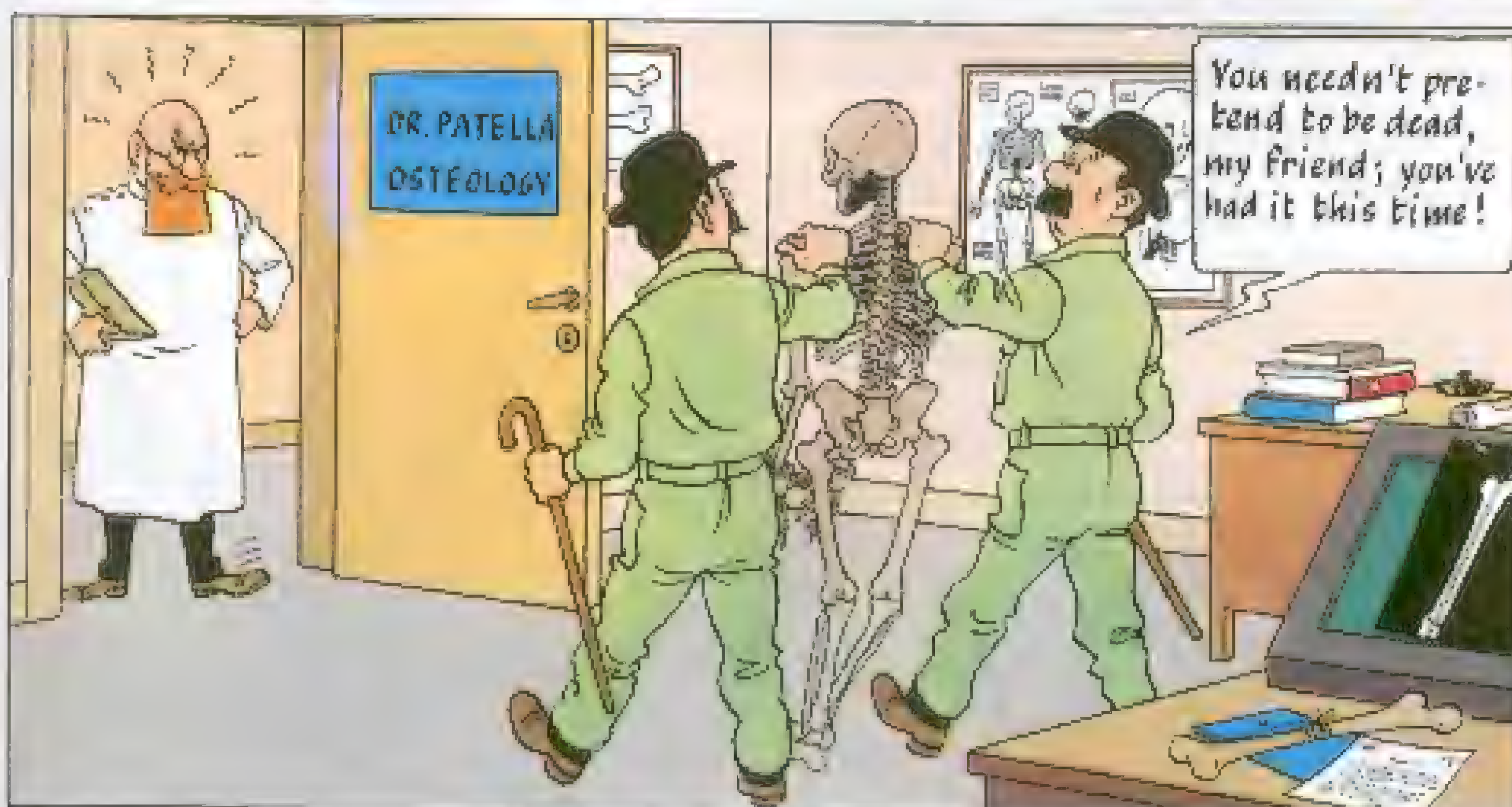
Hands up, I said! Oh, so you won't! ... Well, in that case I'll... I'll... I'll...



Very well... But make one false move and I'll shoot! Understand?... Put the handcuffs on him, Thomson.



Now, get going!... Quick march!... You don't want to?... Passive resistance, eh?... Grab him, Thomson!



You needn't pretend to be dead, my friend; you've had it this time!



Meanwhile...

Calling KM 2... Calling KM 2... First mission completed... First mission completed...

O.K.! We'll have their rocket, now!

Meanwhile...

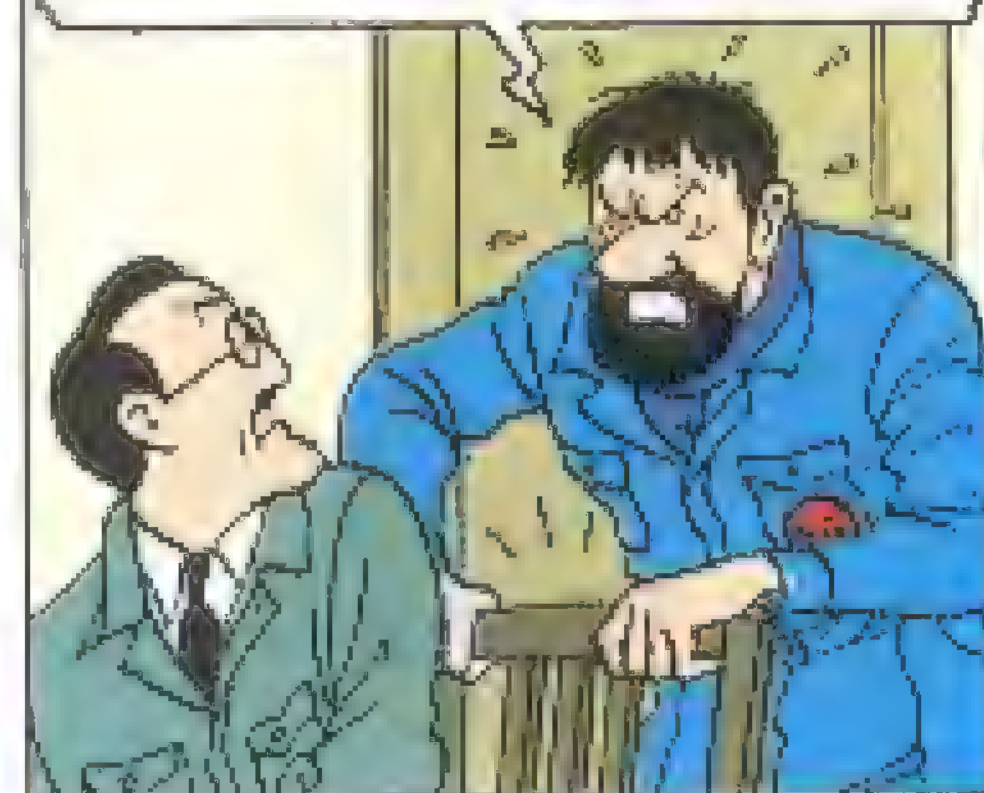
No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



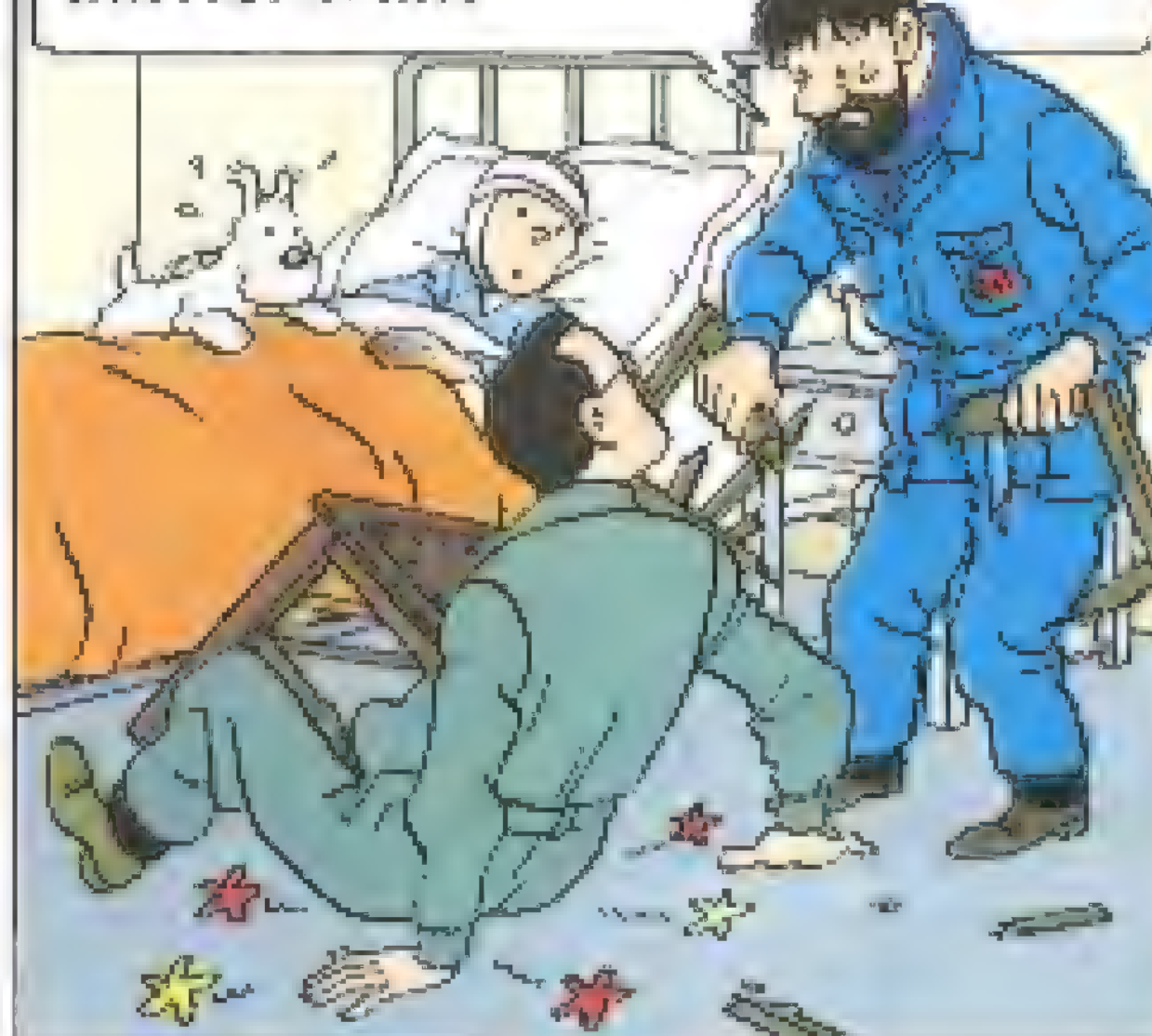
...Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!"... He obeyed... At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head... It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters!... The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...



I... Forgive me, Mr. Baxter... I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you! ... Where were we?... Oh yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!... But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



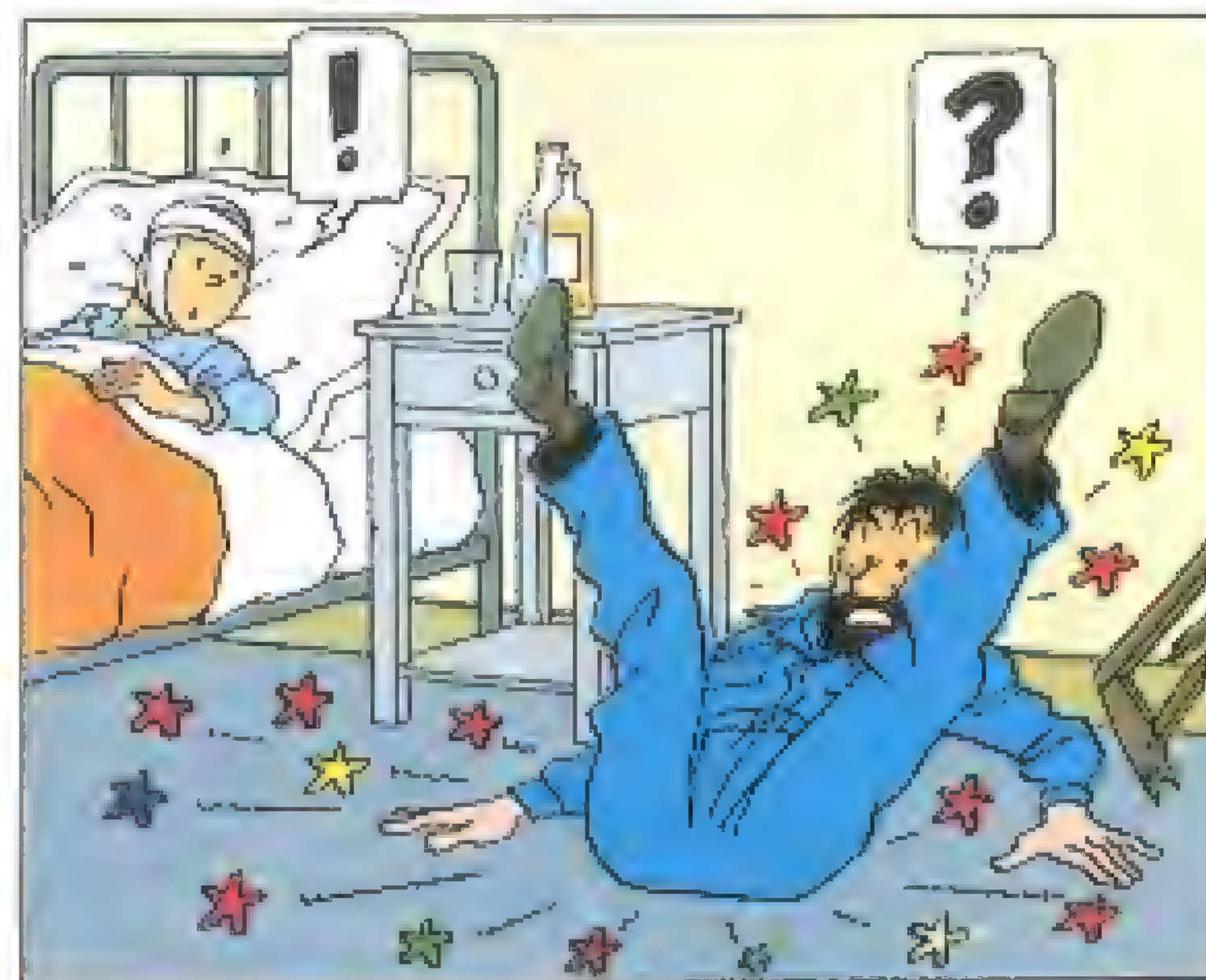
Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tintin.



Look Captain, it's late and...

None of that!... I'm staying here!... A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later. The day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter. The last guide rails are in place ... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now...

... completing the fuelling - up.

Hello, Mr. Baxter... Look who's here...

See! They've almost finished.

Tintin! You?... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything.

Look, Mr. Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished!

Finished!... Everything's ready. I'll clear the bay.

Good idea... But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

Woah!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

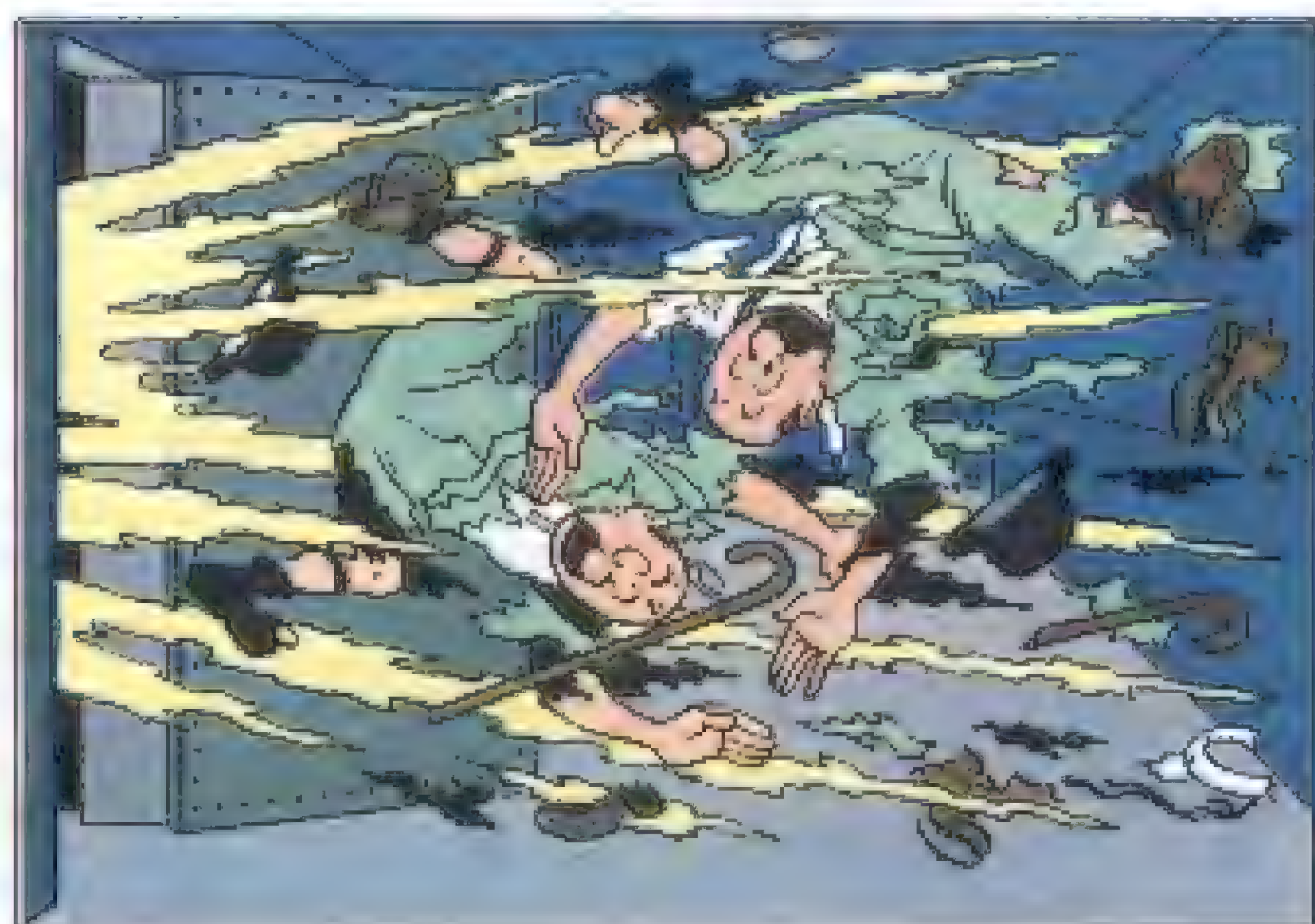
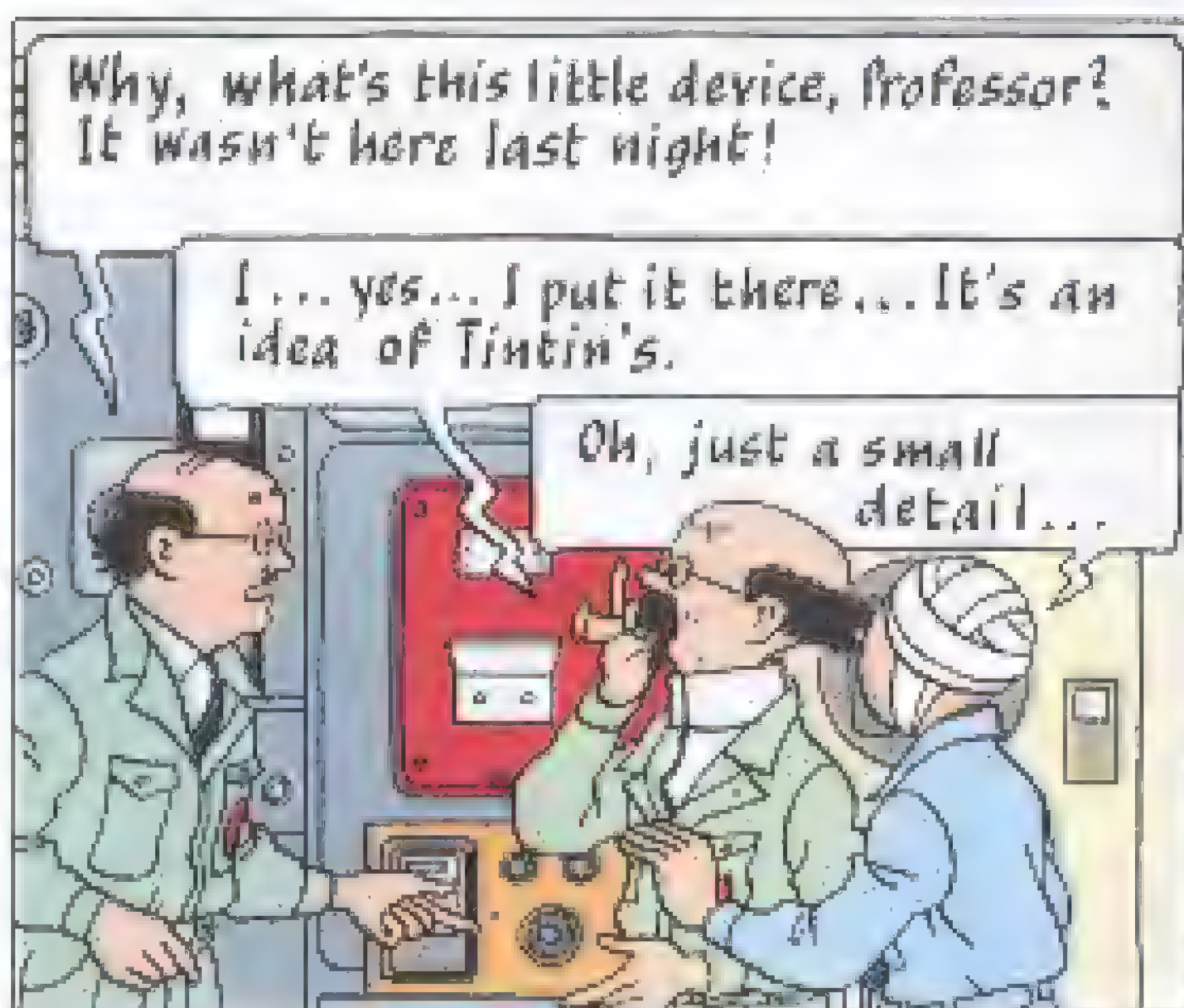
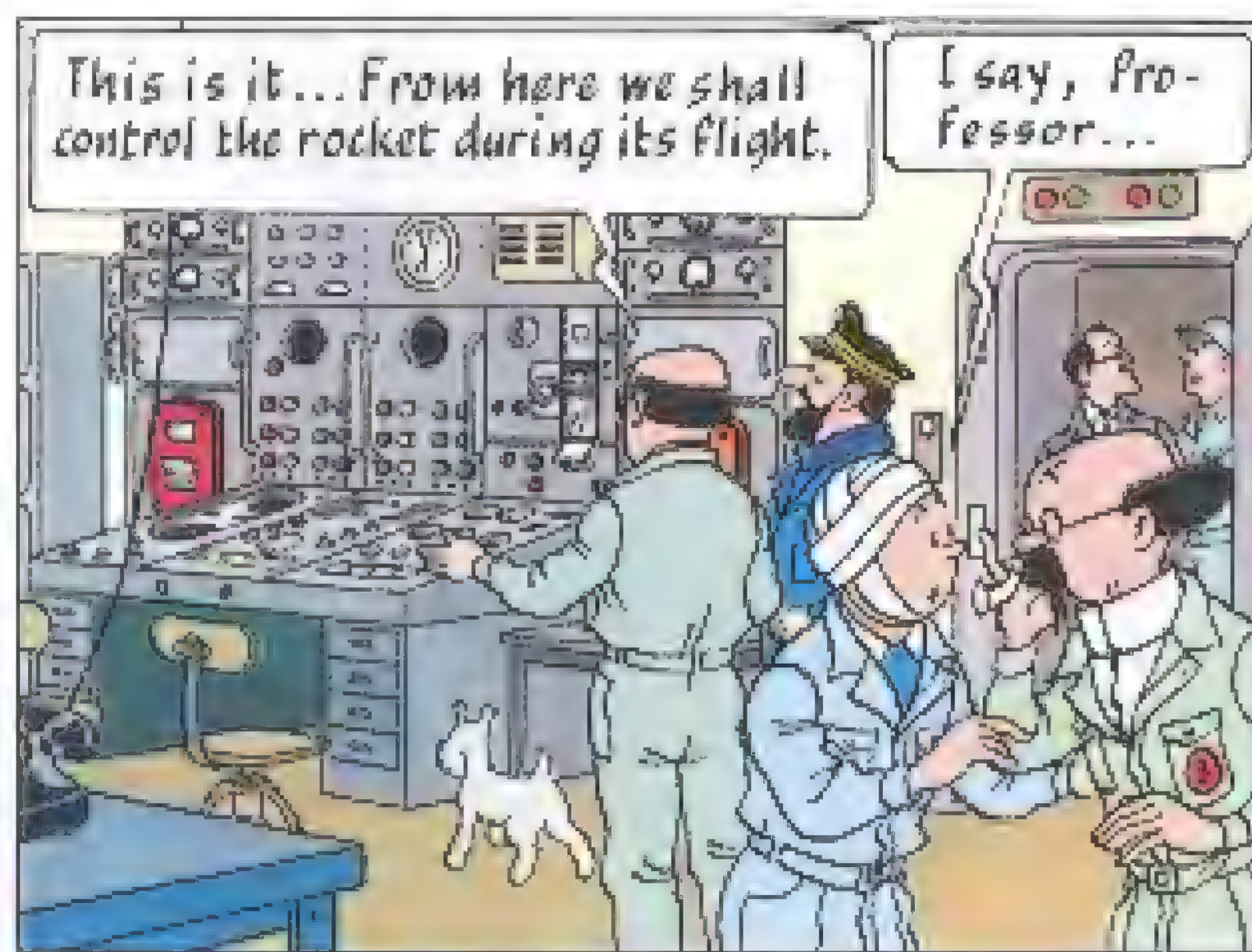
Ah, peace at last!

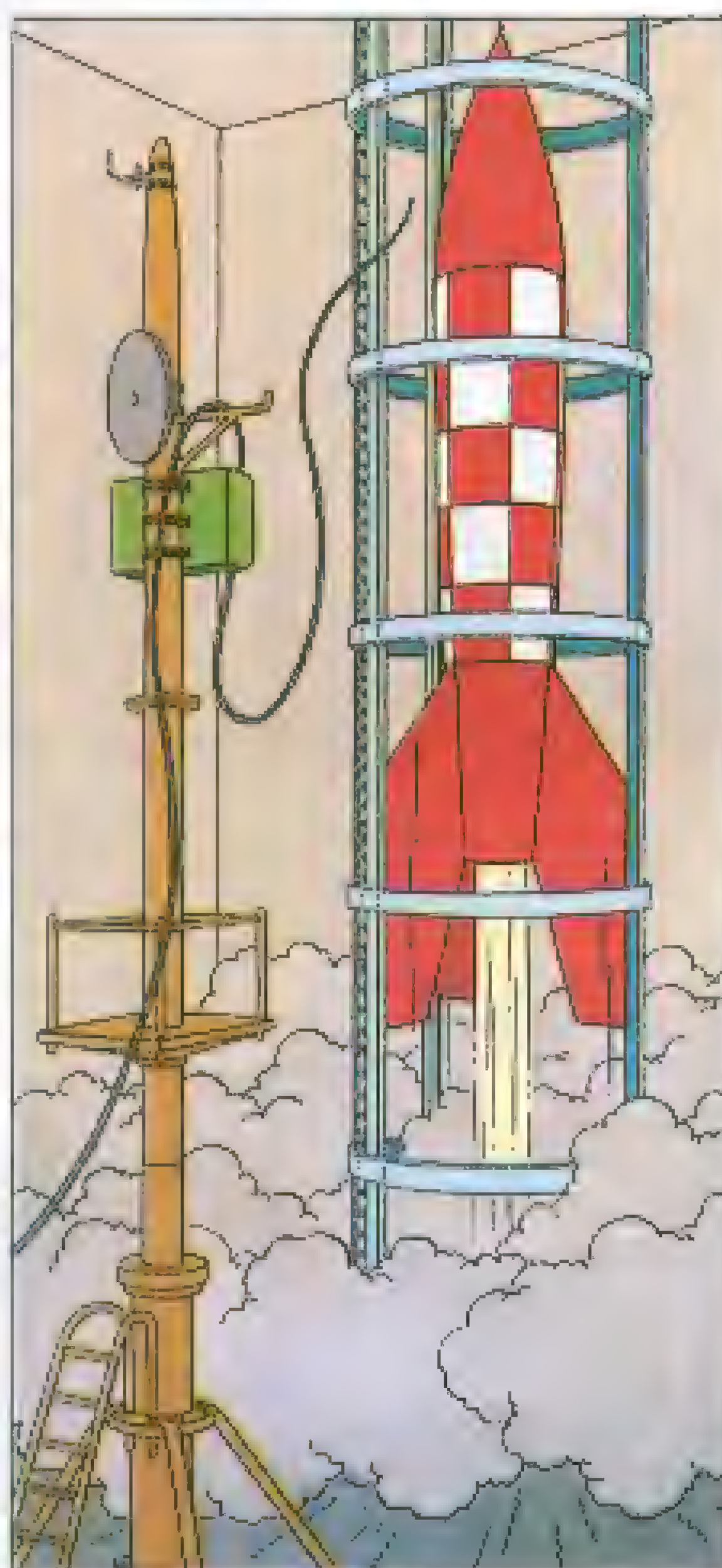
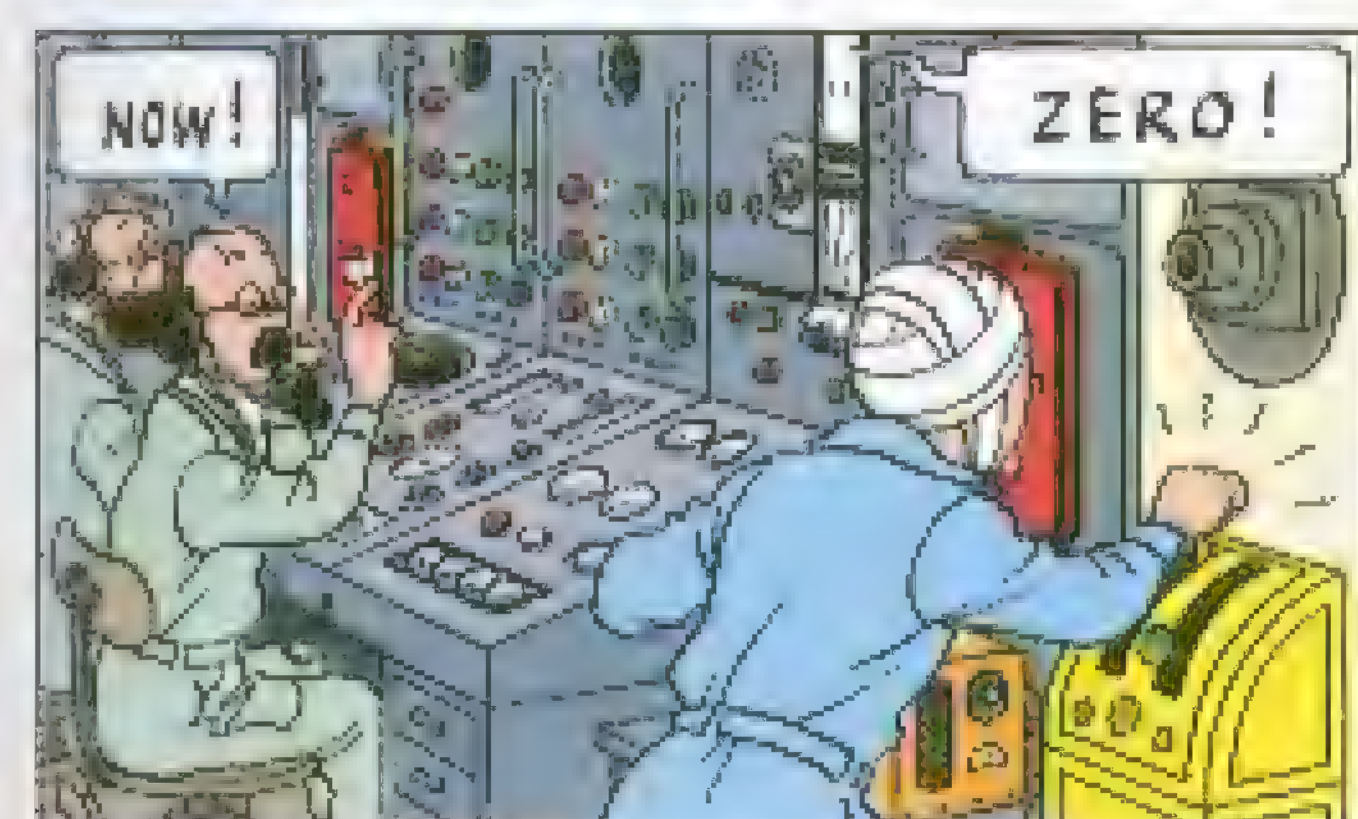
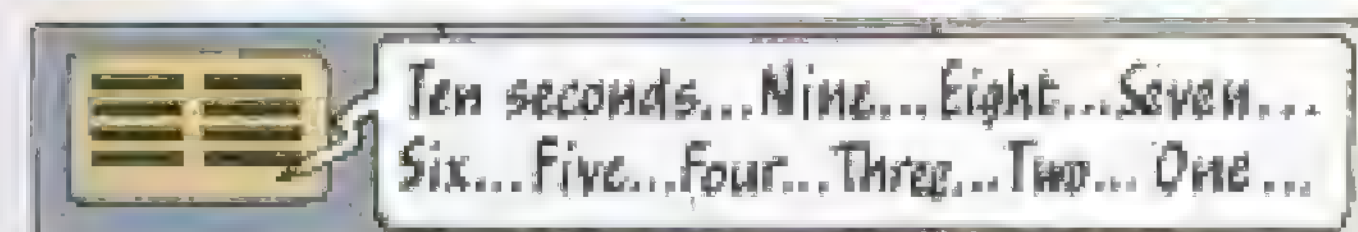
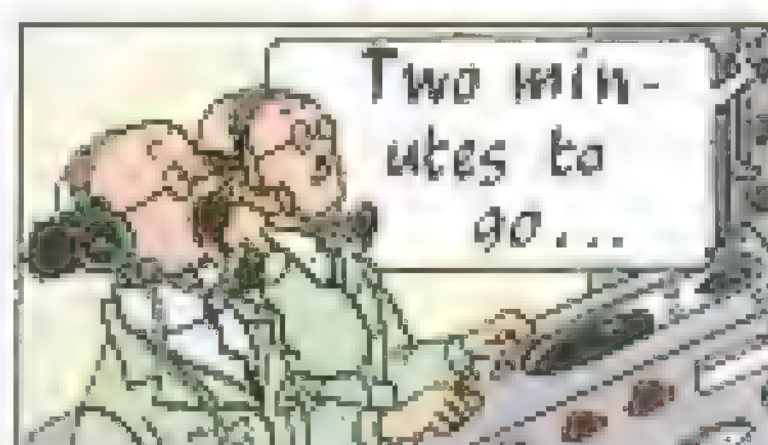
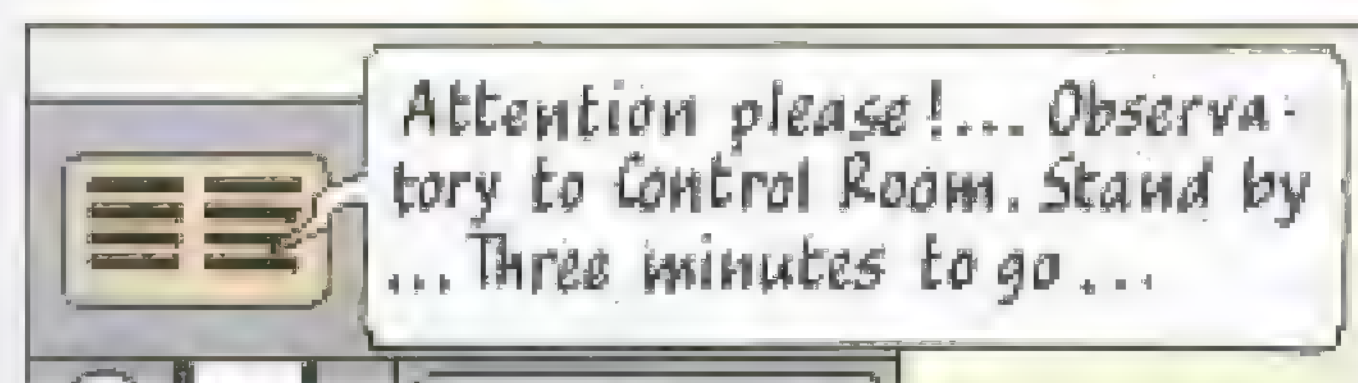
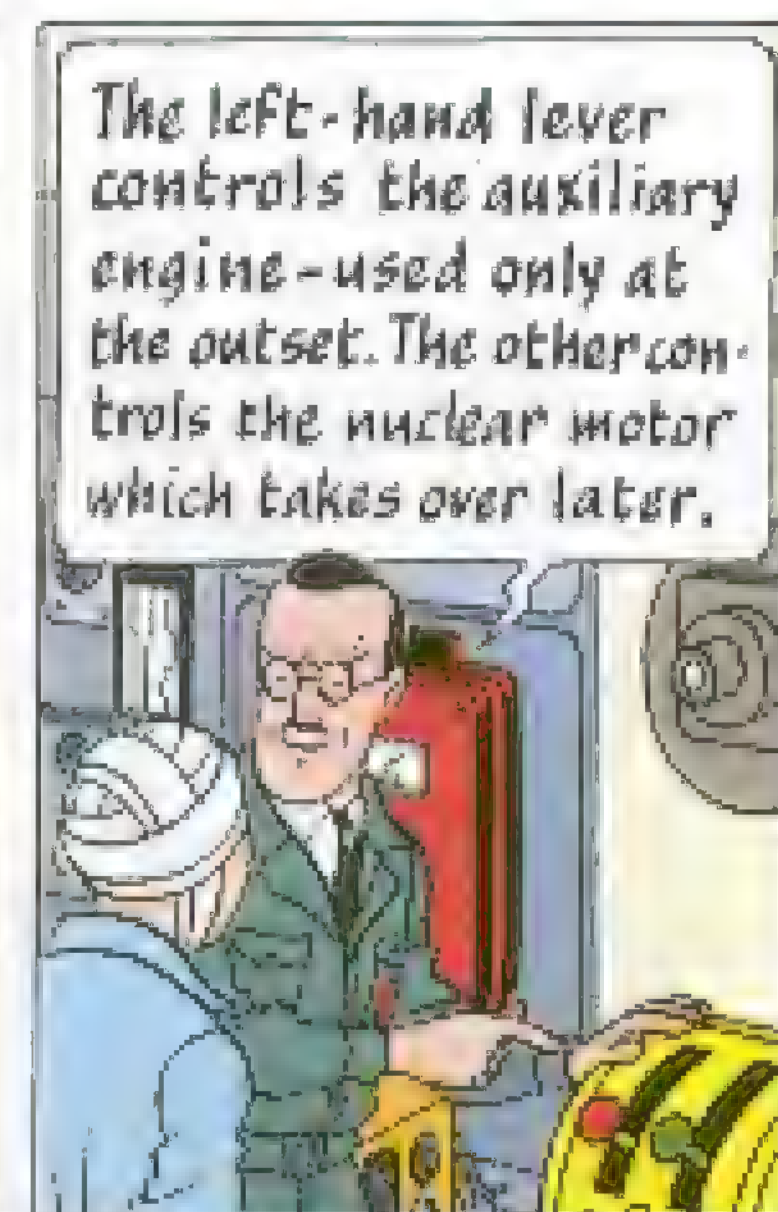
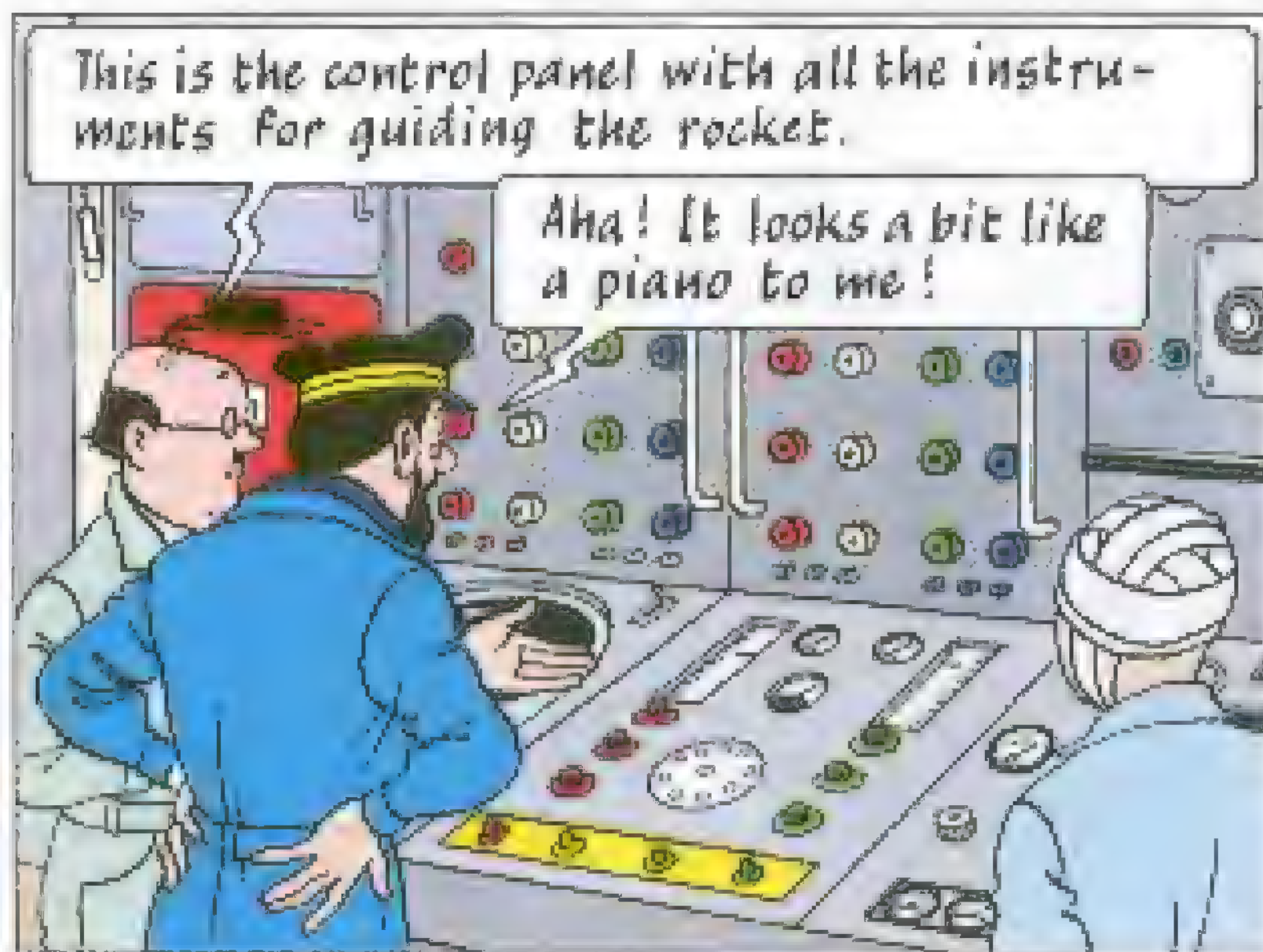
Attention please!... Clear the launching bay... Attention please!... Clear the bay...

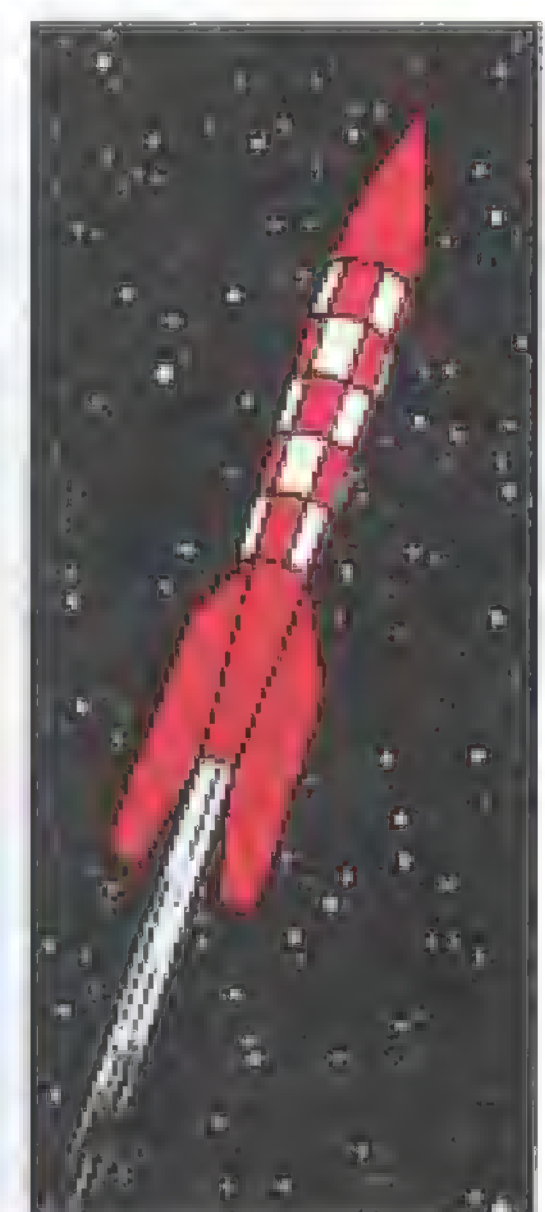
Clear the launching bay!

I repeat...

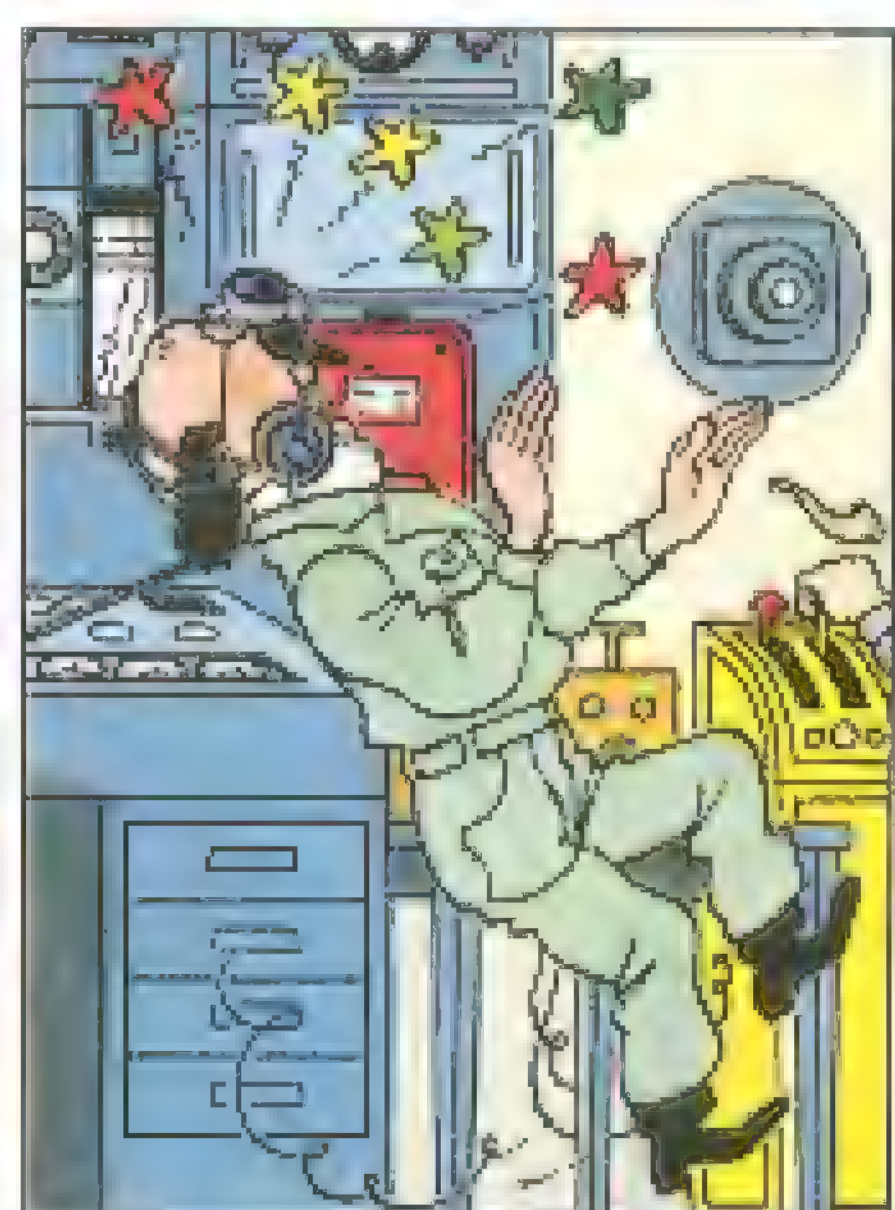
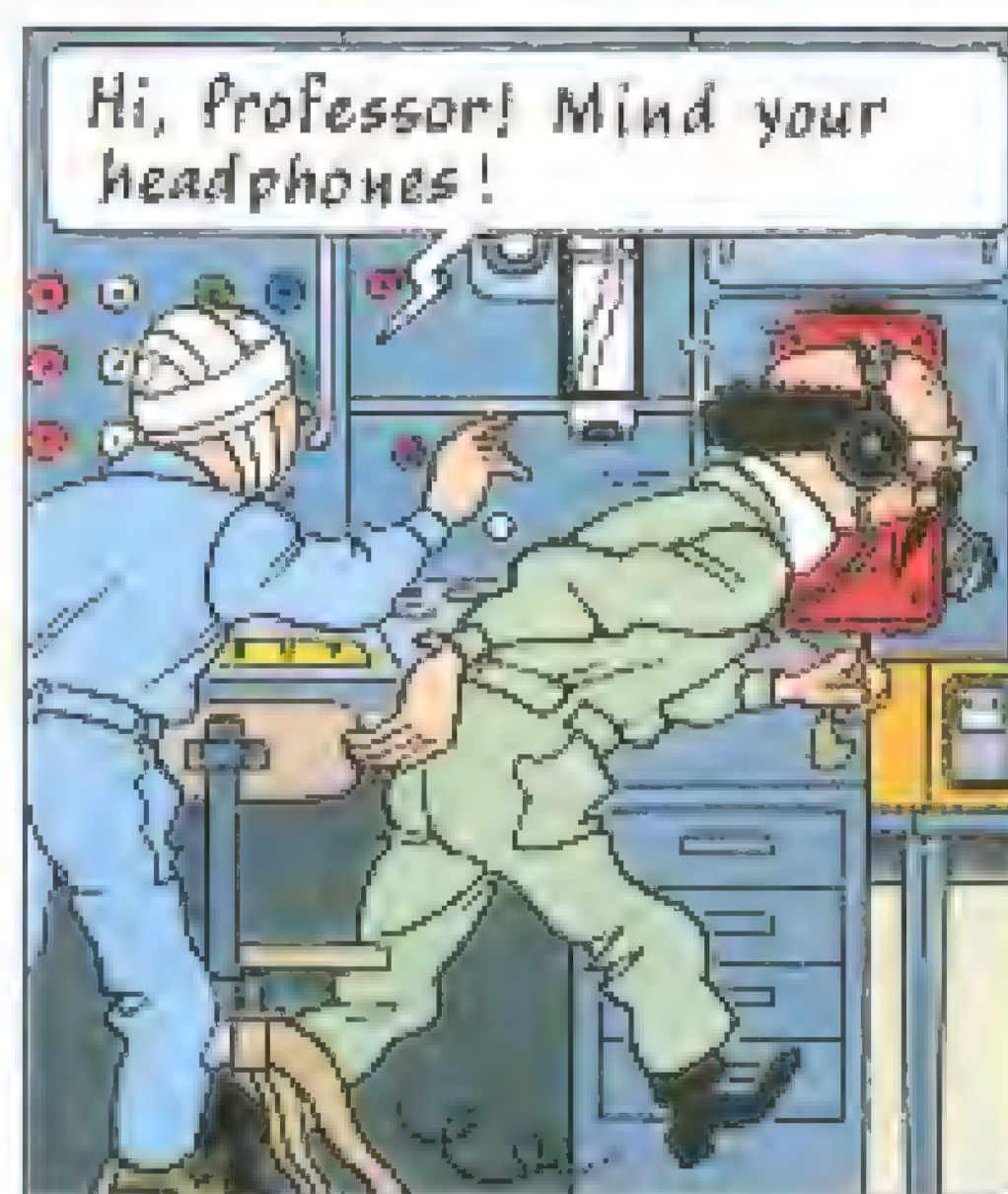
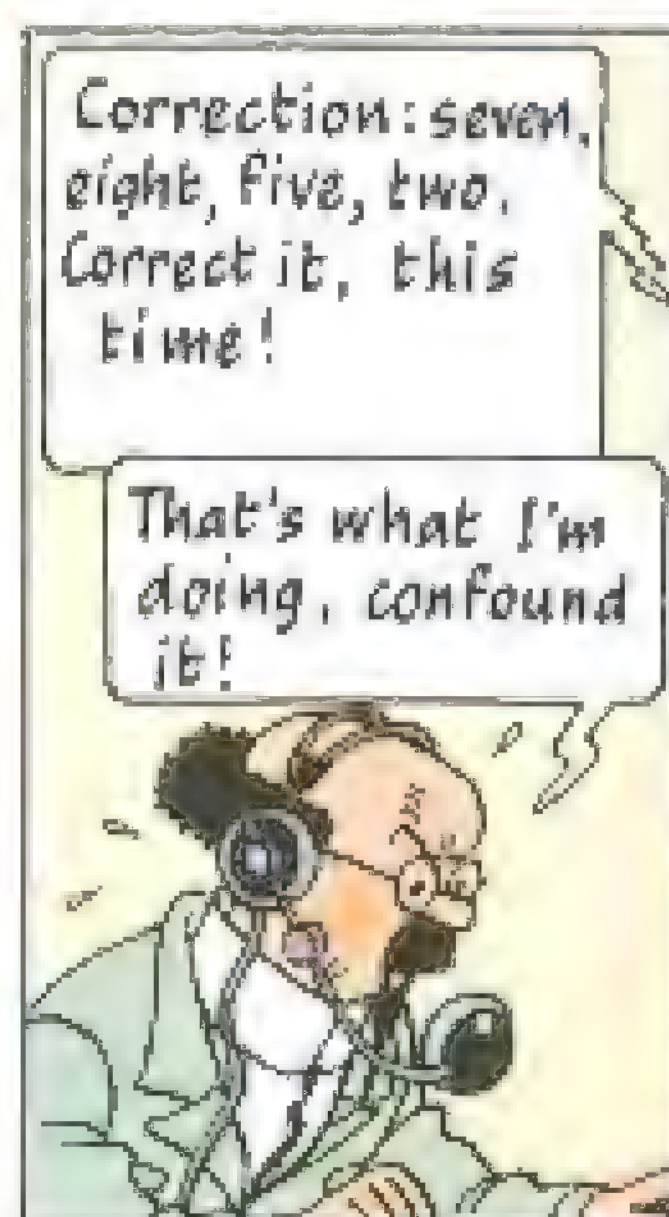
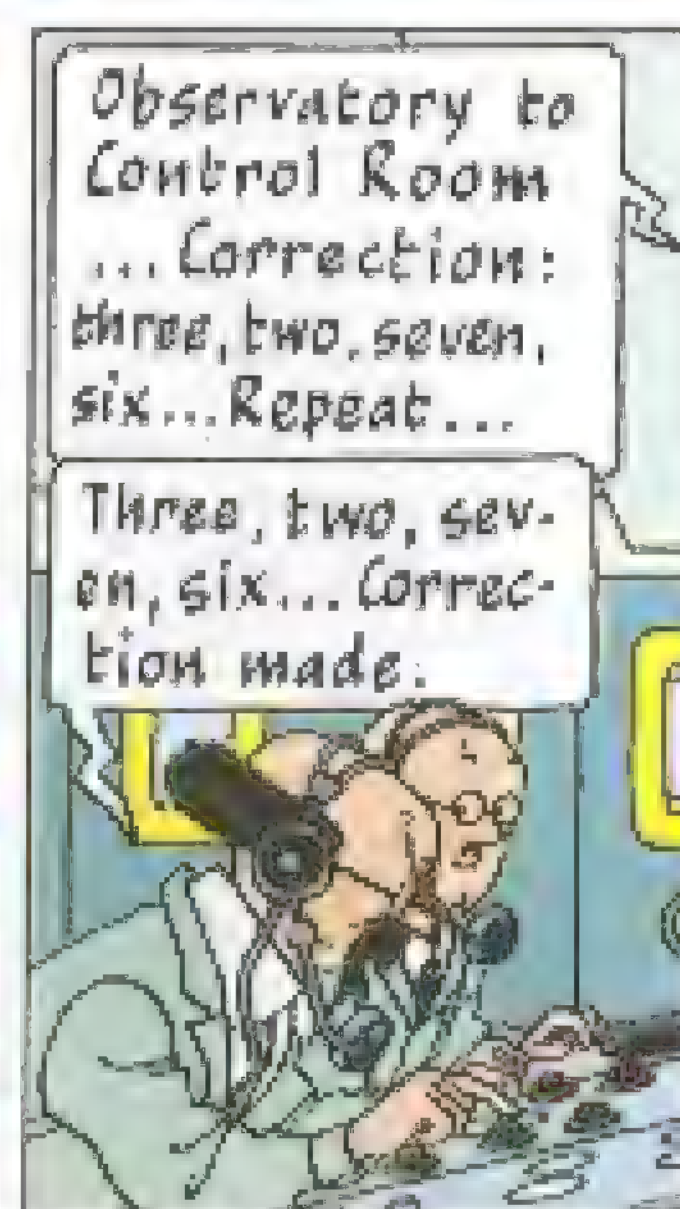
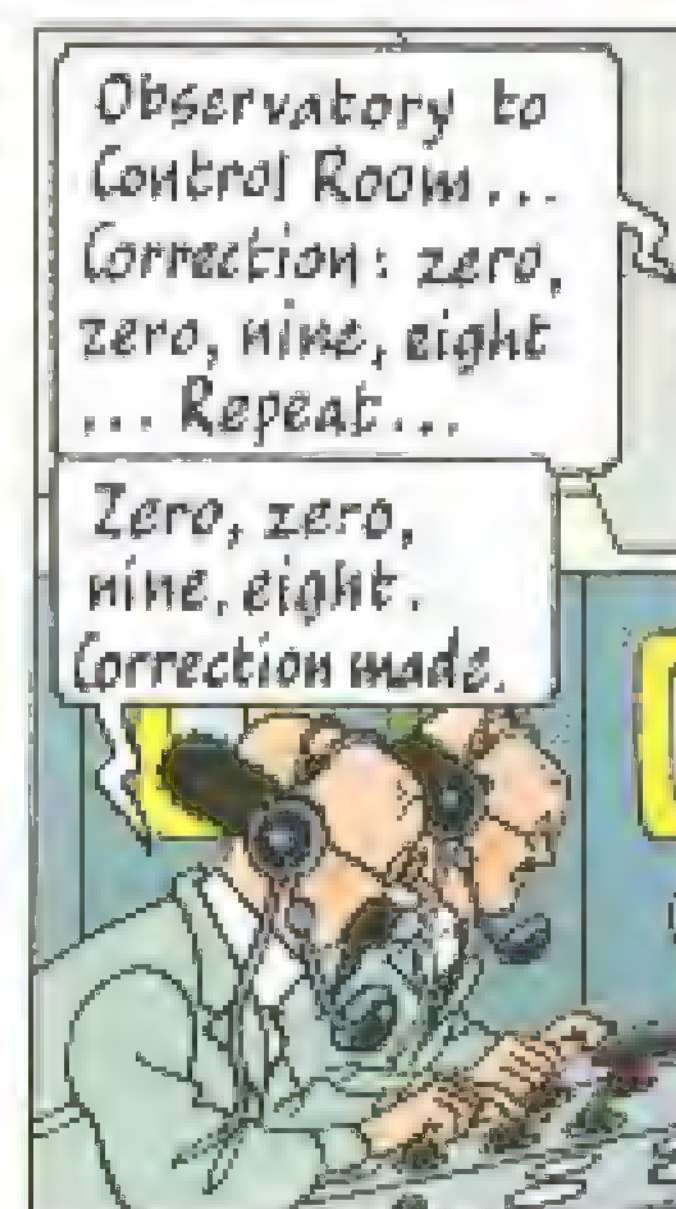
All right! I heard!

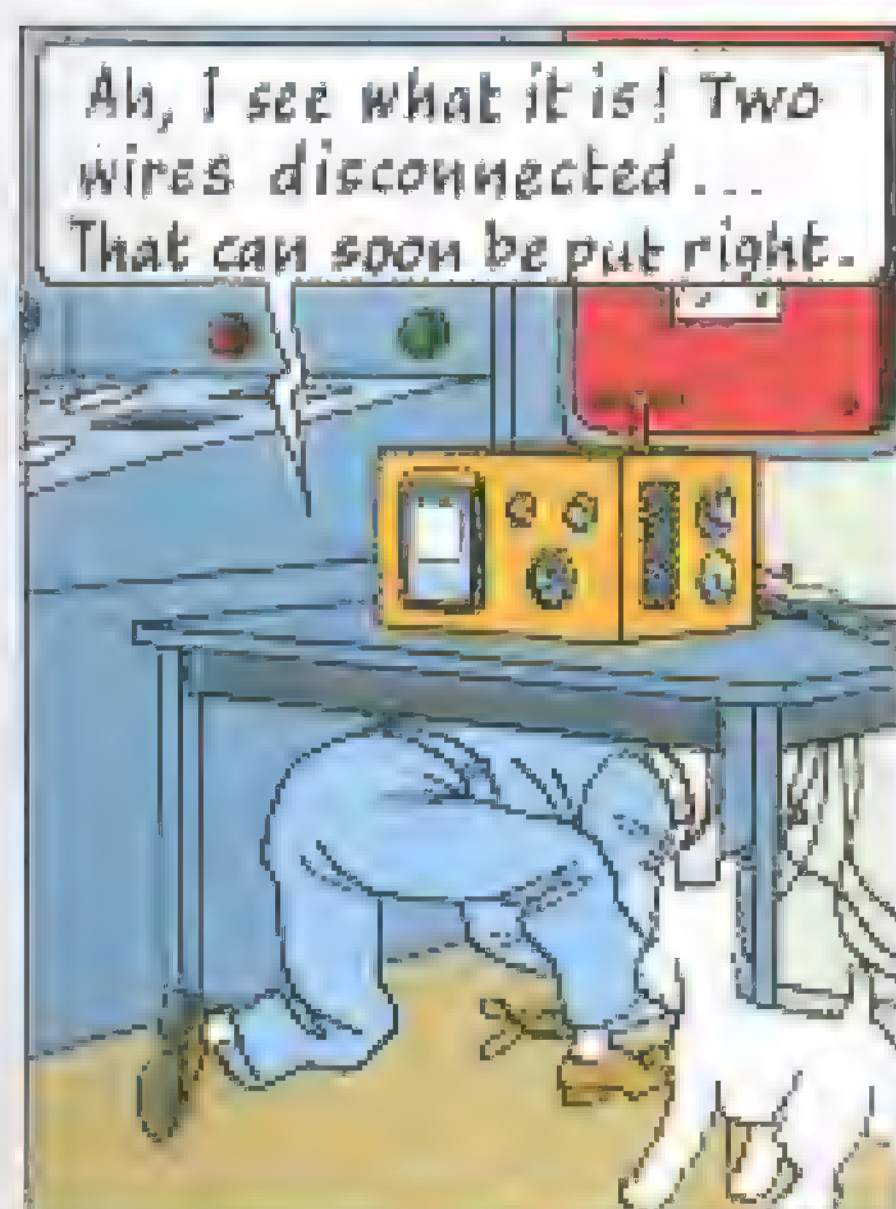
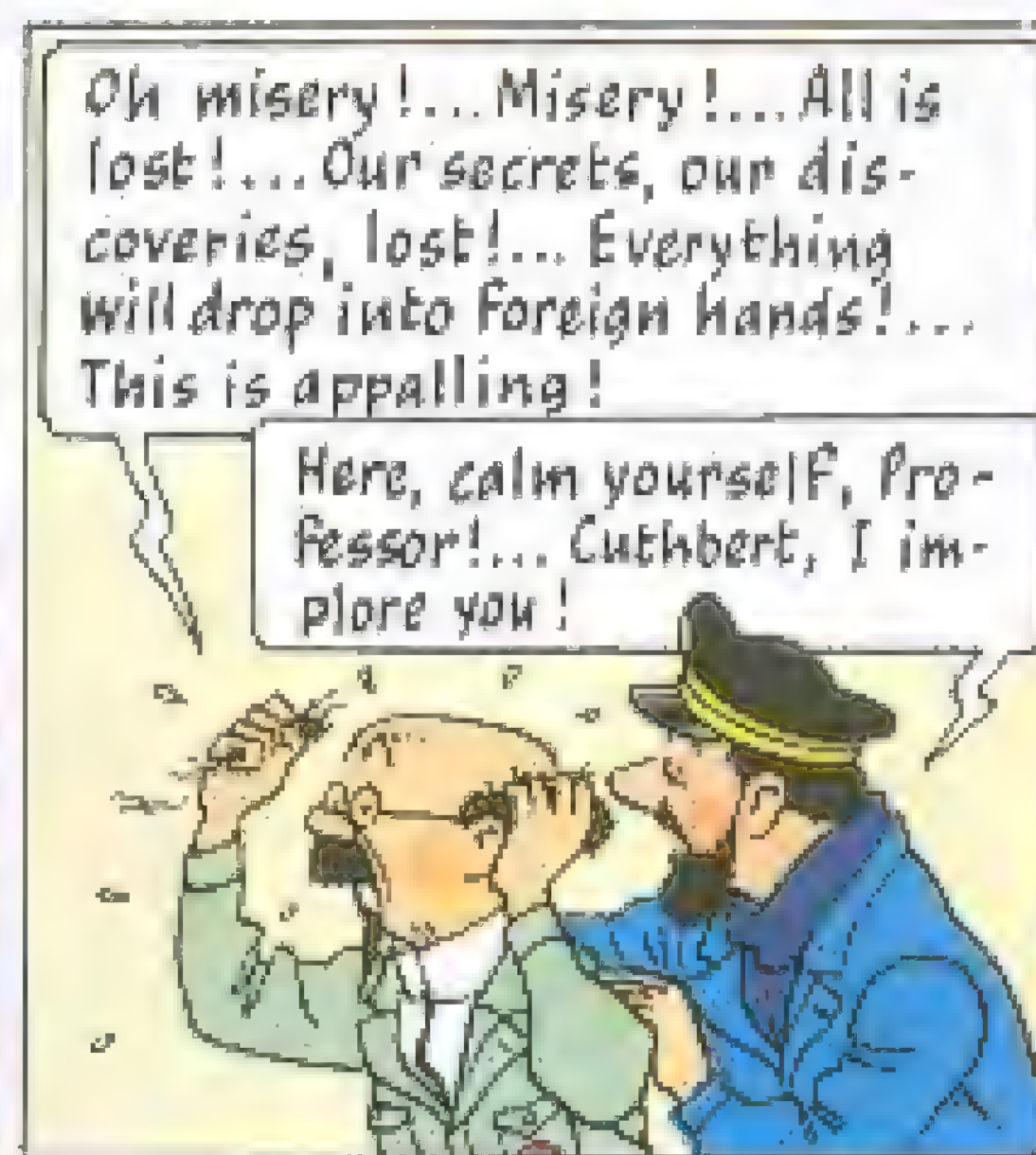
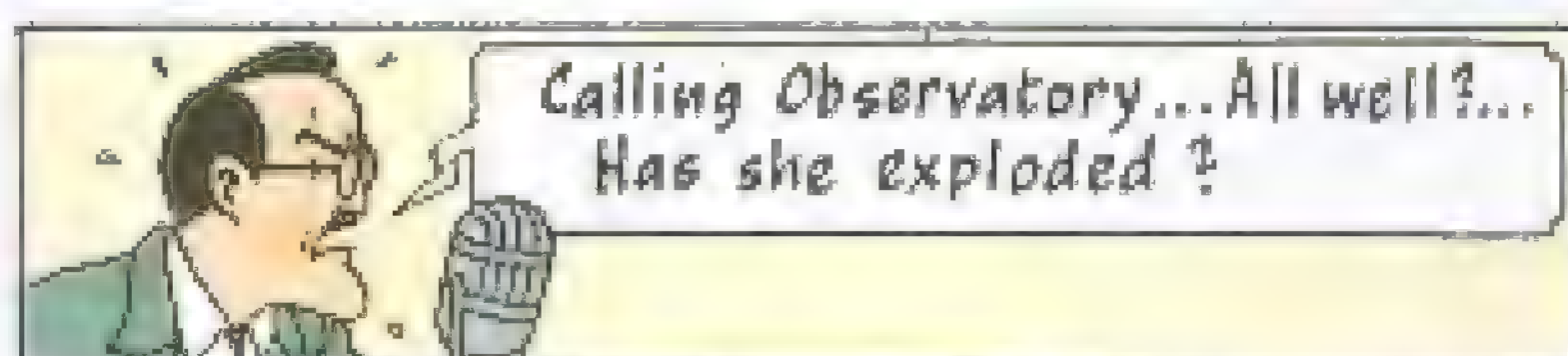
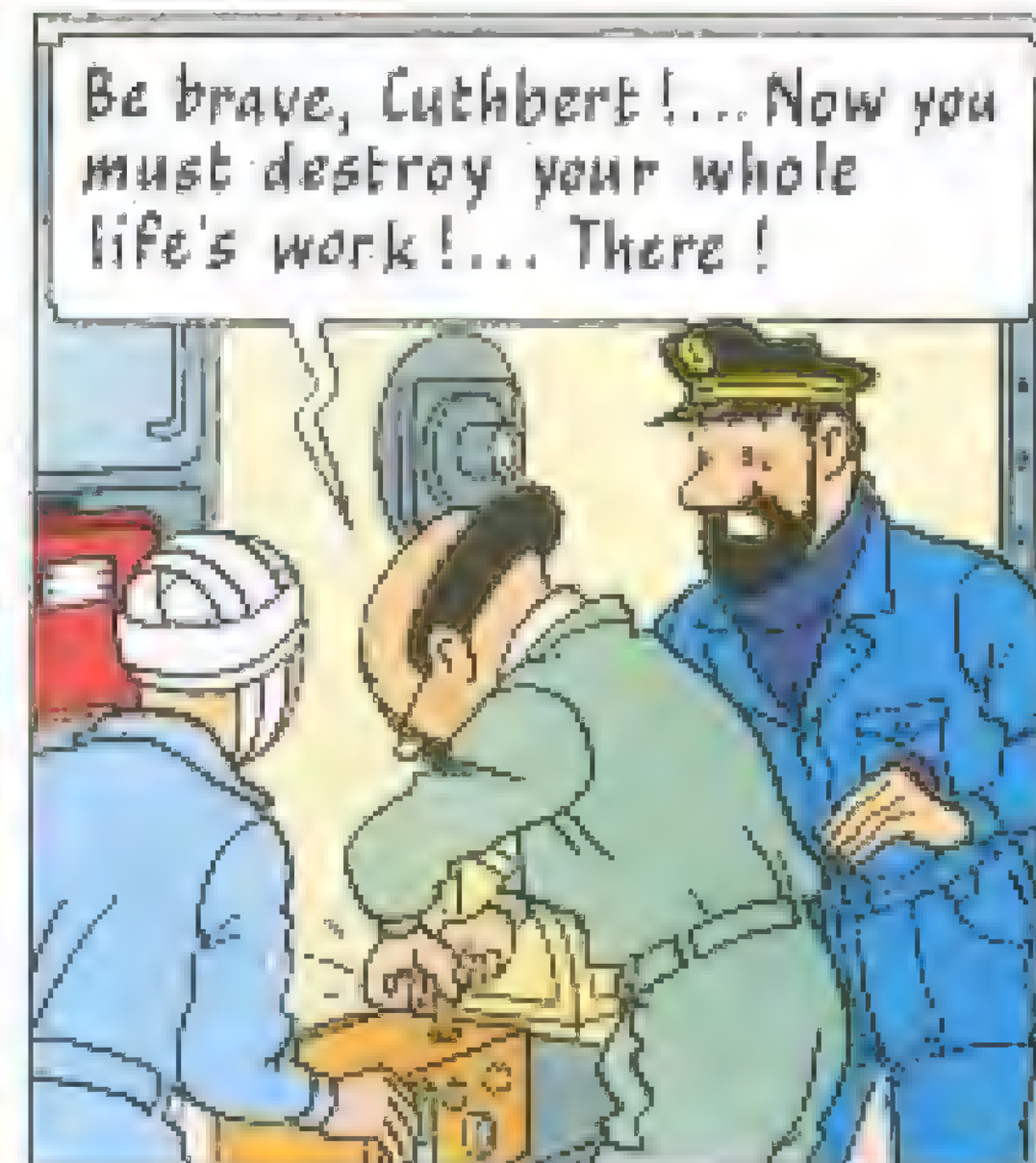
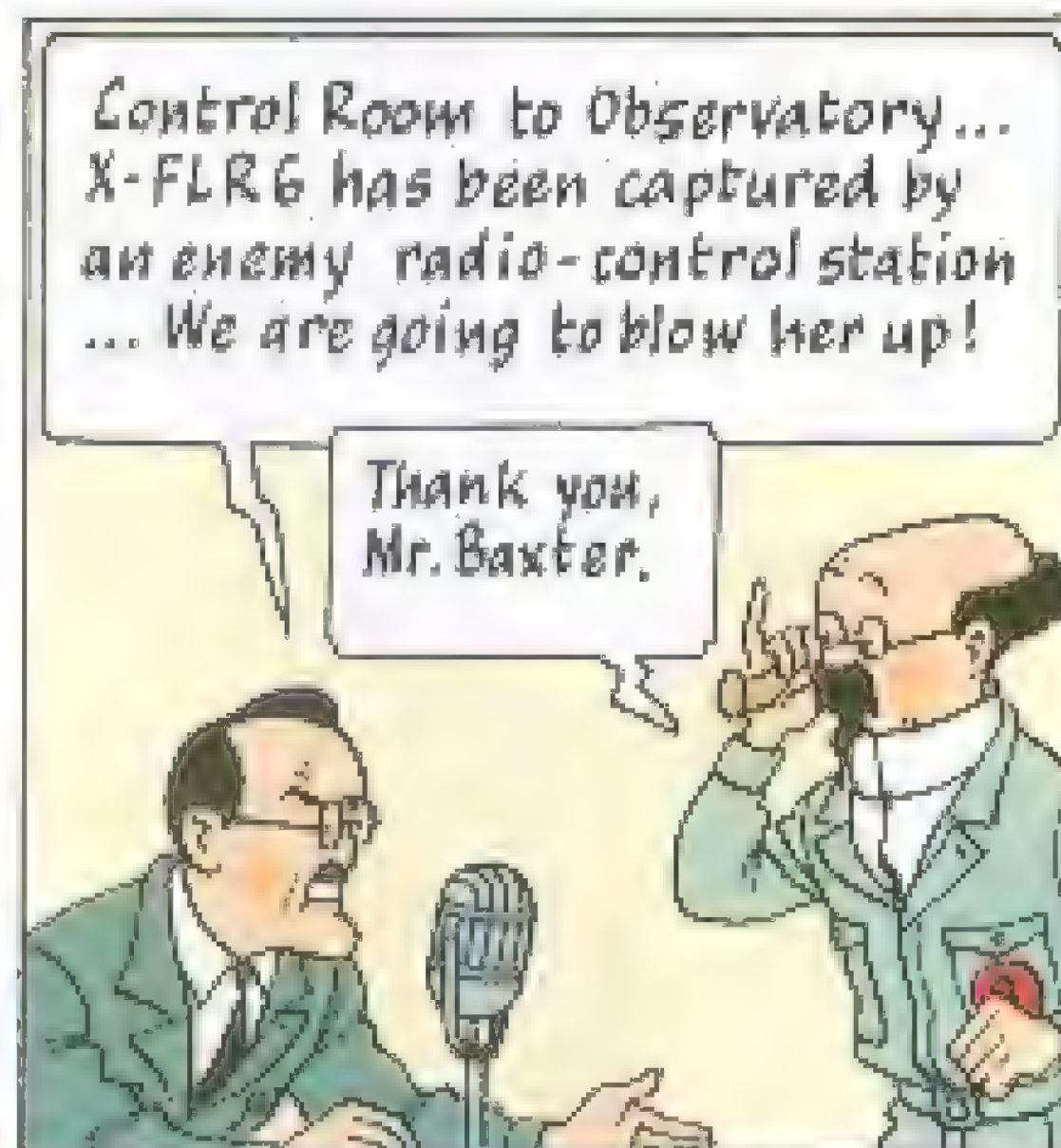
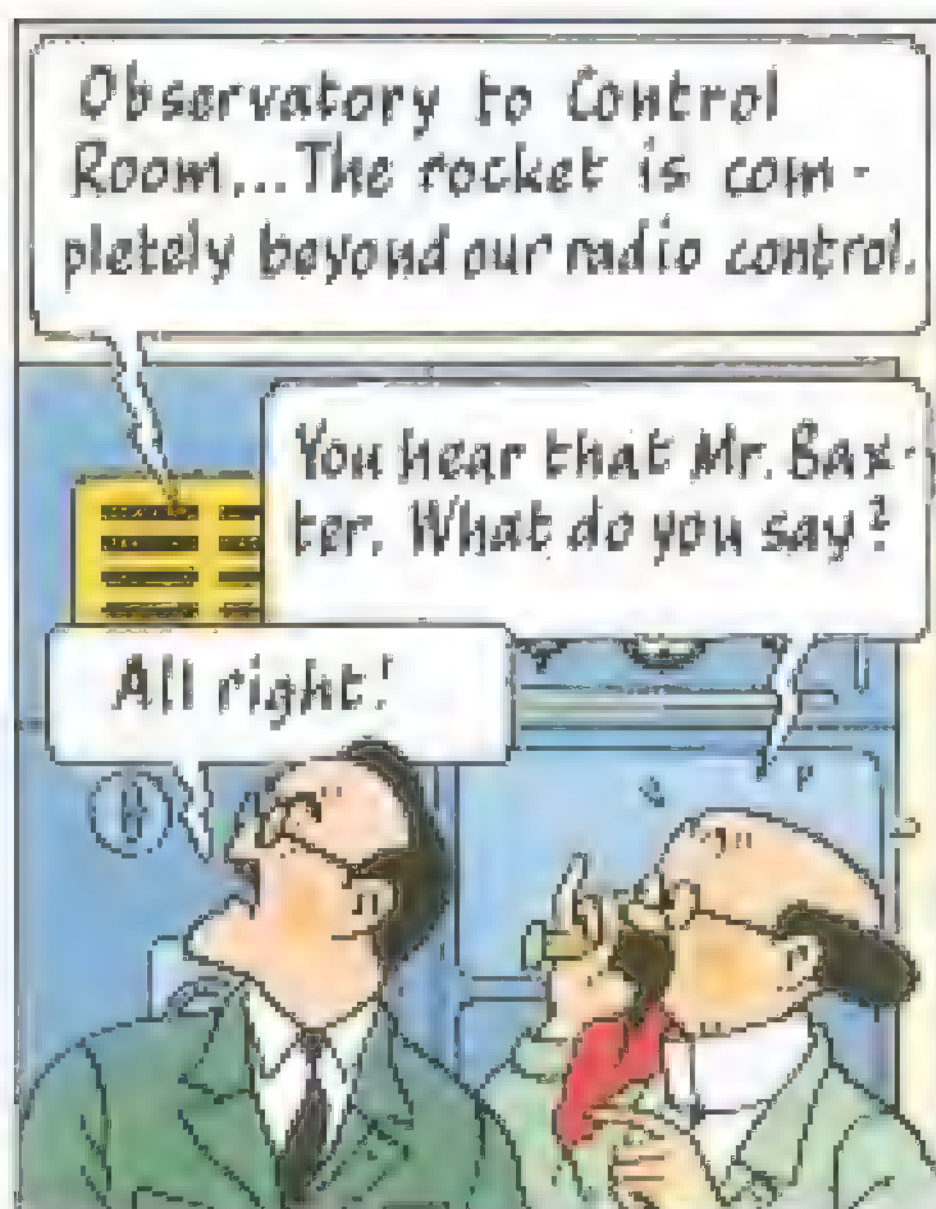














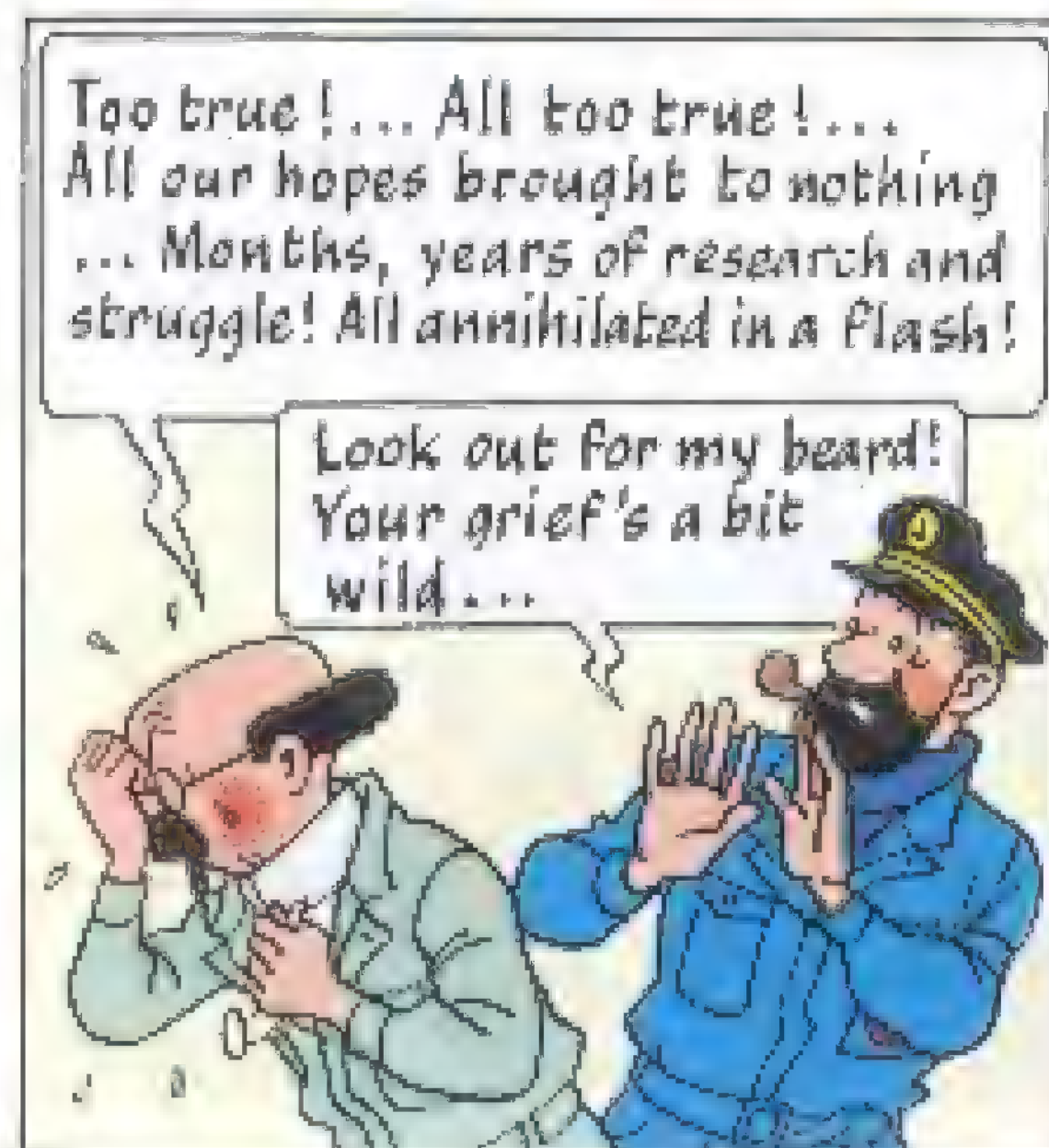
Observatory to Control Room...
X-FLR 6 has exploded. There's
nothing more to see.



Accursed luck! They've
foreseen everything!
They'd sooner blow up
their rocket than let it
fall into our hands!



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred
to me that the documents passed to the
spies might contain all the details of the
radio-control of our trial rocket... I
confided my fears to Professor Calculus
who immediately devised the mechanism
to explode X-FLR 6, should she be inter-
cepted... You see what a good idea it was.



Too true!... All too true!...
All our hopes brought to nothing
... Months, years of research and
struggle! All annihilated in a flash!

Look out for my beard!
Your grief's a bit
wild...



No, Professor Calculus,
all is not lost! On the con-
trary, this is a triumph
for you... Didn't your nuclear
motor work perfectly?
Didn't the rocket go to
the Moon, and circle
it?



Tintin is right! The
trial was conclusive.
Don't be so downhearted.
Tomorrow we start
work on another
rocket. But not an
experimental one -
this will be the
real Rocket, to carry
you to the Moon!

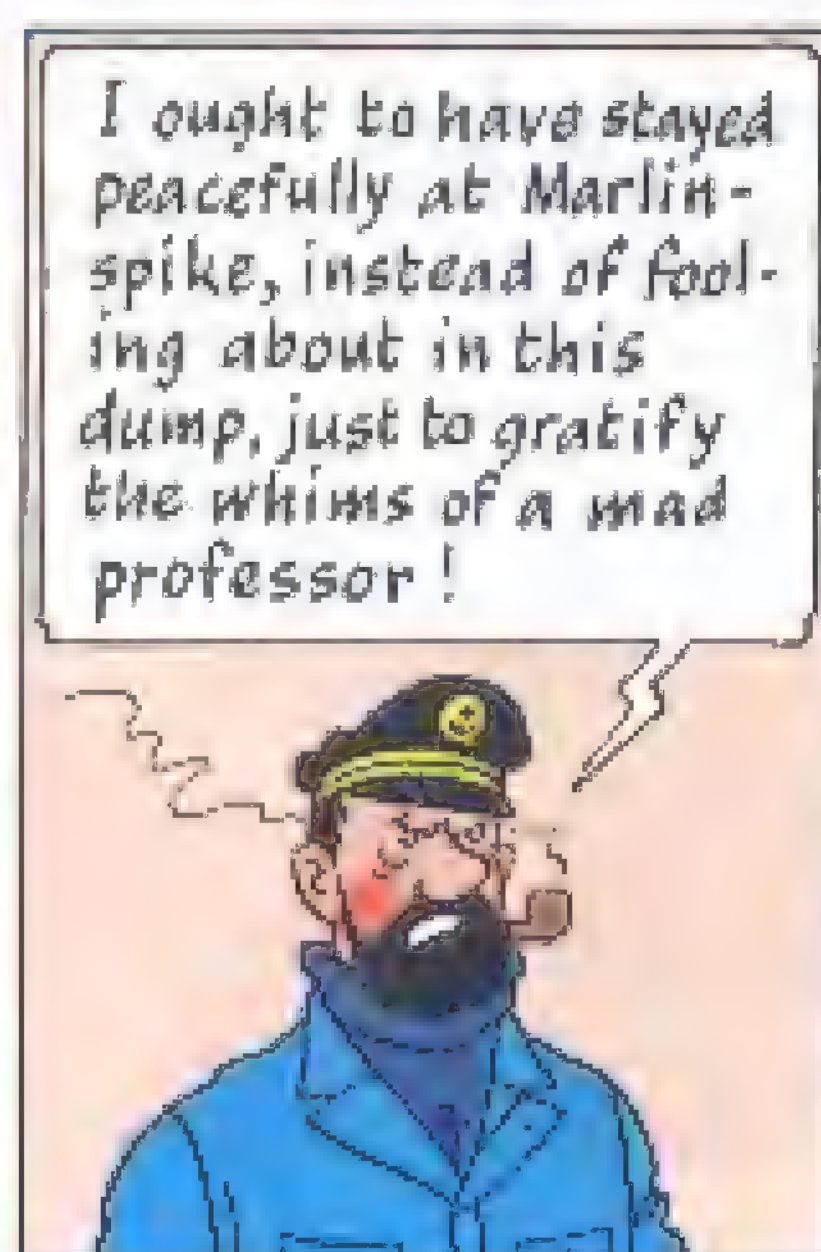


To the Moon!...
Hooray!



A fortnight later...

I'm fed up with hanging
about here, doing nothing.



I ought to have stayed
peacefully at Marlin-
spike, instead of fool-
ing about in this
dump, just to gratify
the whims of a mad
professor!

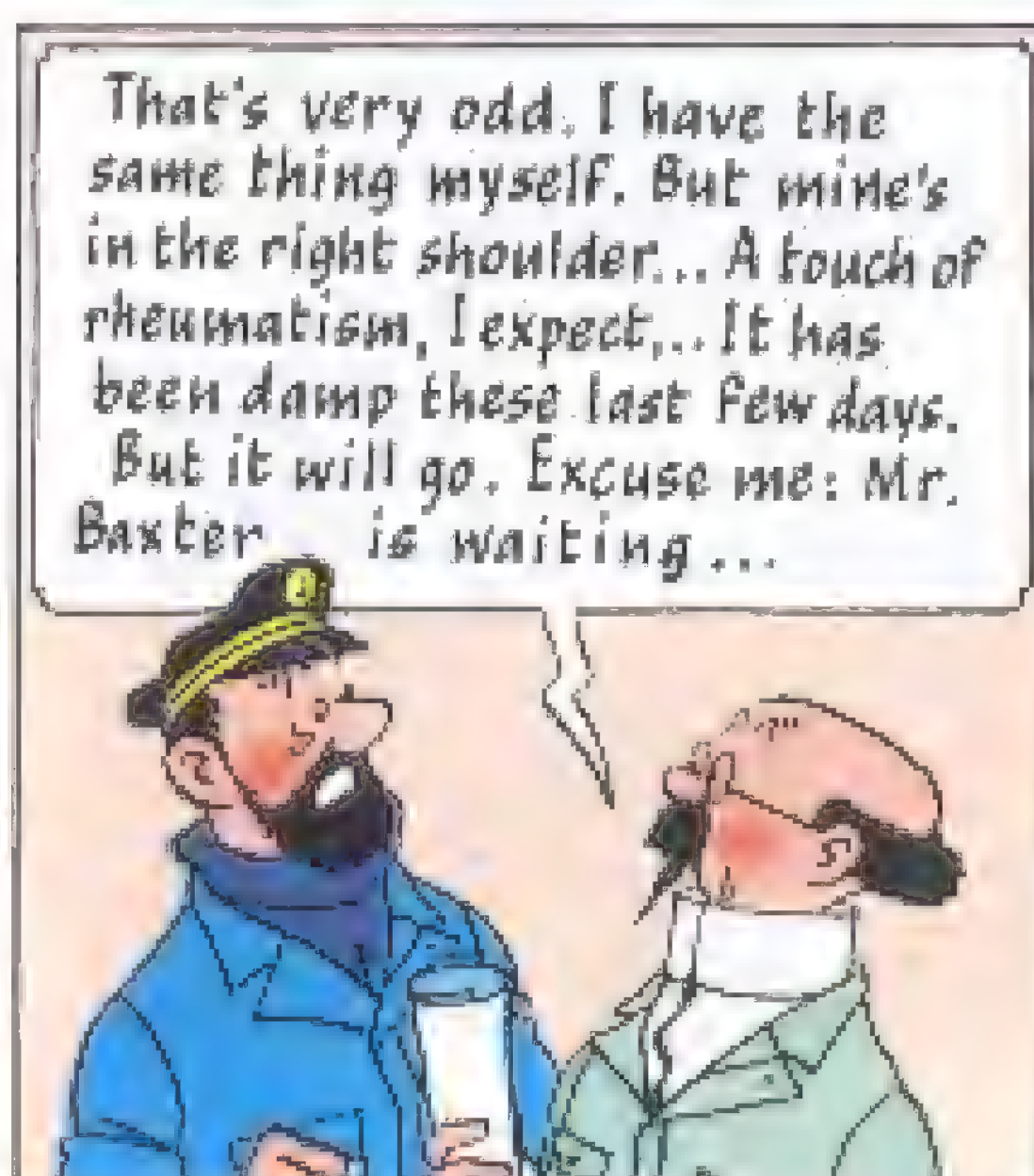


There he goes now
... I'll tell him a
thing or two! ...
Hi, Professor!

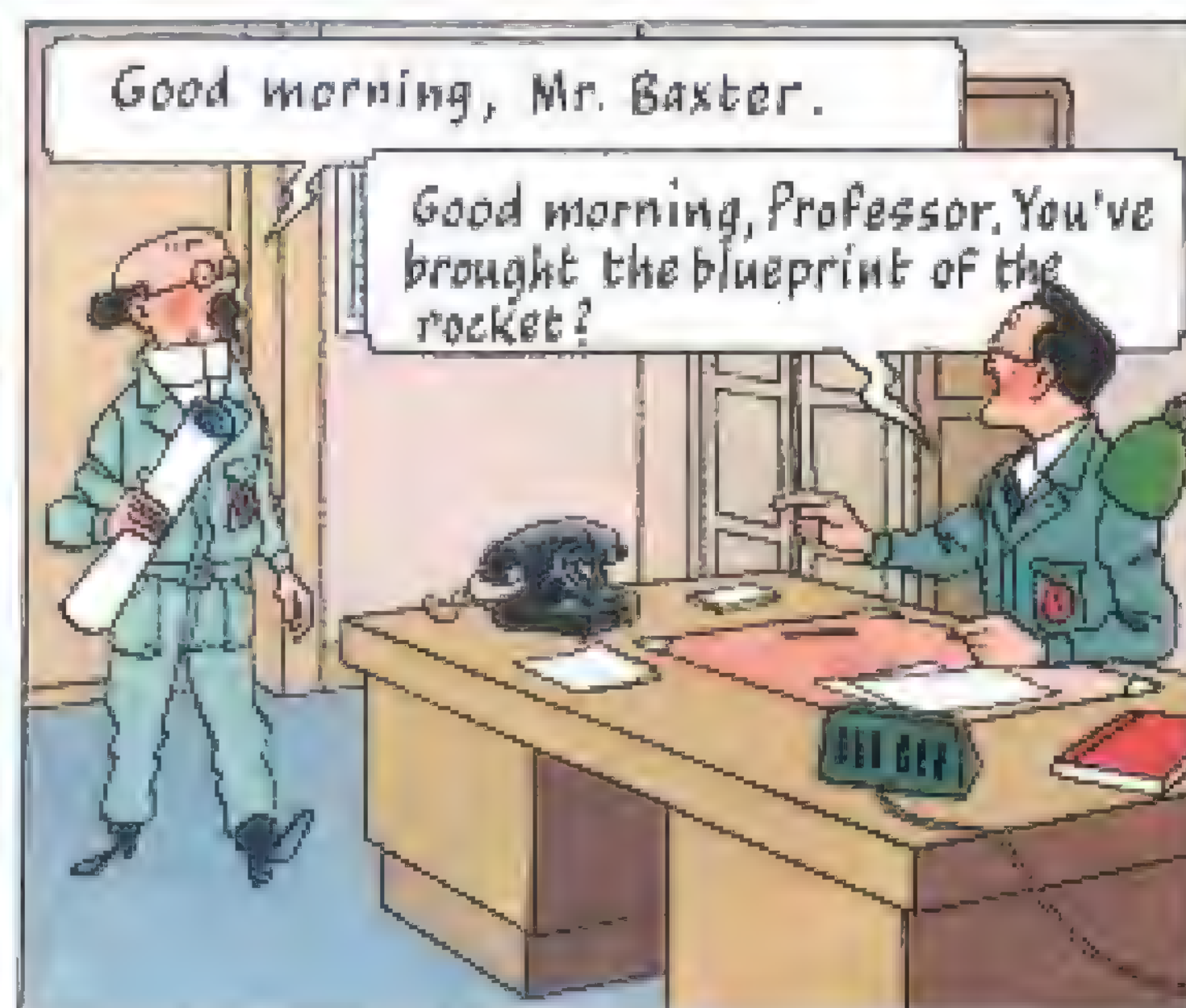


Look here, I've had enough of
going round in circles in this con-
founded Centre! How soon do you
propose this little week-end trip to the
Moon?

Really?... You too?... Do you?



That's very odd. I have the
same thing myself. But mine's
in the right shoulder... A touch of
rheumatism, I expect... It has
been damp these last few days.
But it will go. Excuse me: Mr.
Baxter is waiting...

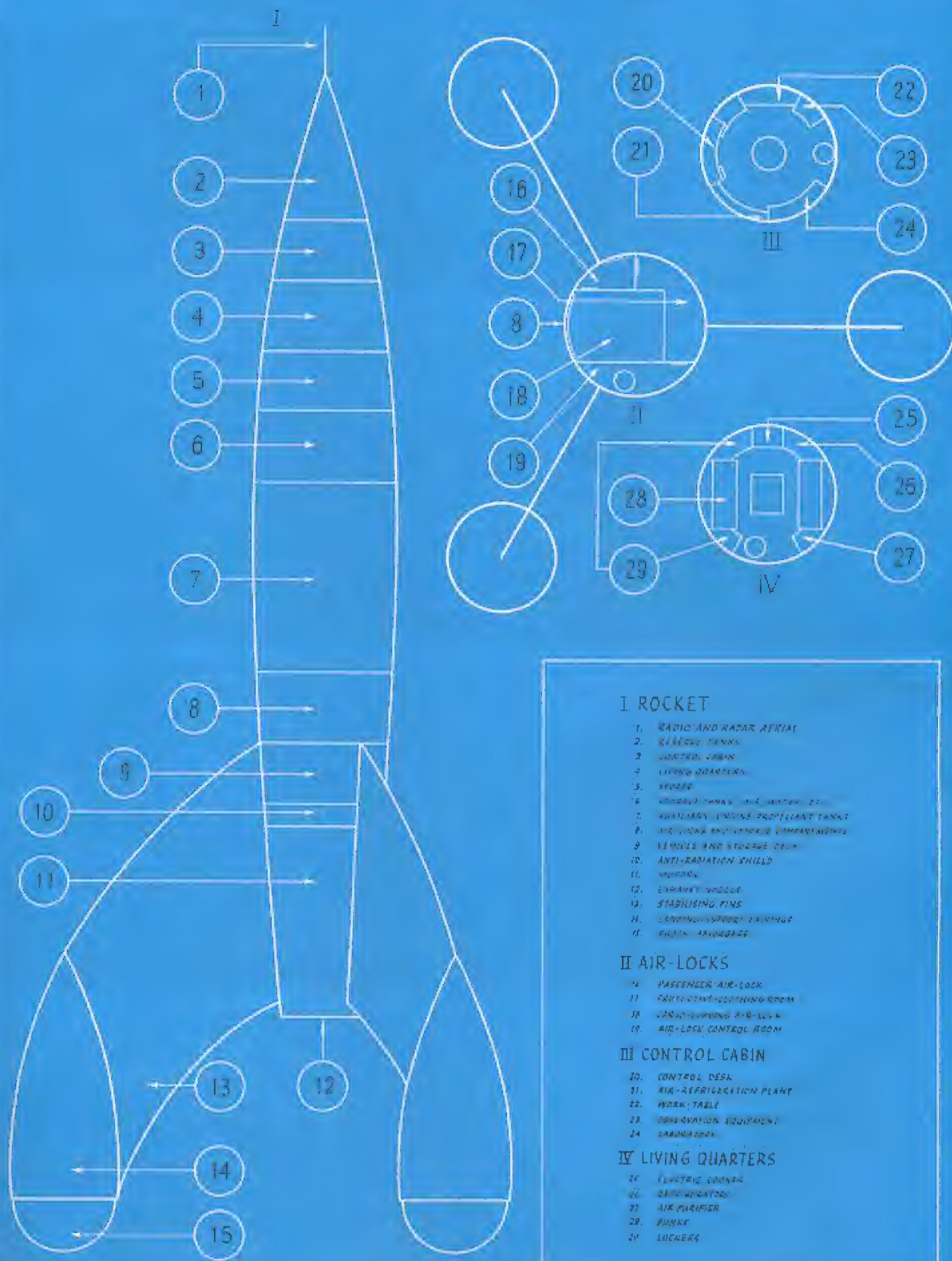


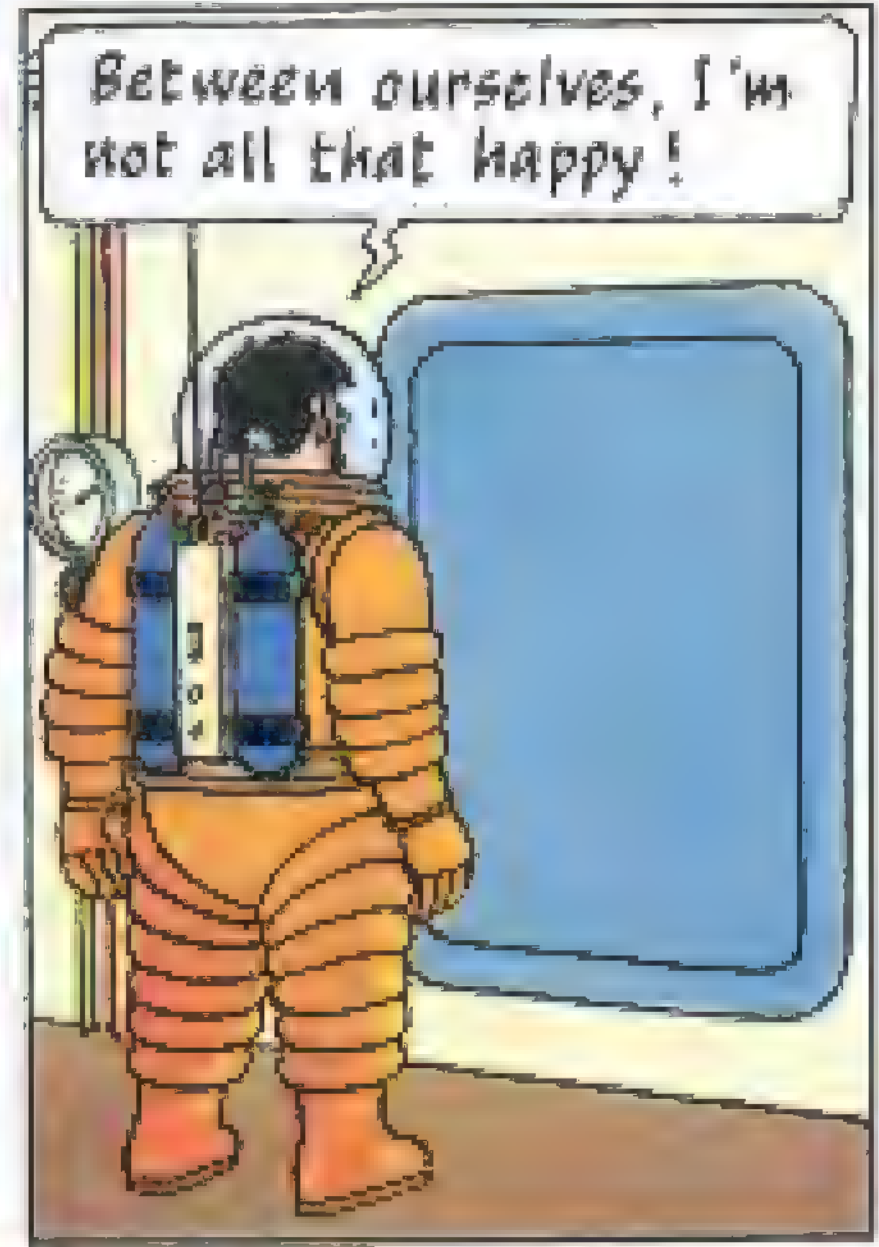
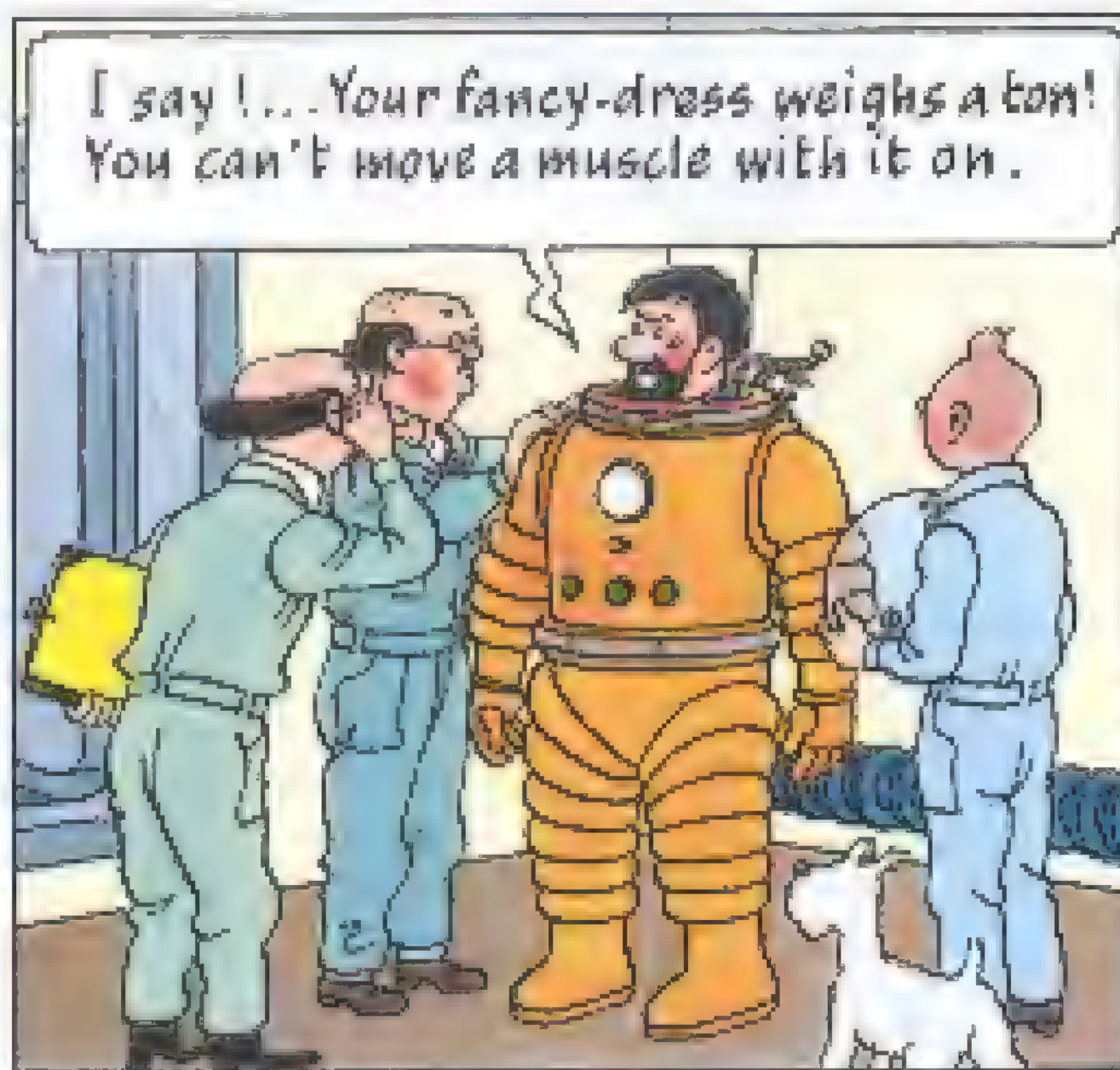
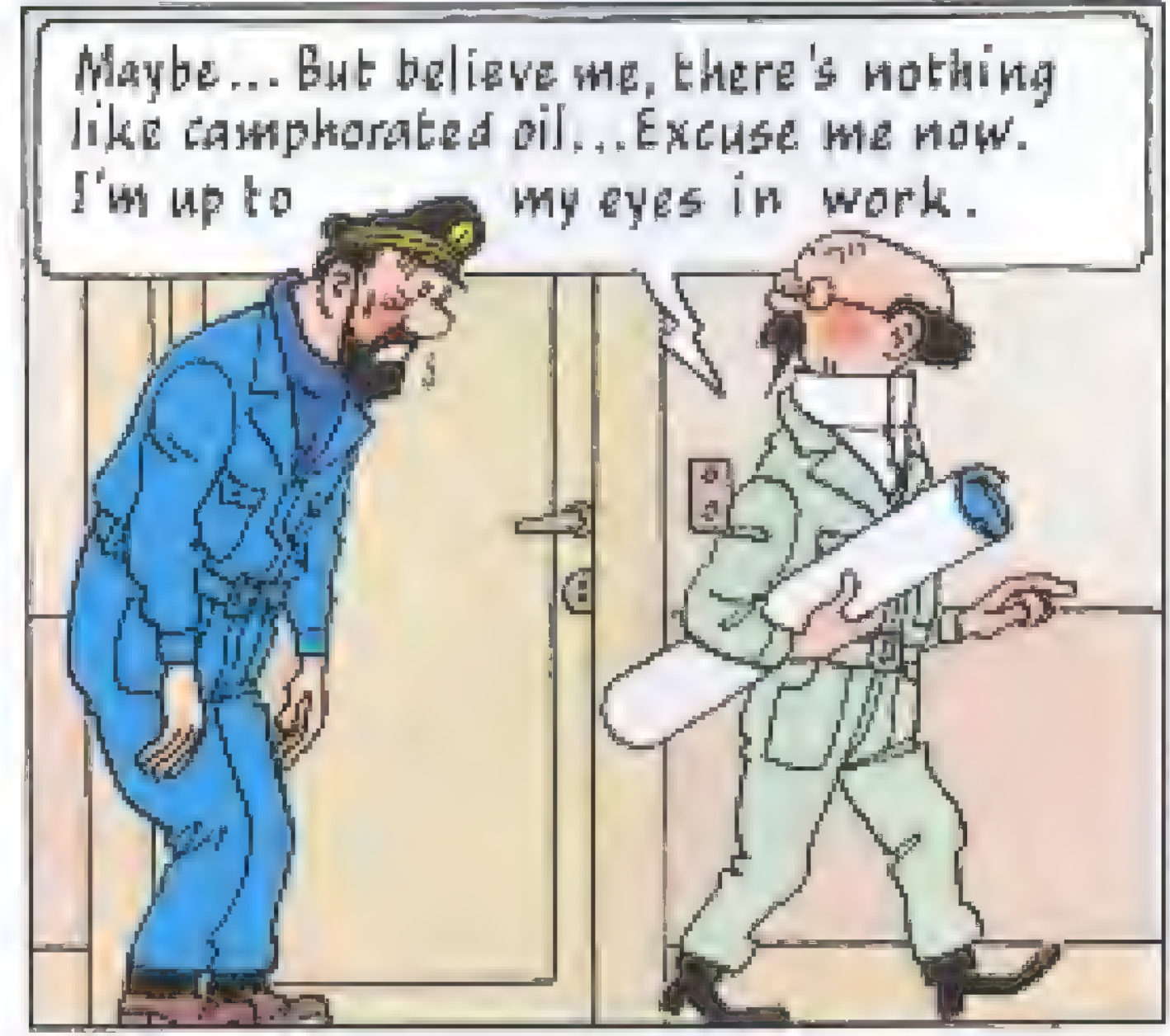
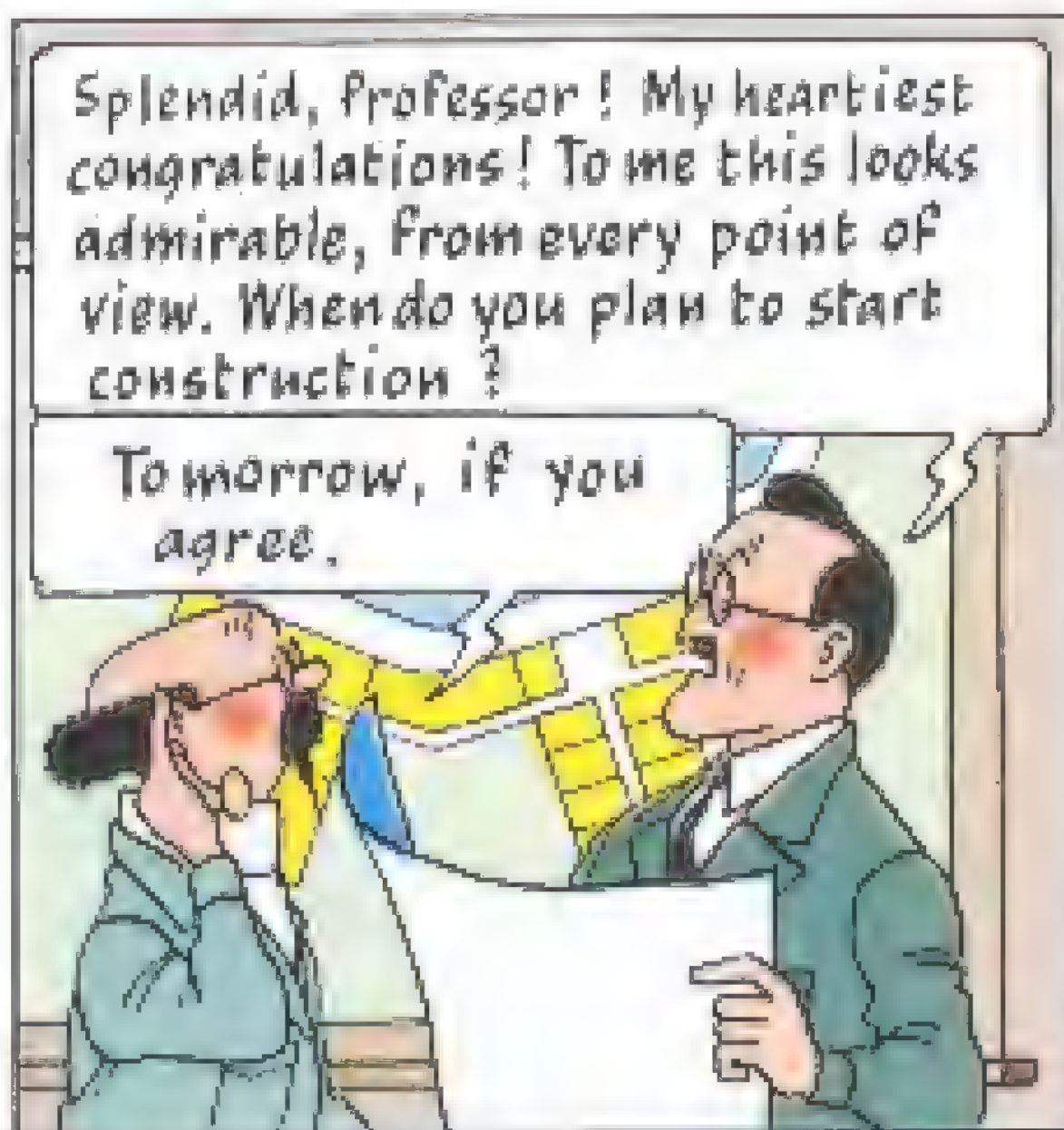
Good morning, Mr. Baxter.

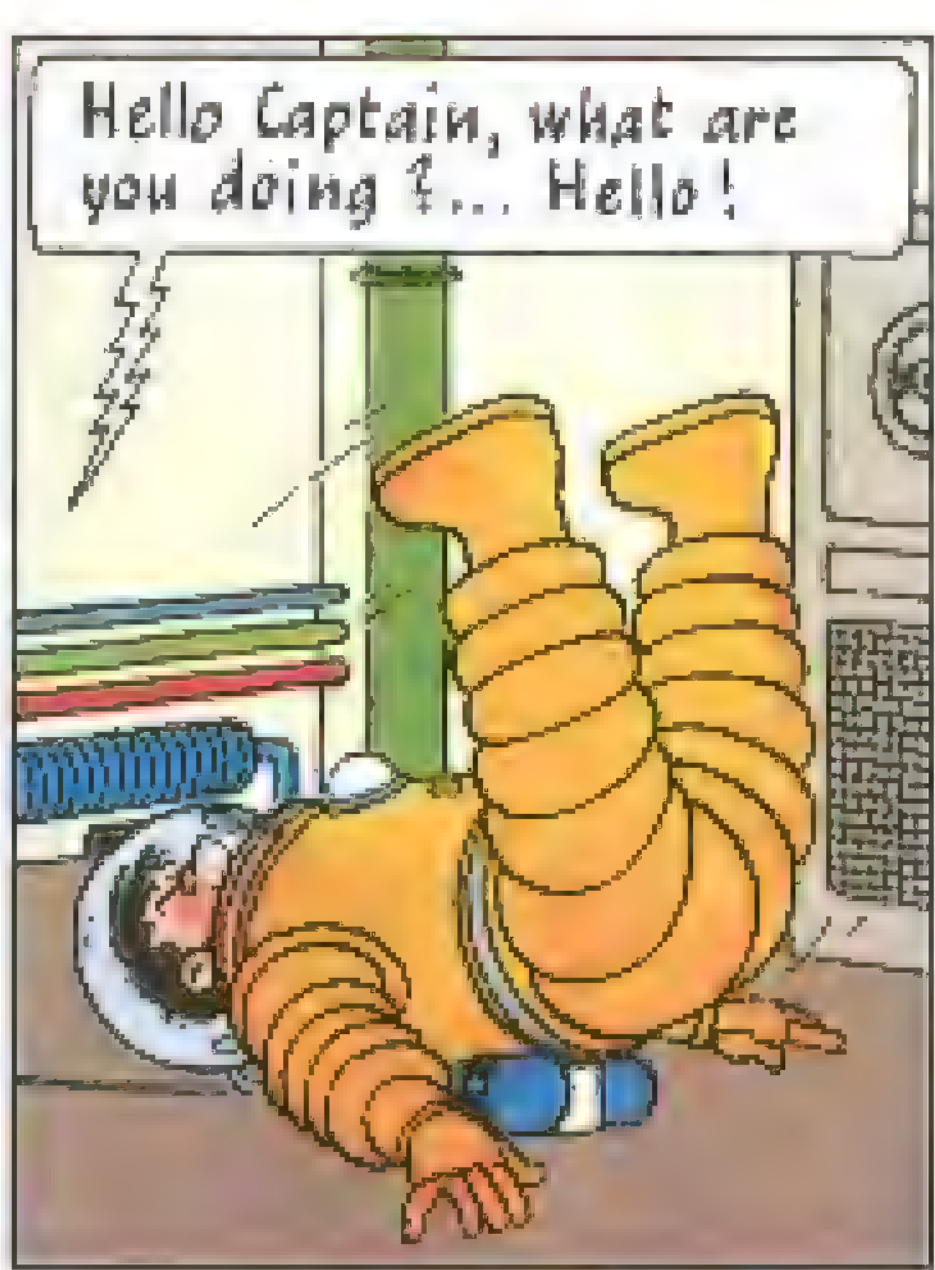
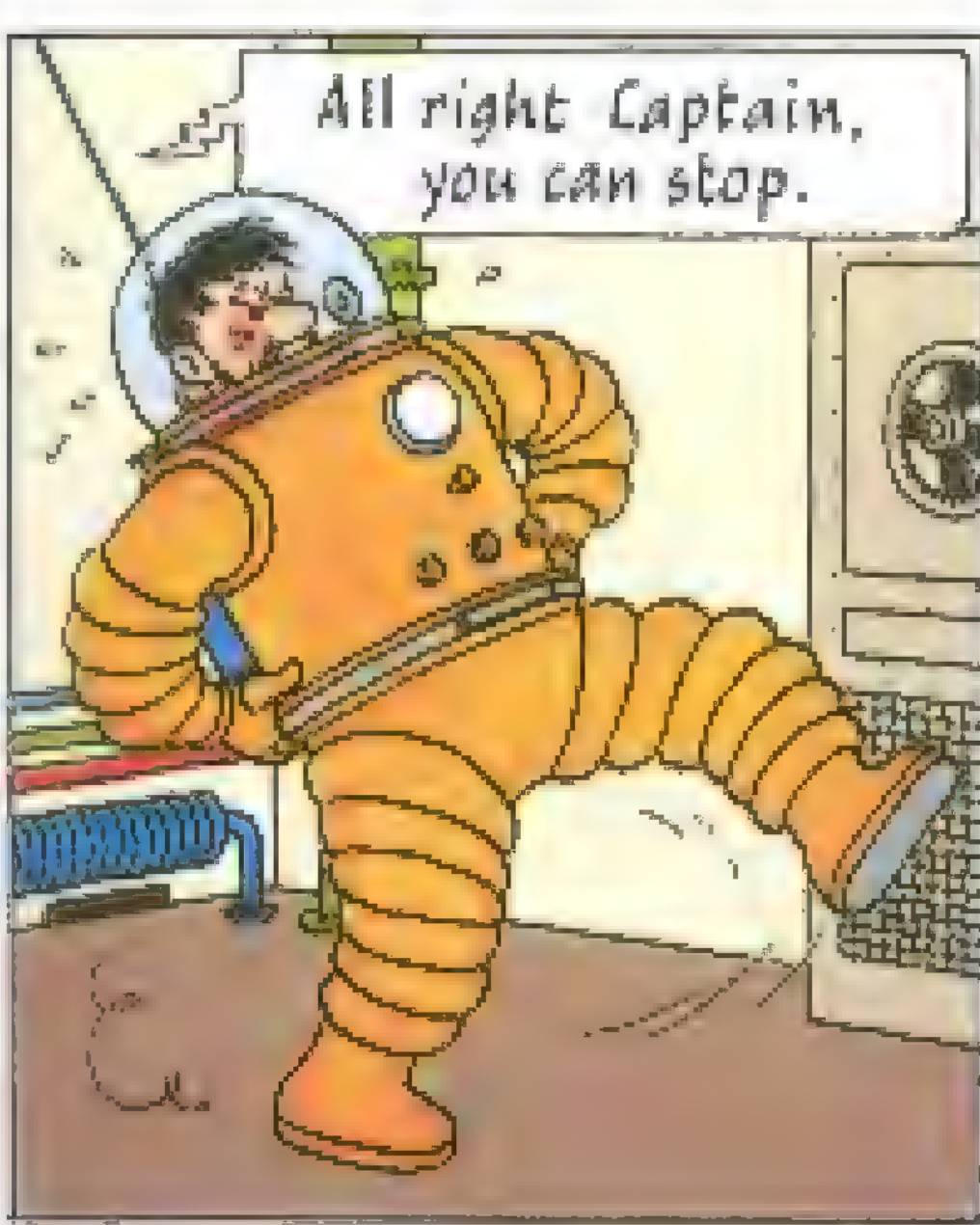
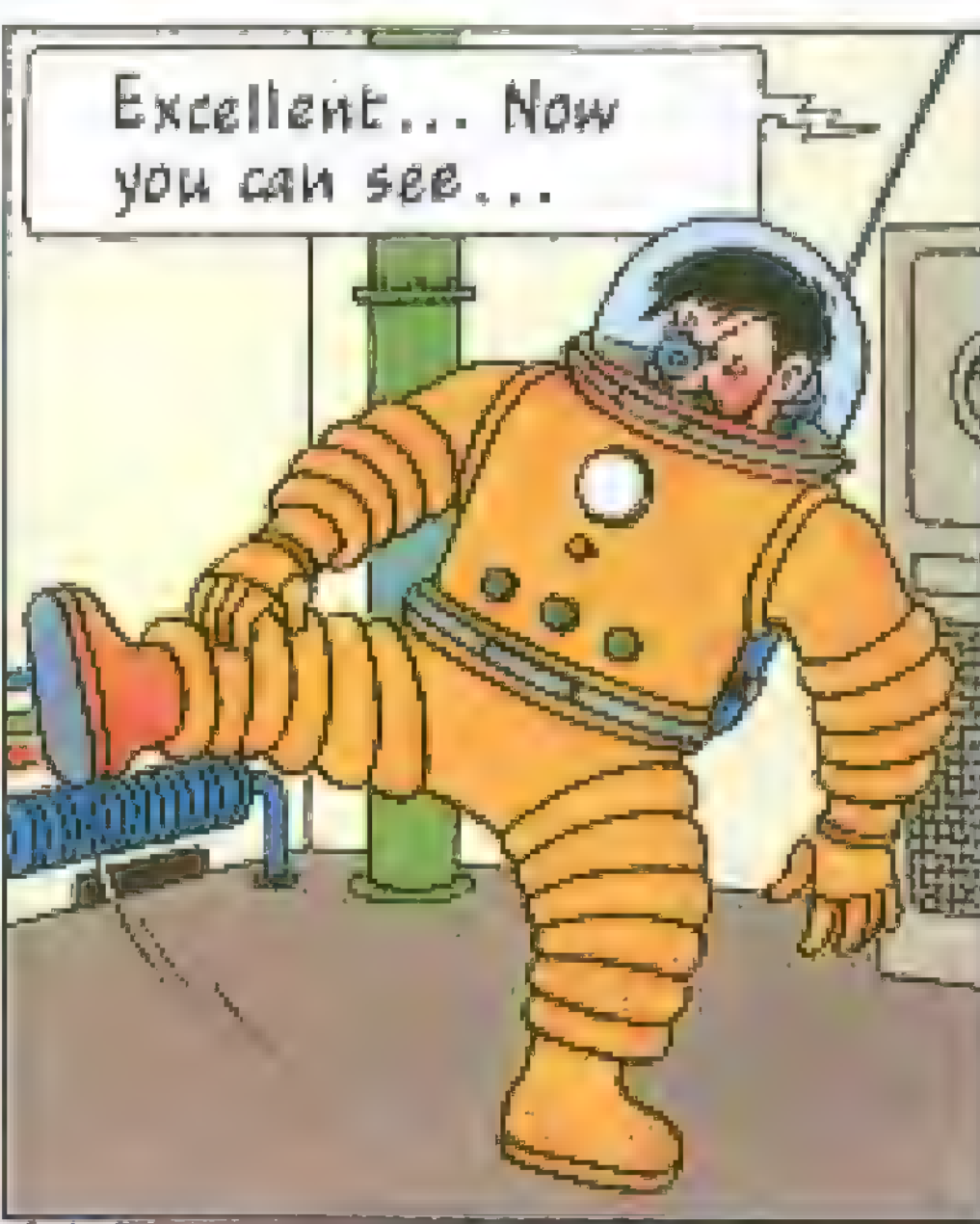
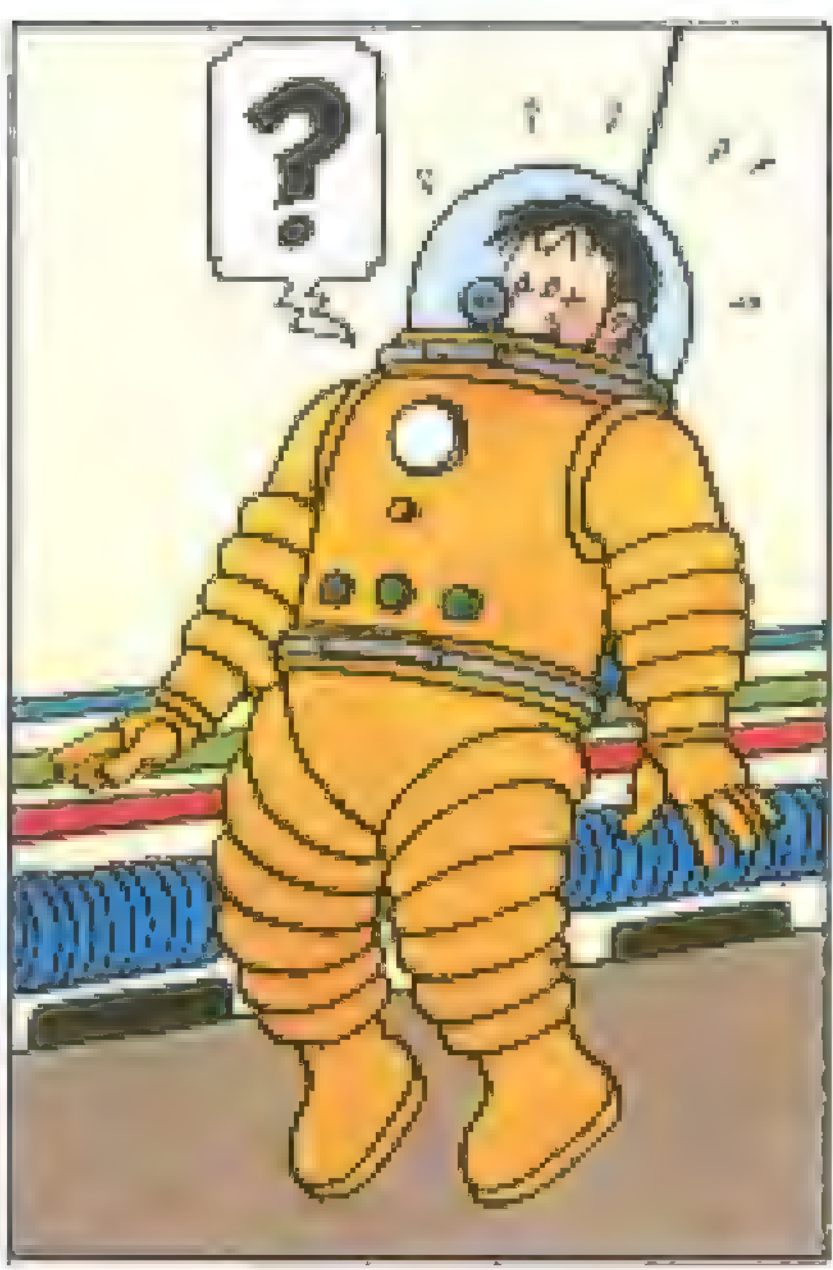
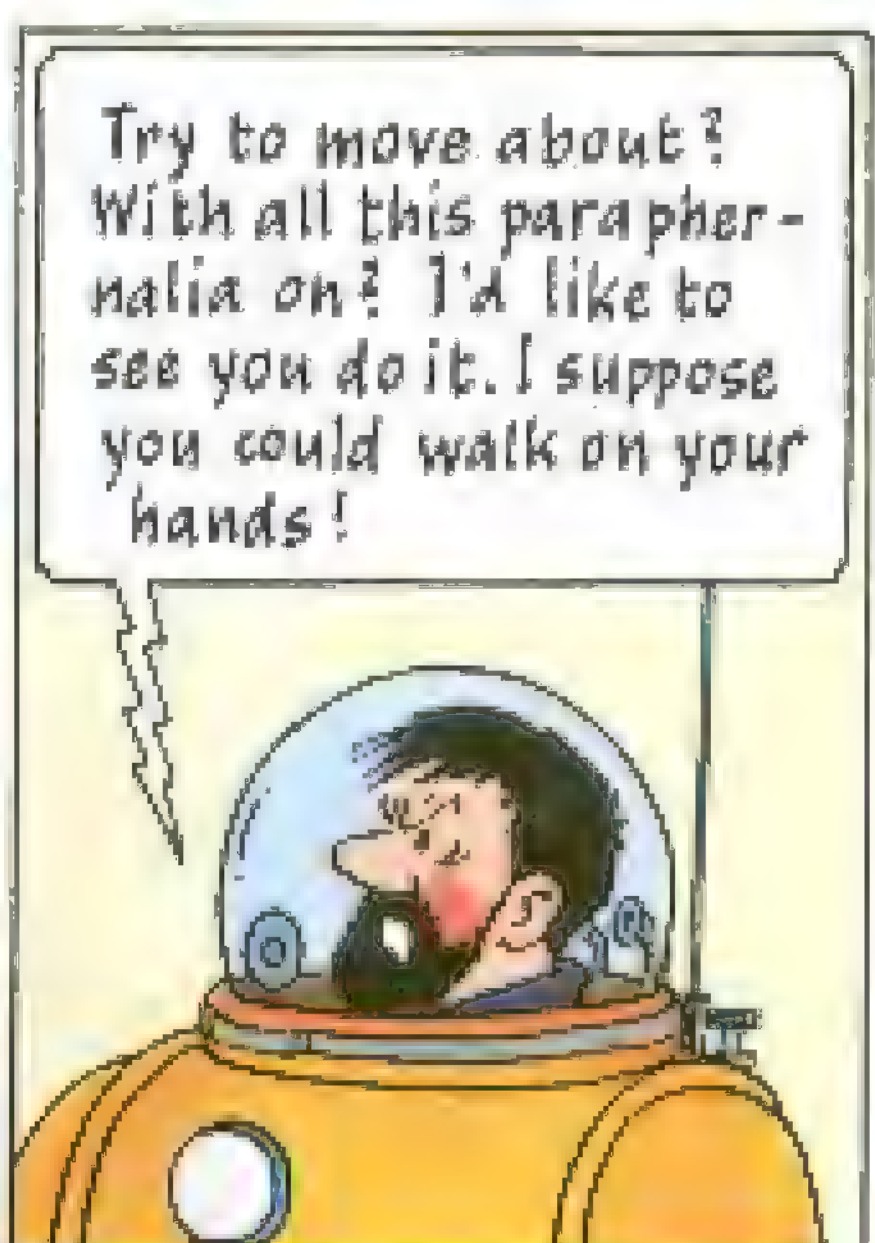
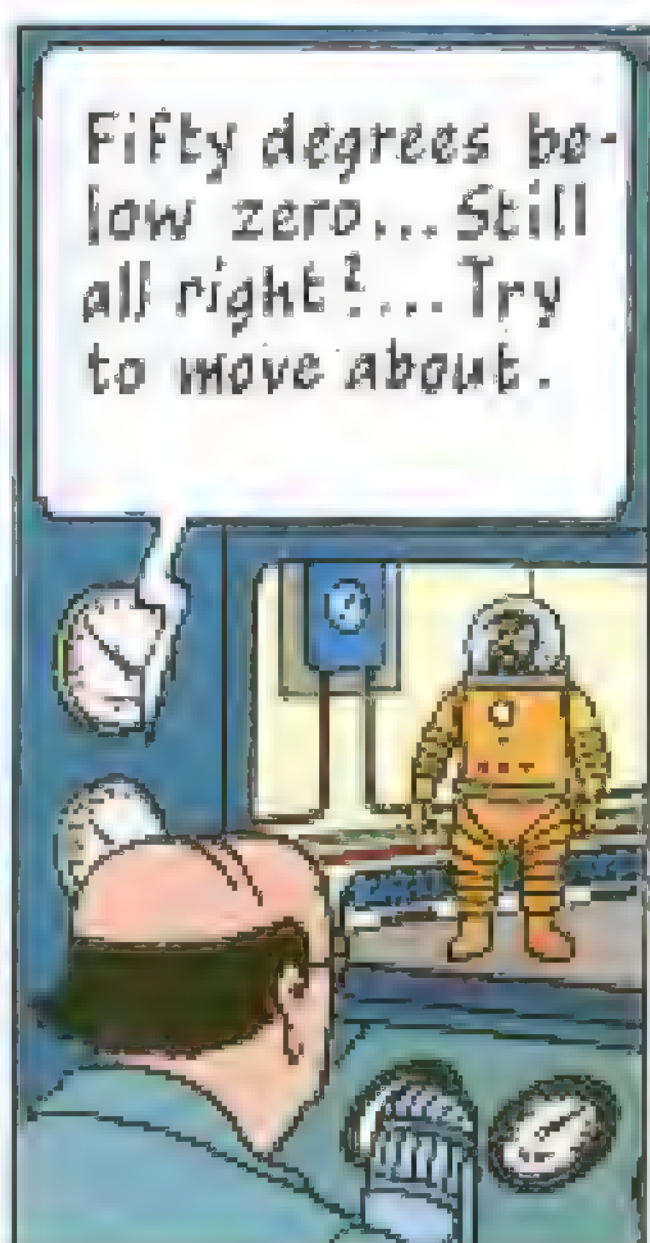
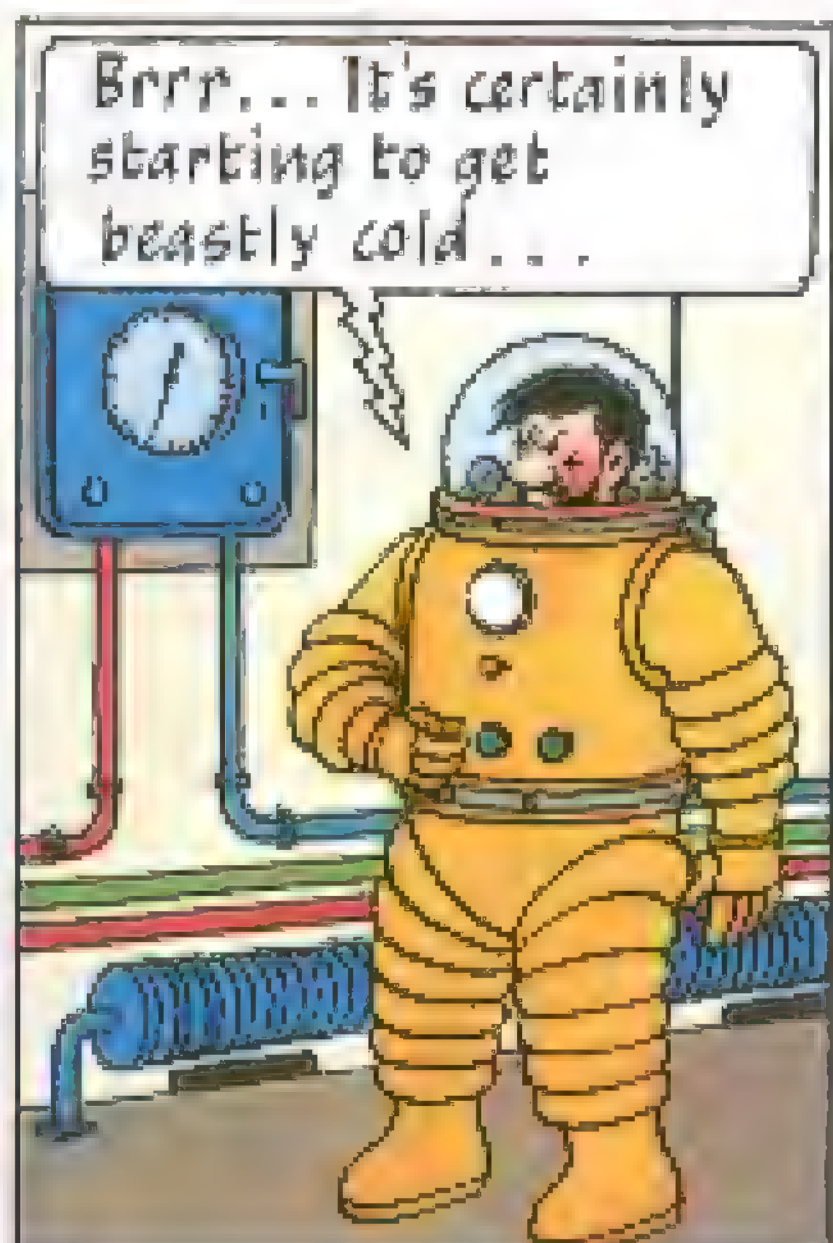
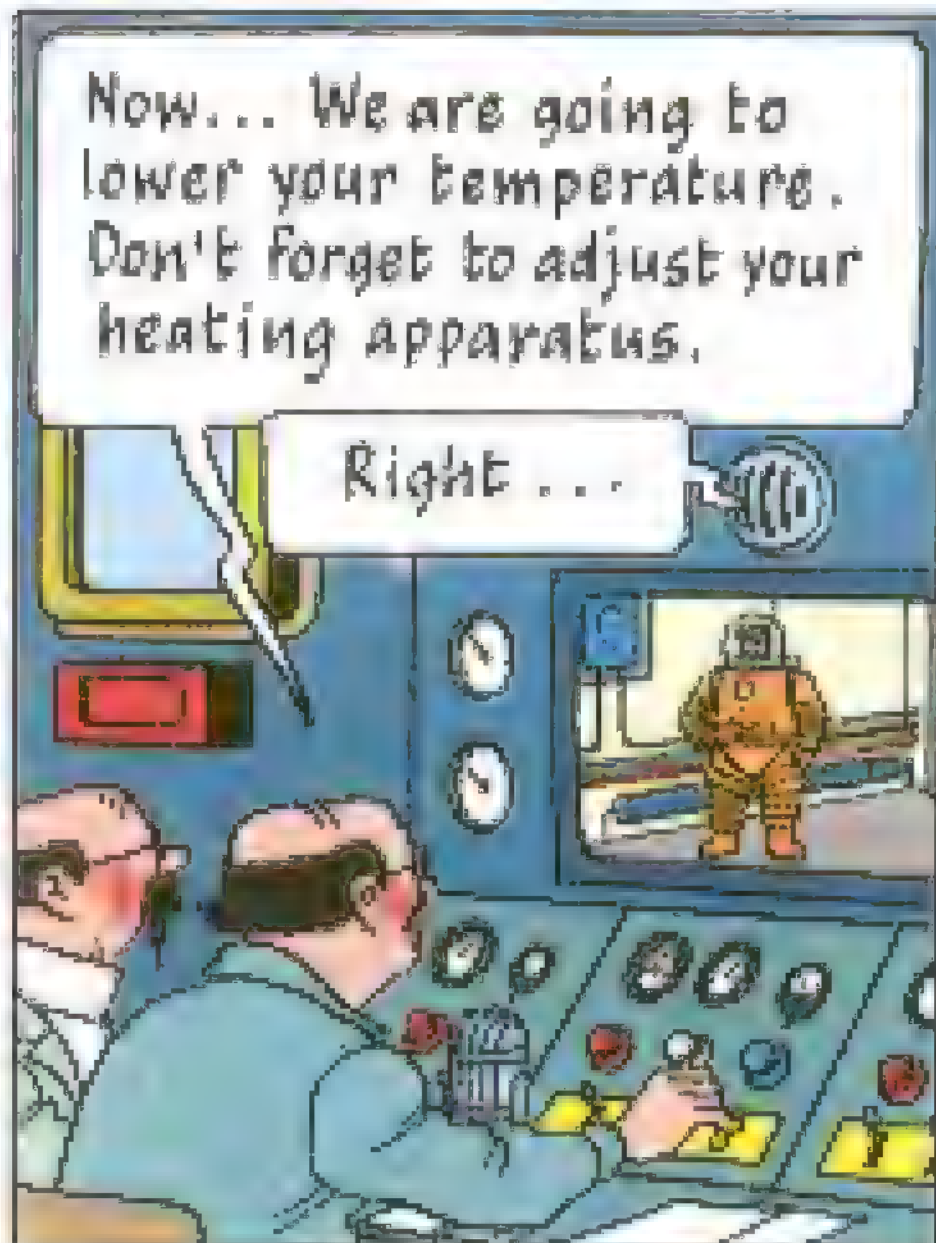
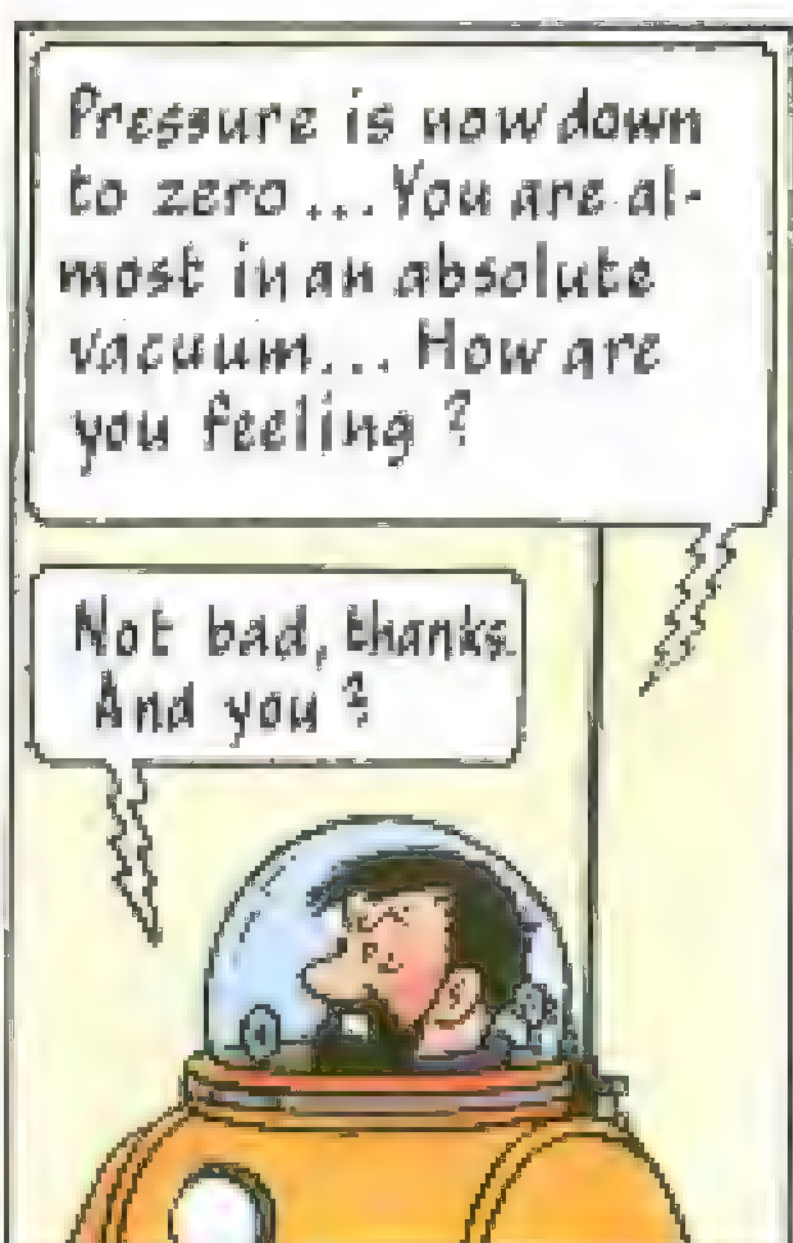
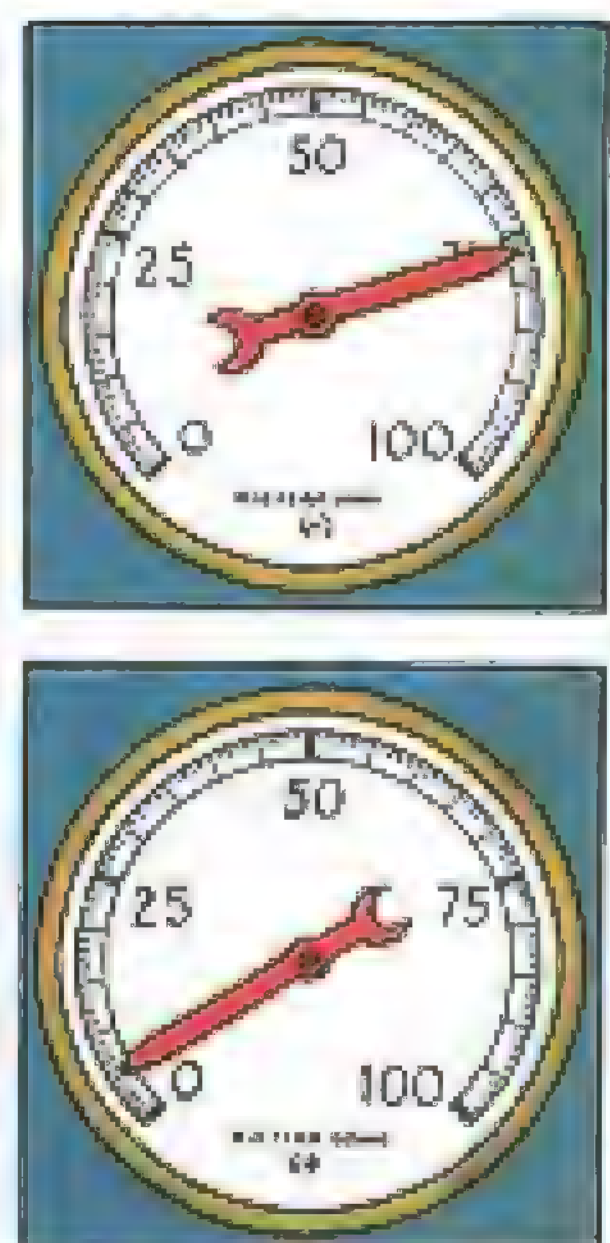
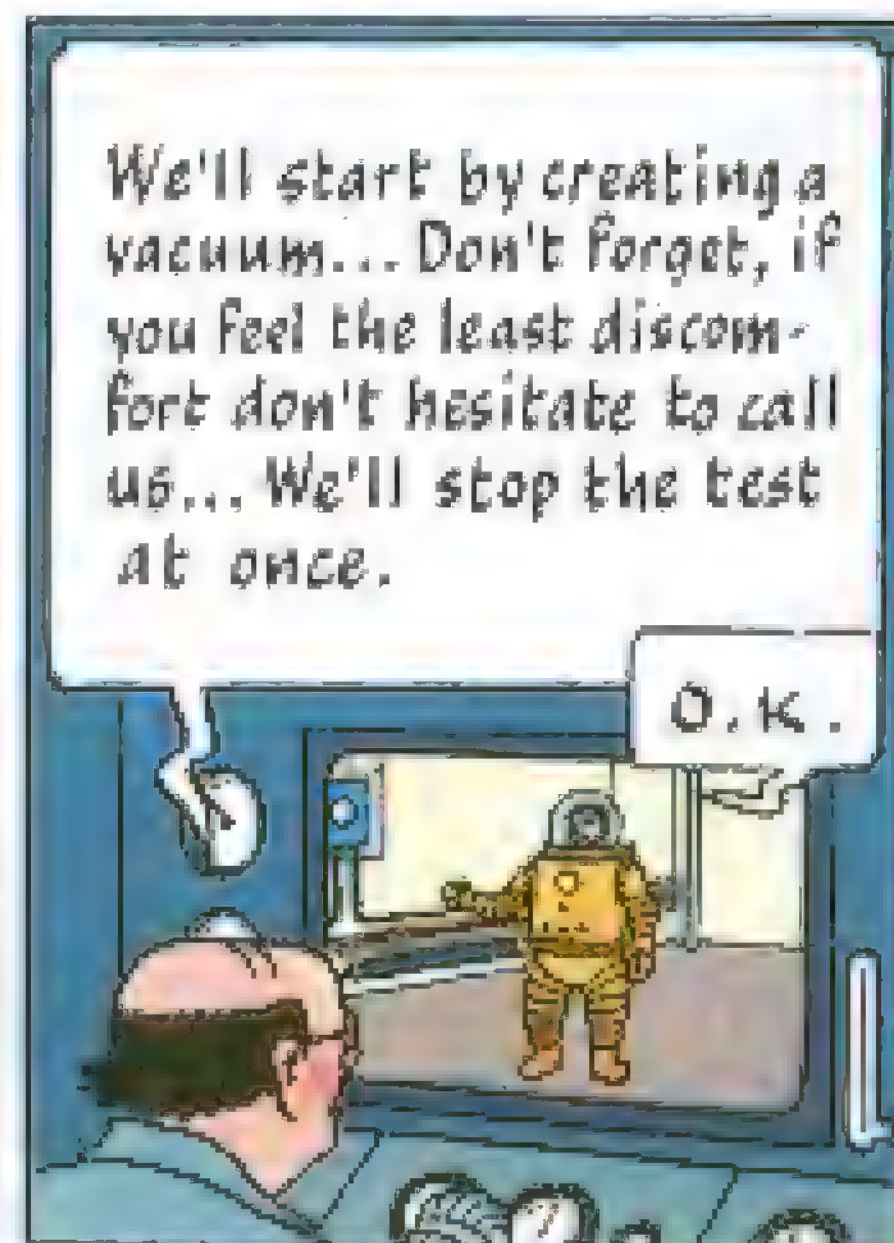
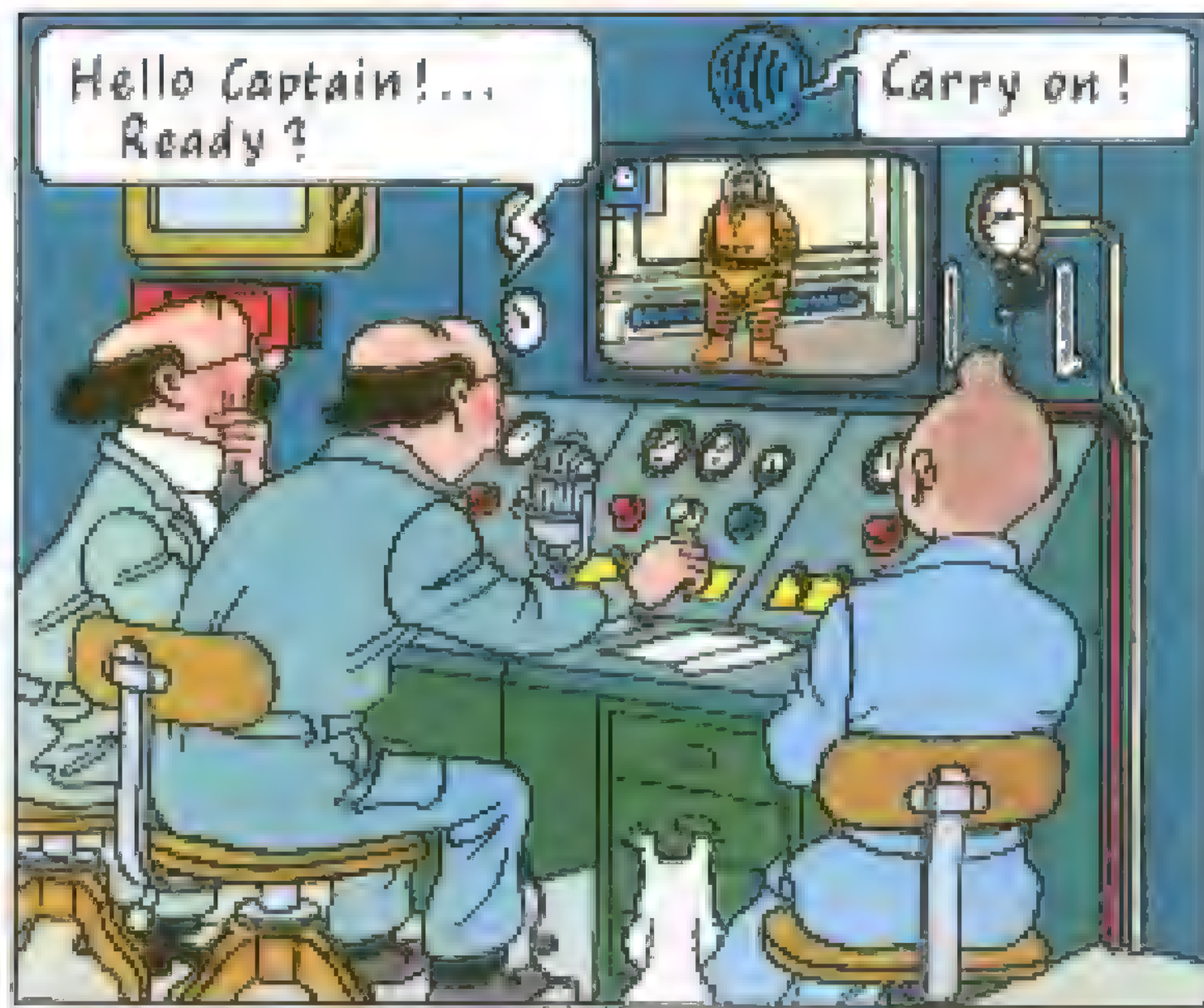
Good morning, Professor. You've
brought the blueprint of the
rocket?

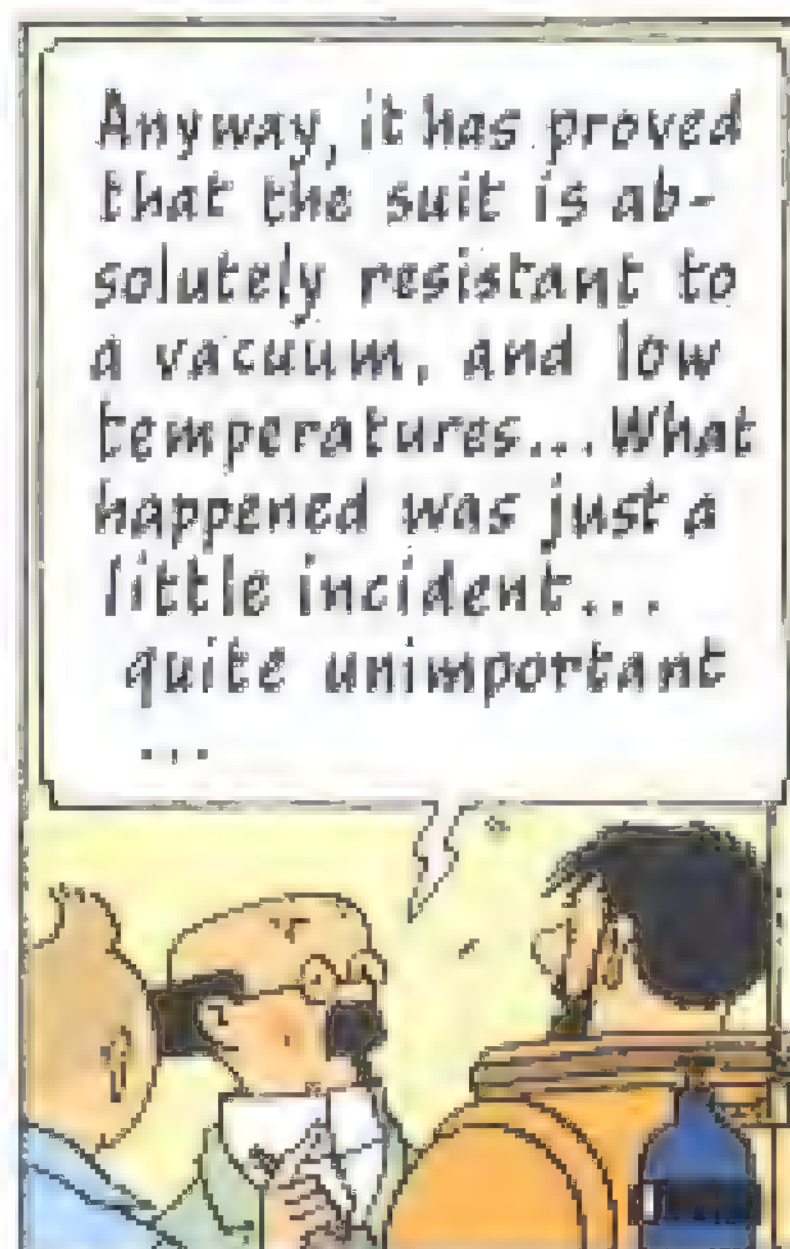
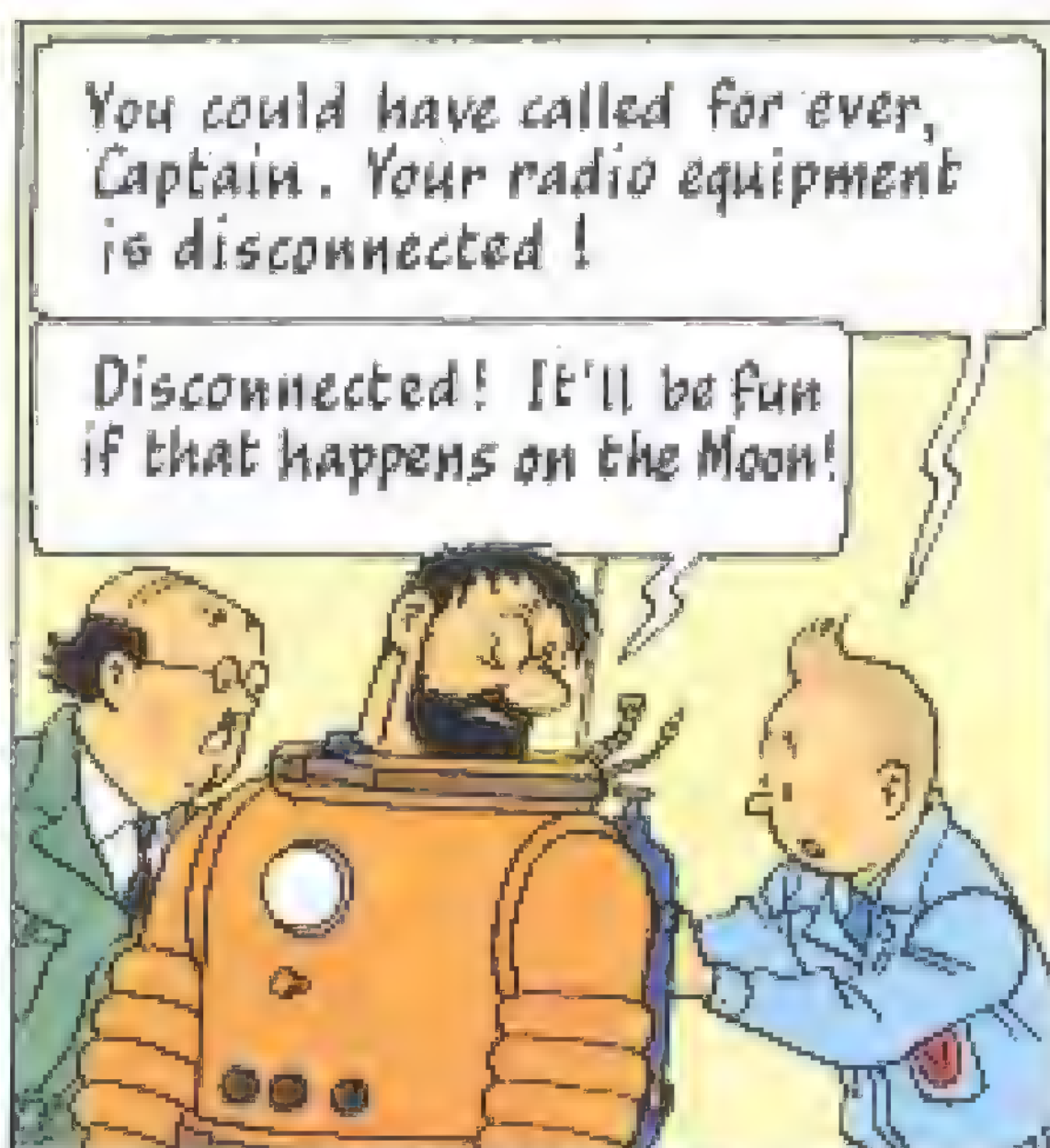
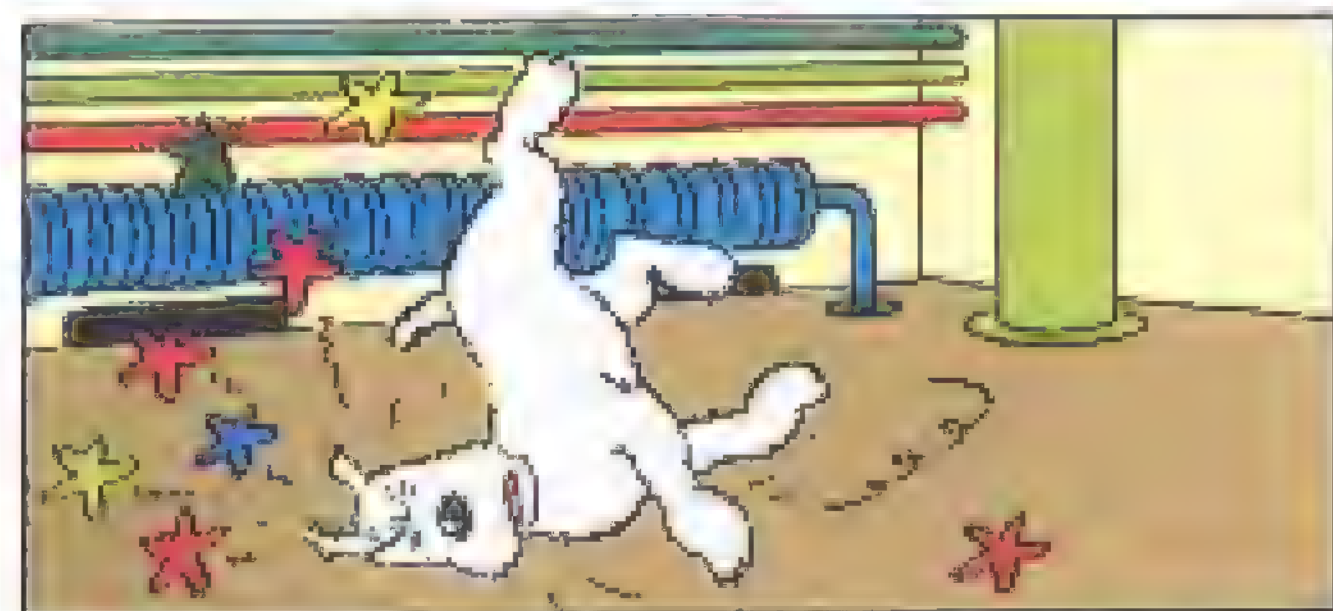
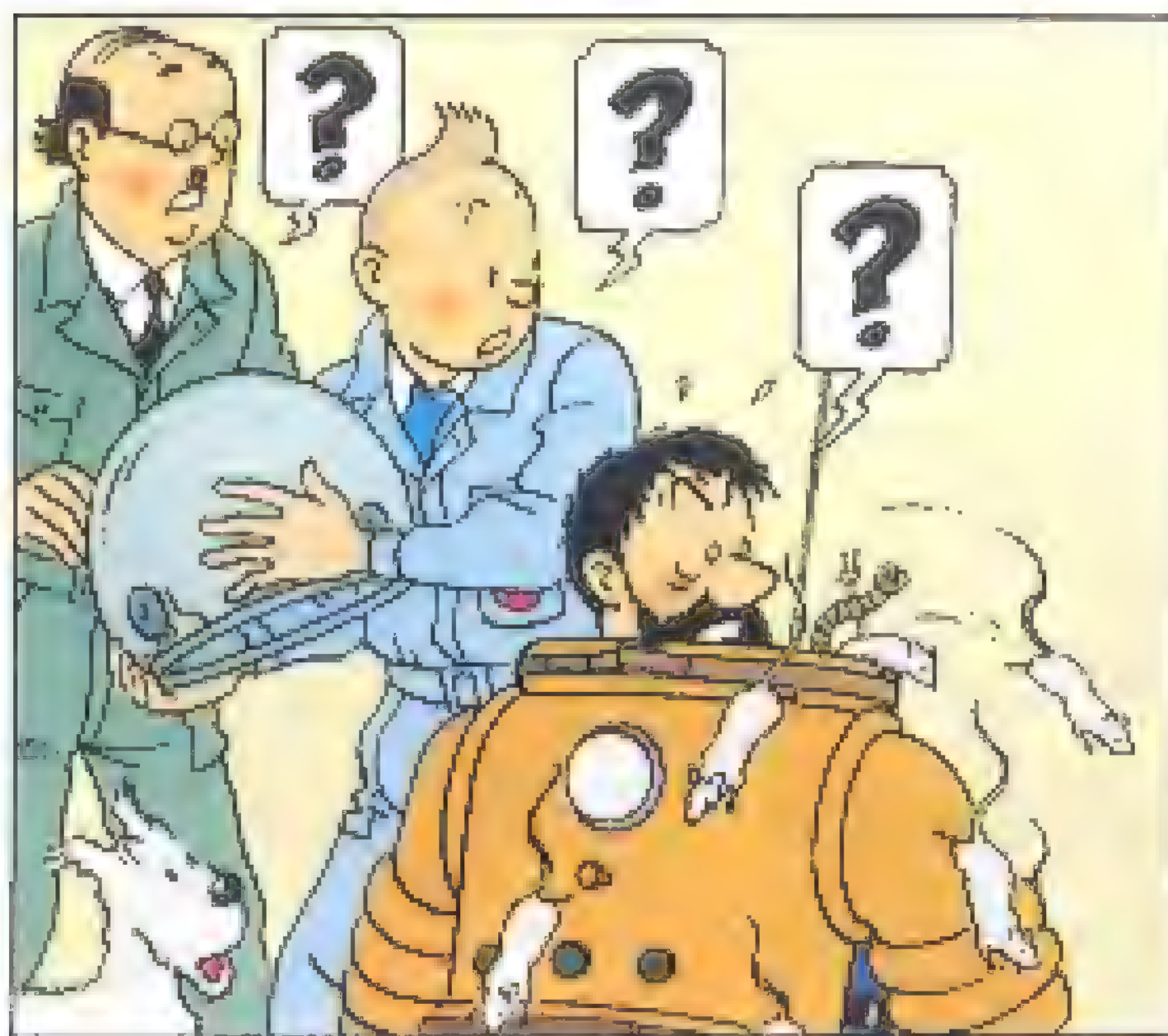
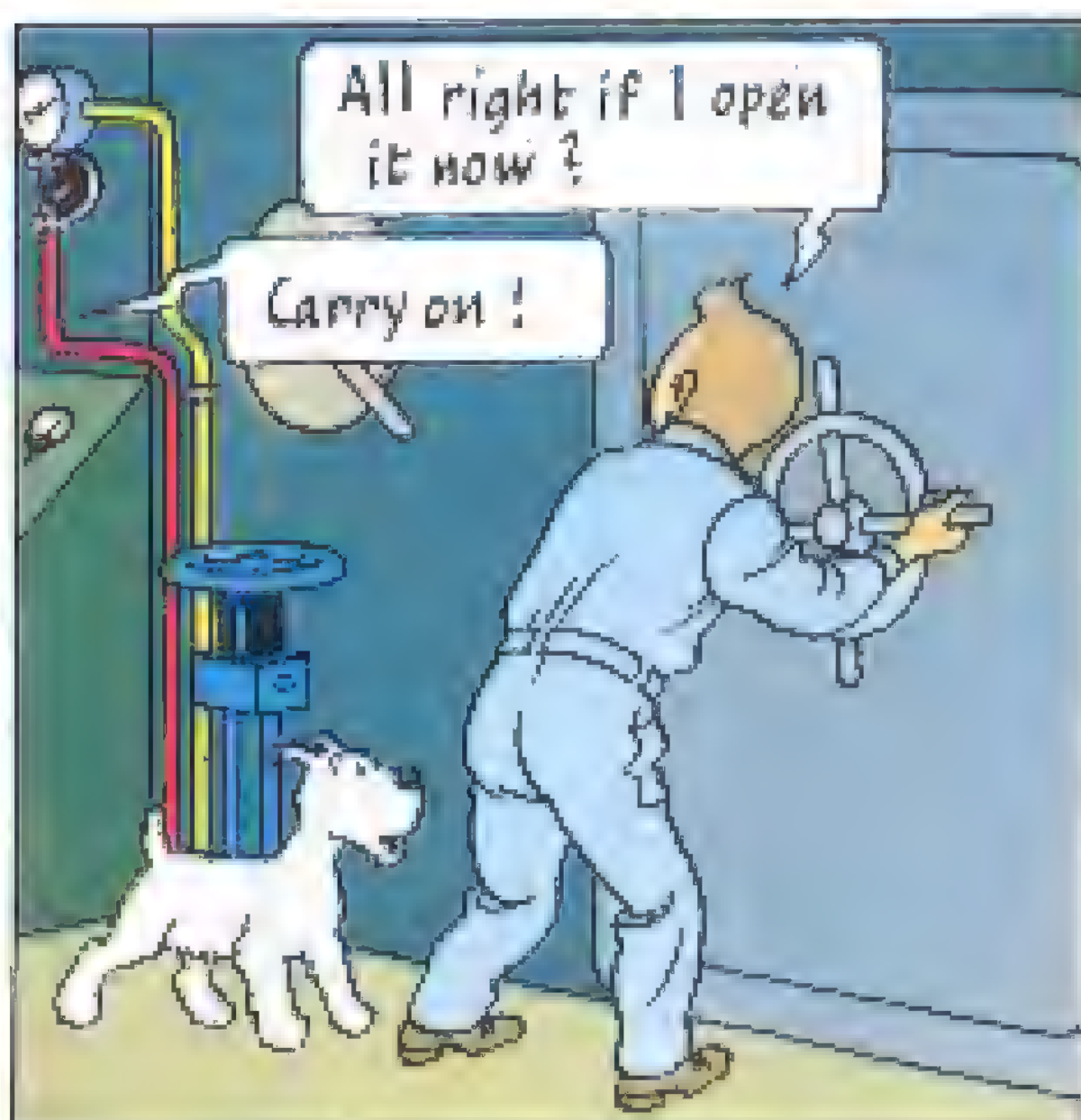


I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the
blueprint is finished... Here... What
do you think of it?







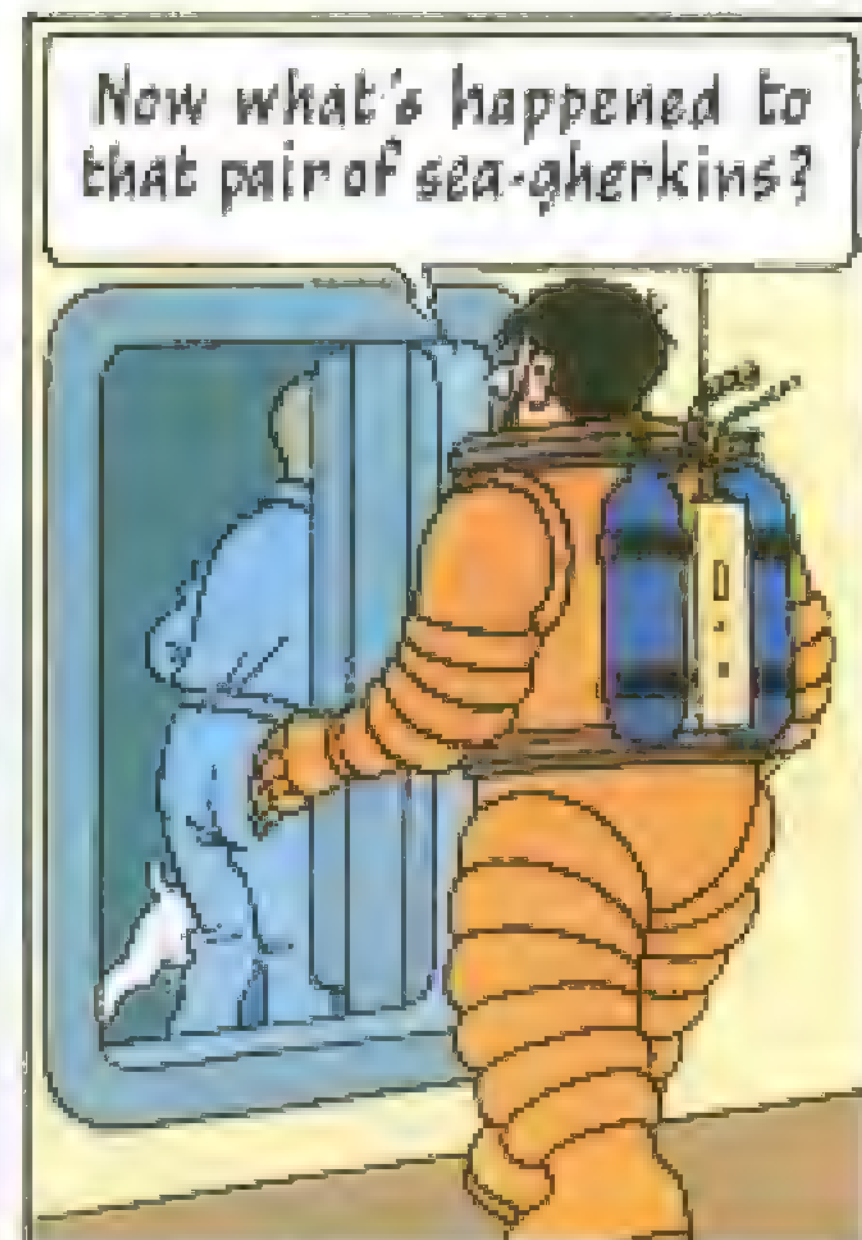




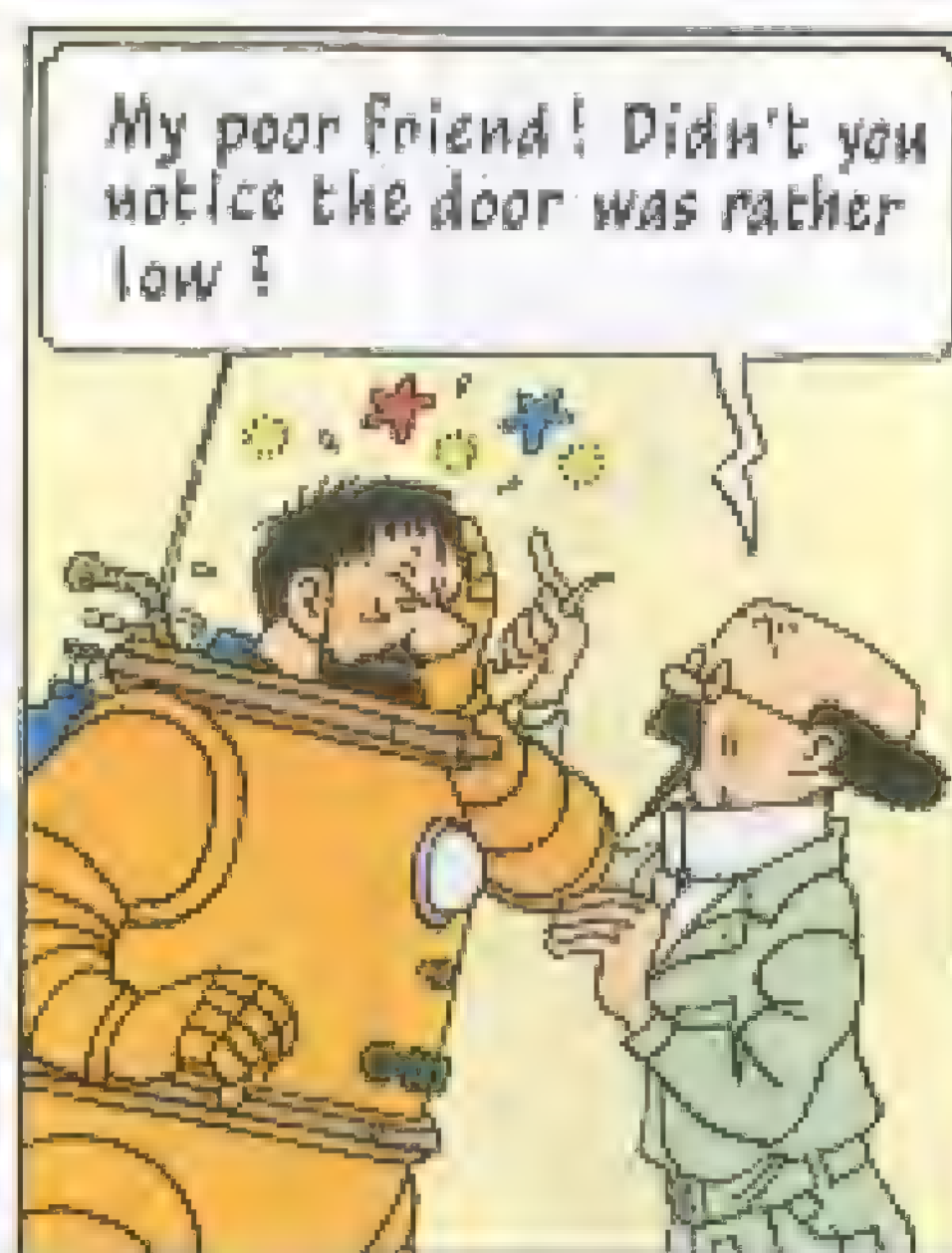
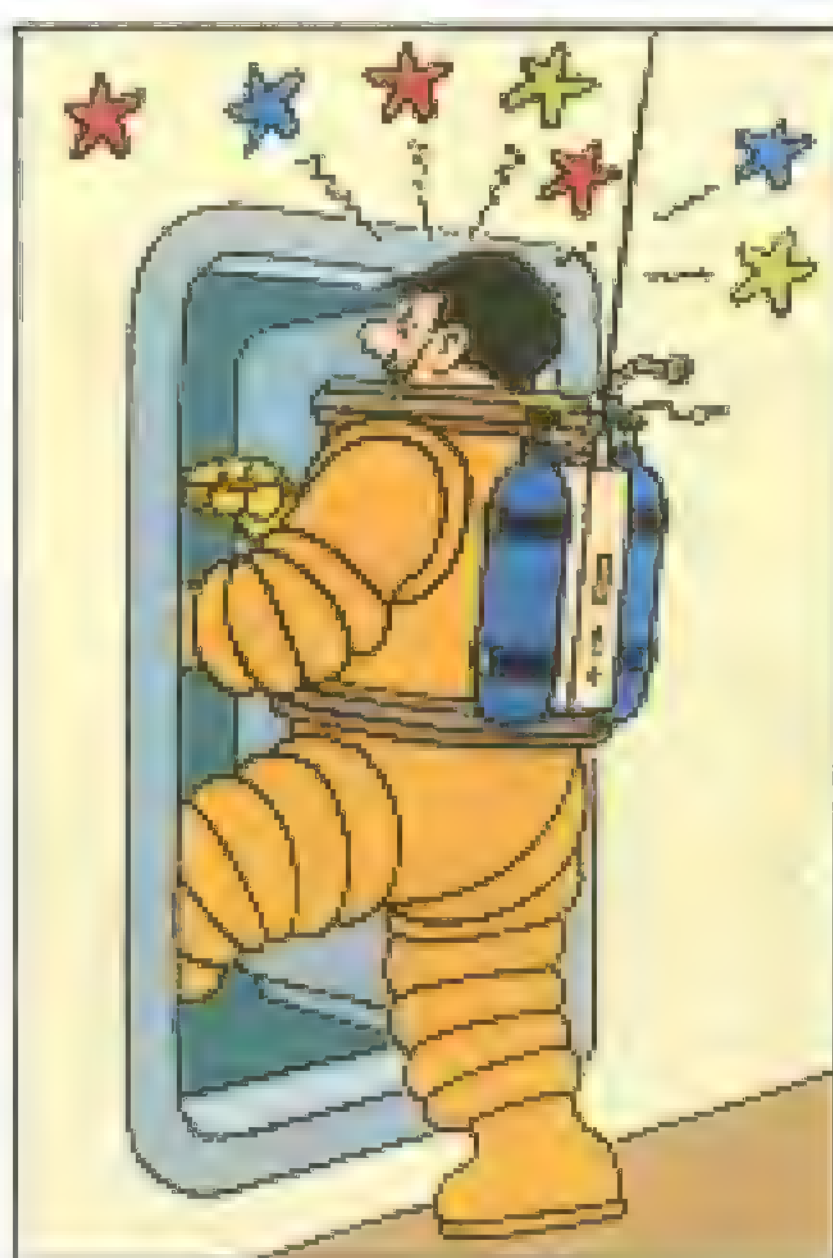
That's the Thomsons! Hurry, we must see...



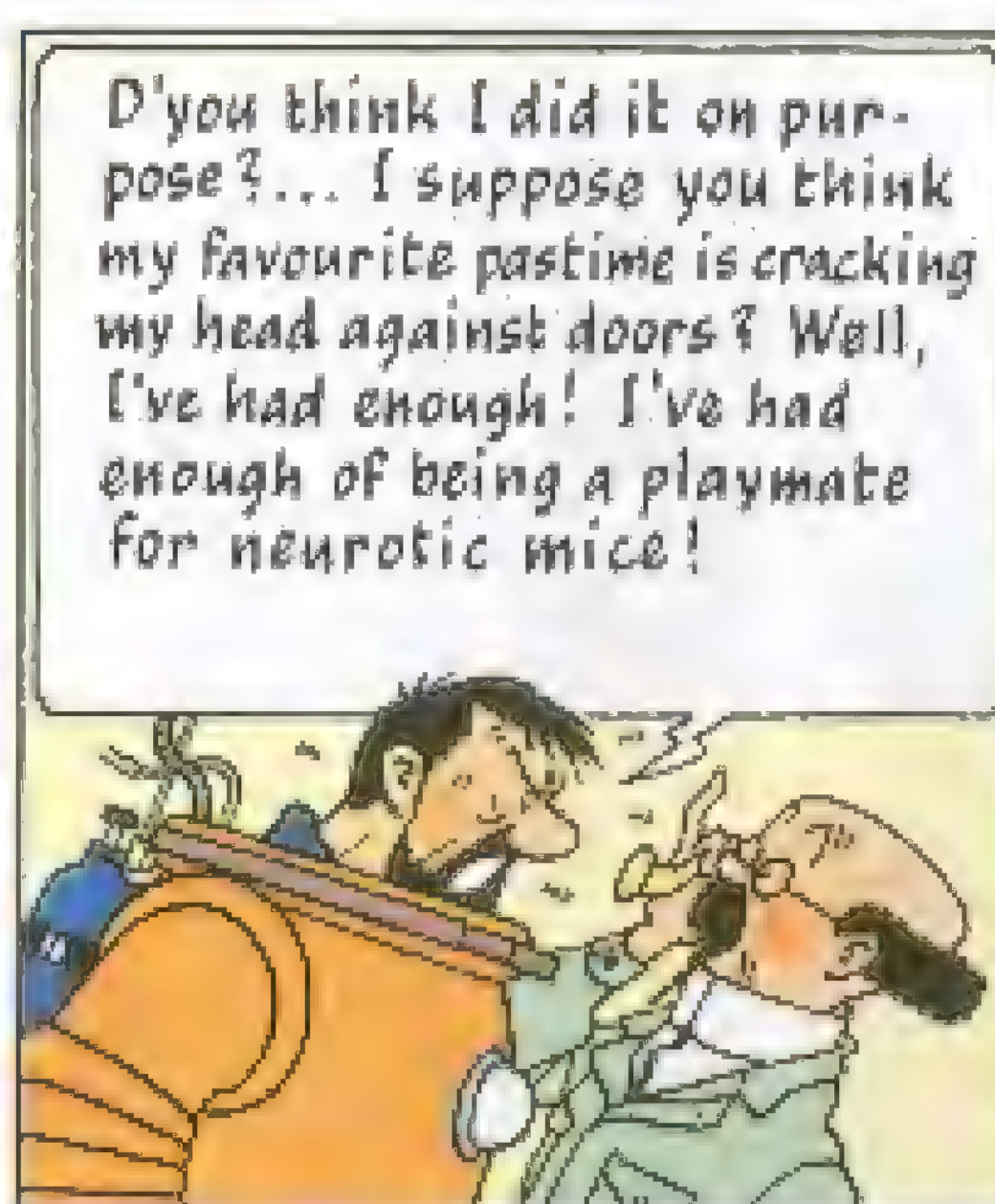
M-m-m... m-mice!... It's alive with mice in here!



Now what's happened to that pair of sea-gherkins?



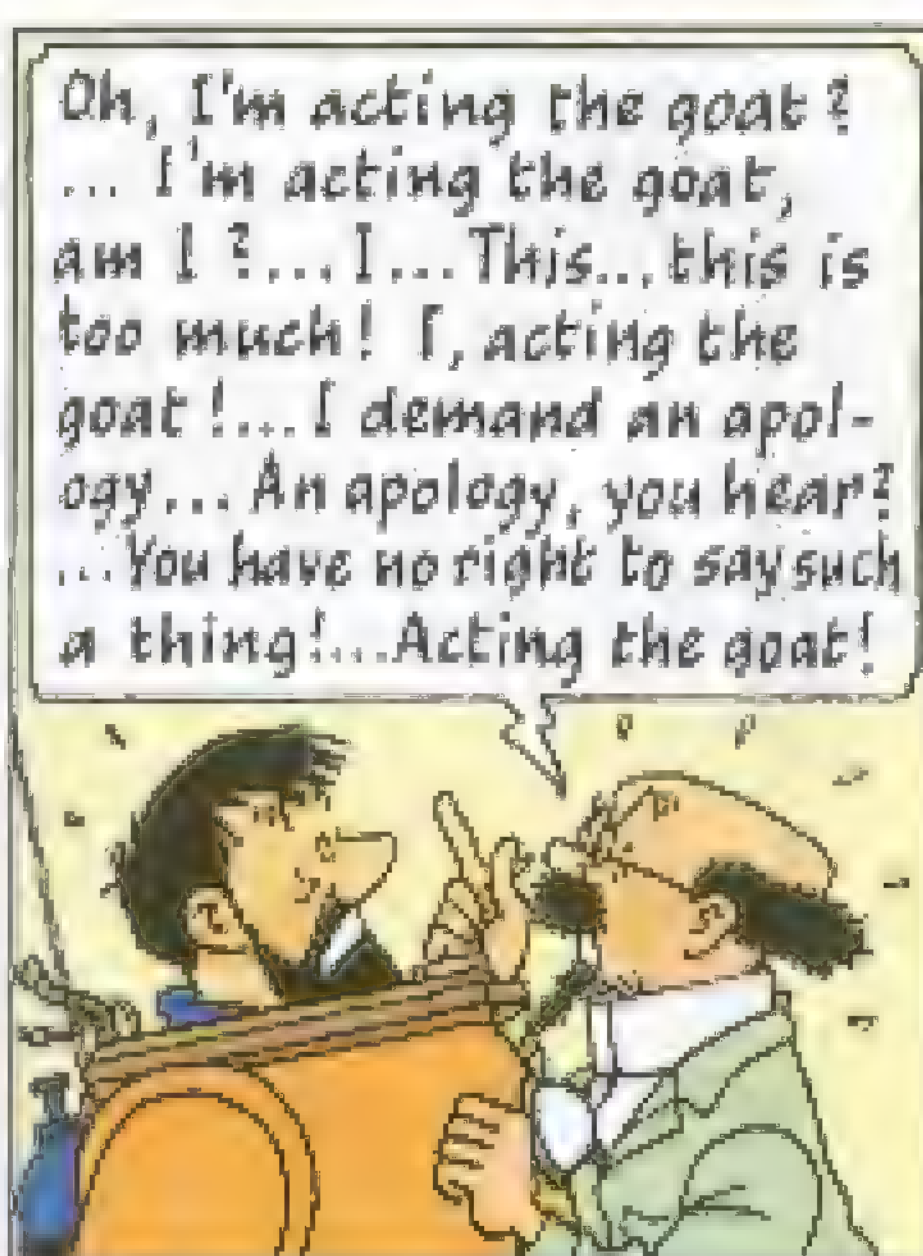
My poor friend! Didn't you notice the door was rather low?



D'you think I did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well, I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



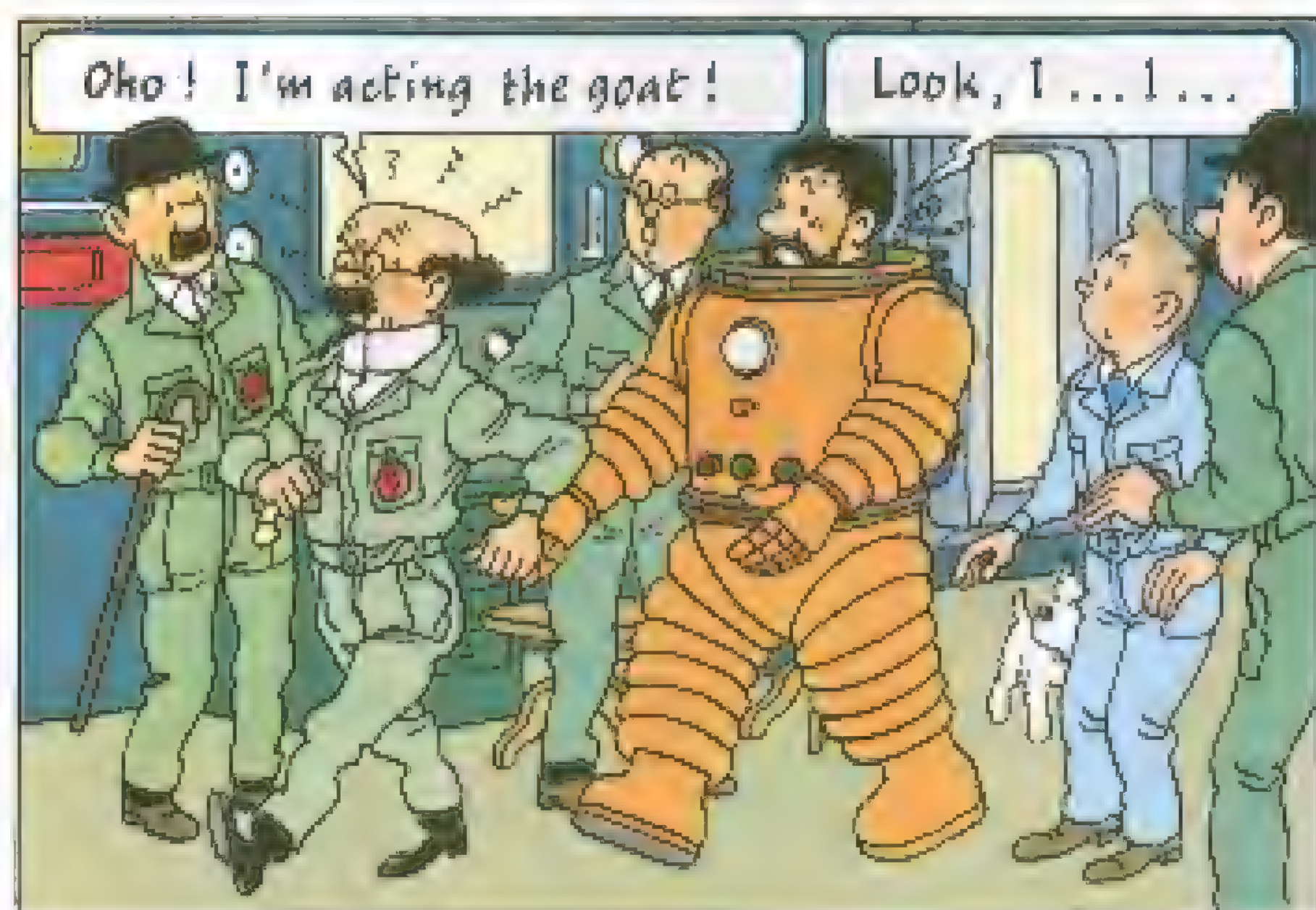
I've had enough, d'you understand?... You want to go to the Moon?... Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinspike!... And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!



Oh, I'm acting the goat?... I'm acting the goat, am I?... I... This... this is too much! I, acting the goat!... I demand an apology... An apology, you hear?... You have no right to say such a thing!... Acting the goat!



To dare say such a thing to me!... You!... You!... You follow me... I'll show you just how I act the goat!... Come along!



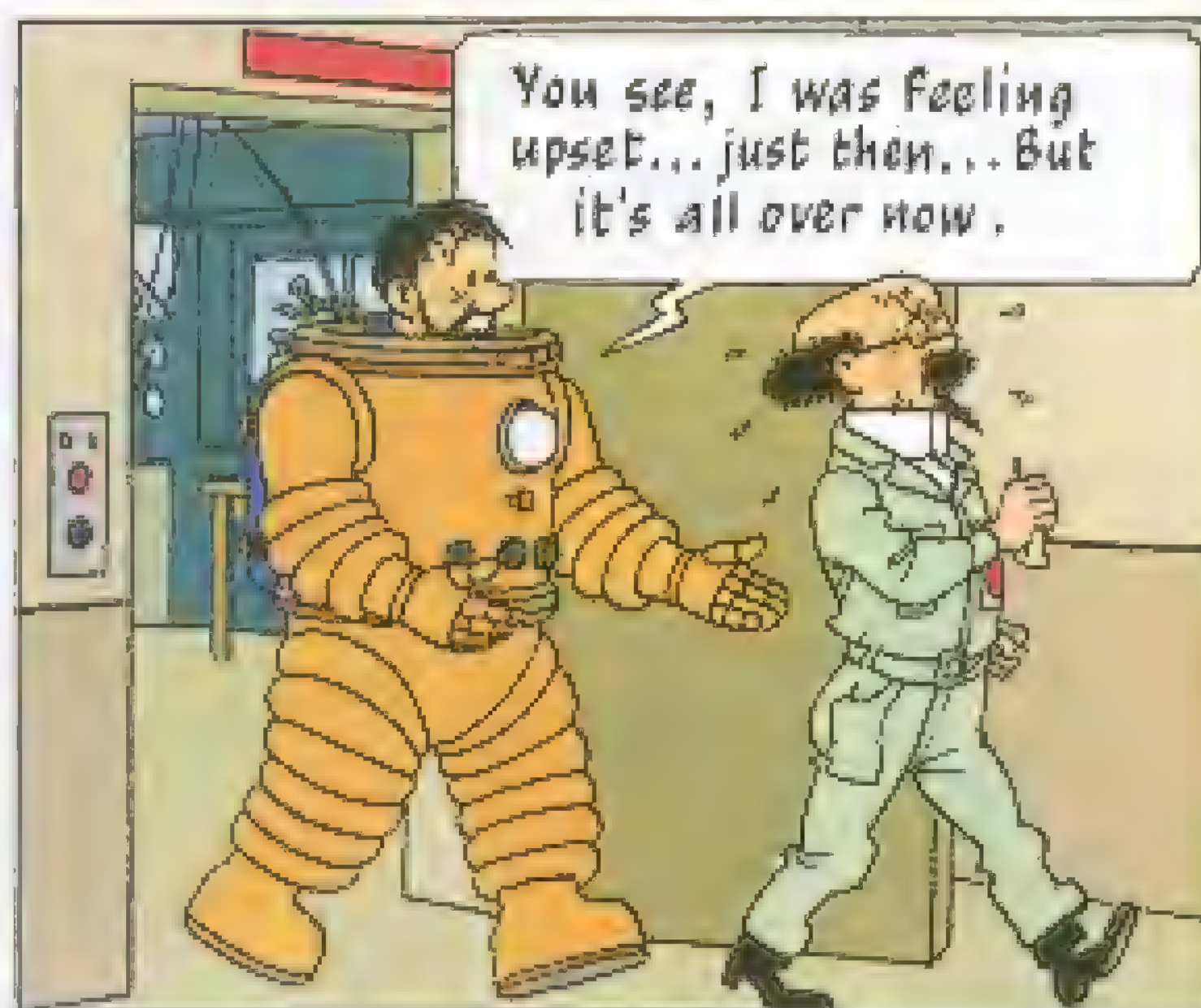
Oho! I'm acting the goat!

Look, I... I...

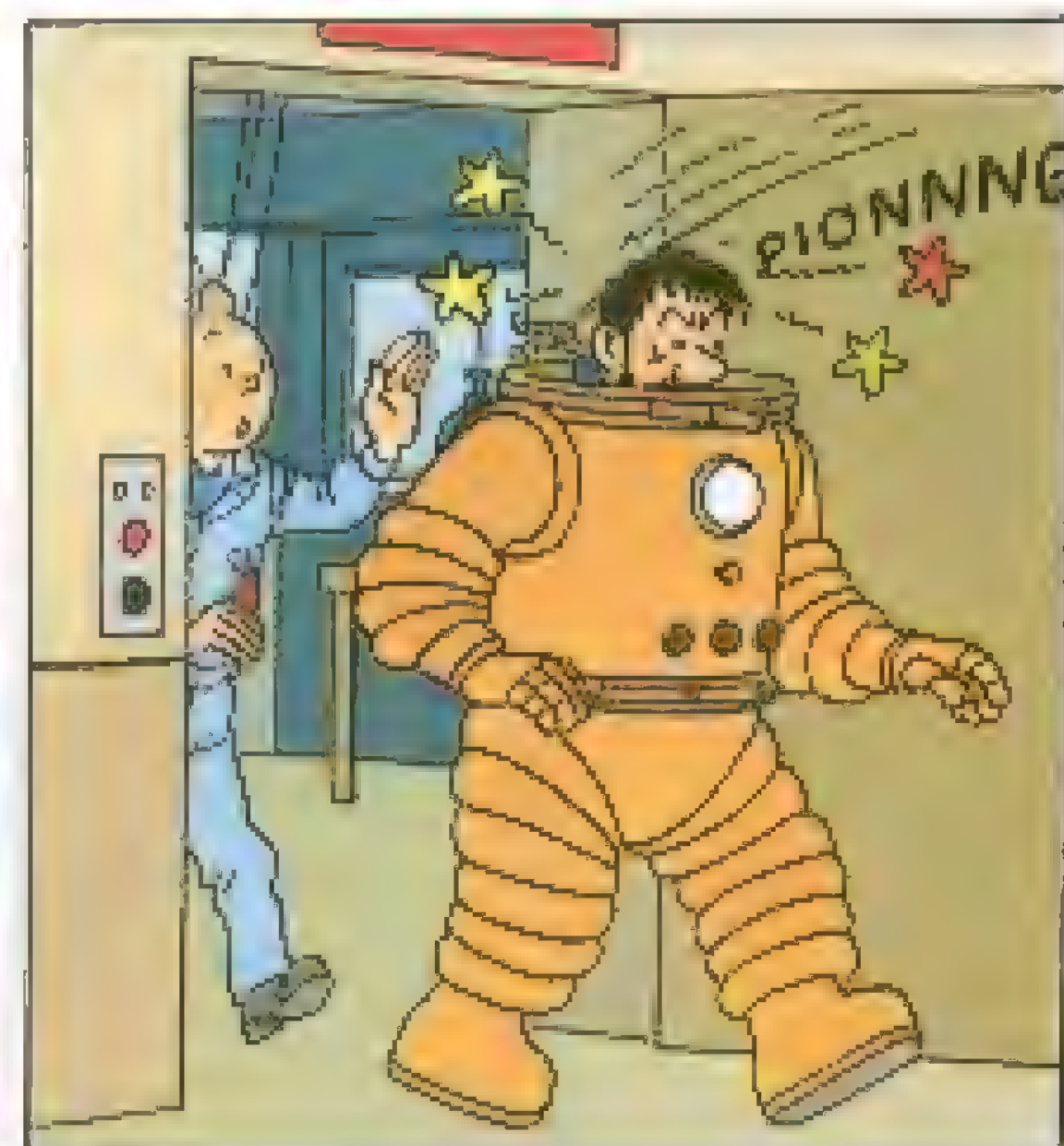


So, I act the goat?

I didn't mean anything...



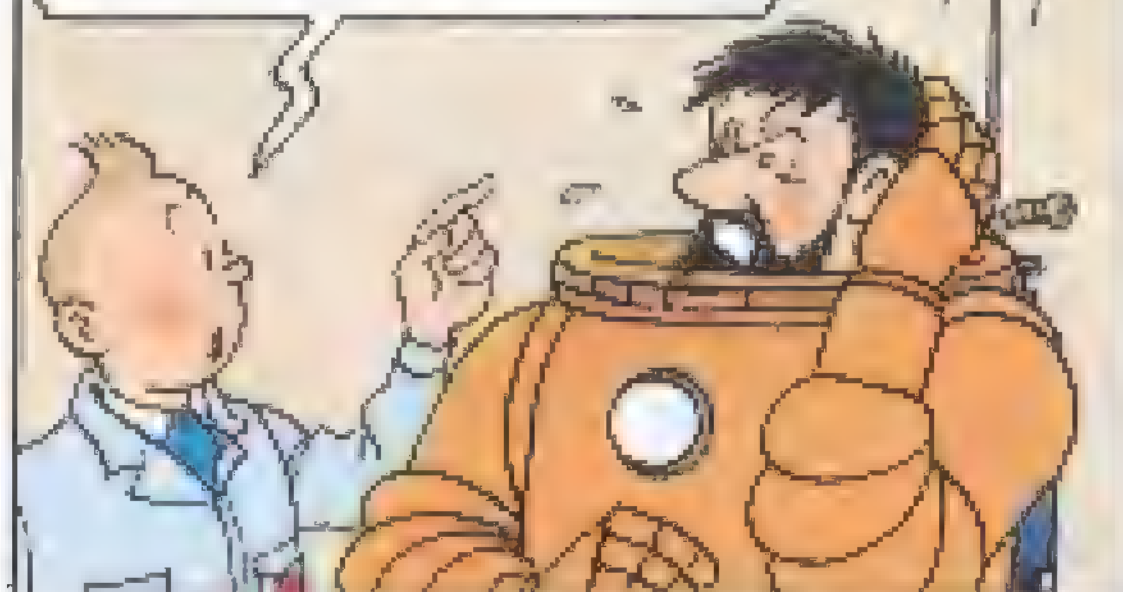
You see, I was feeling upset... just then... But it's all over now.



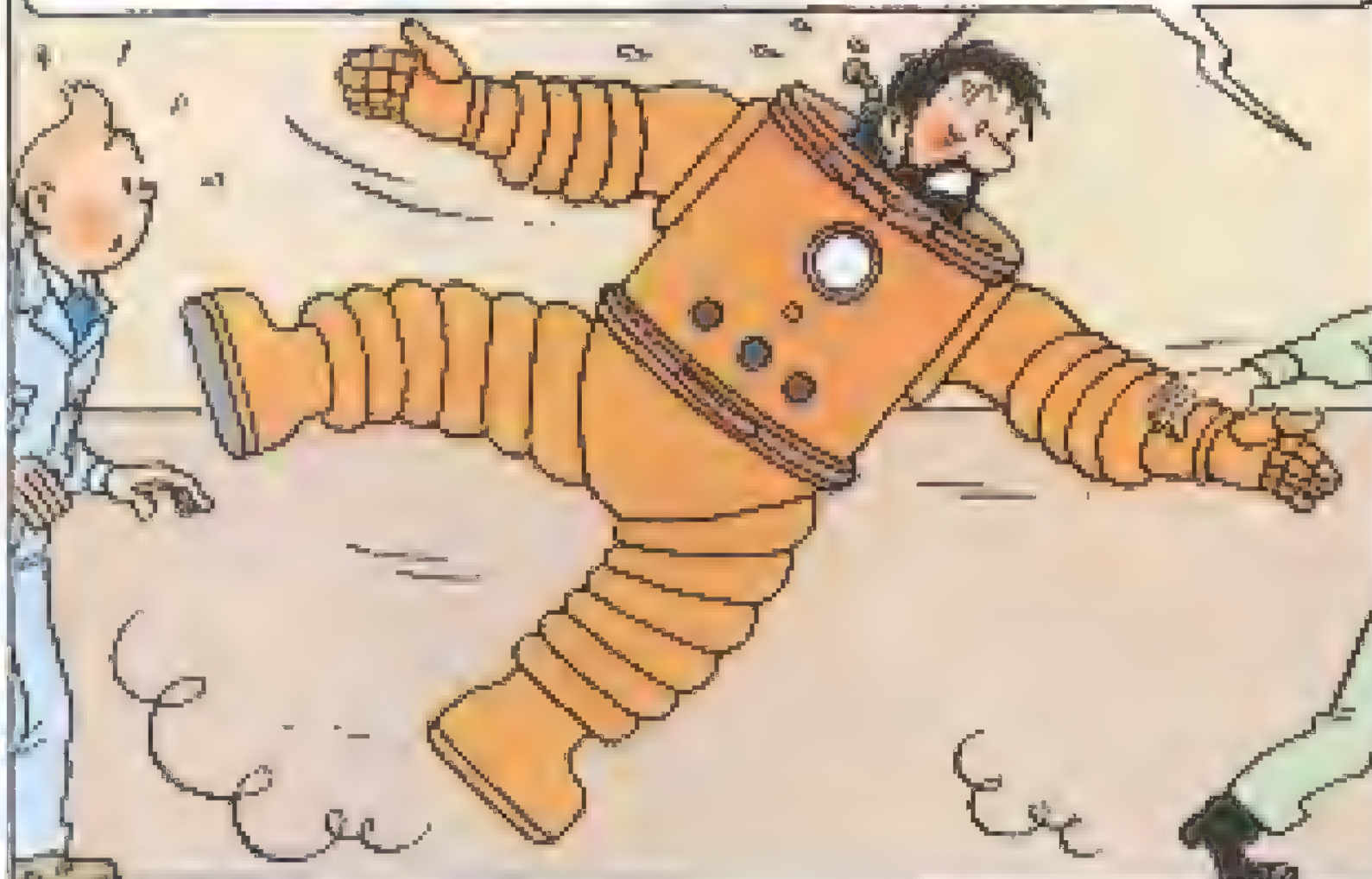
PIONNNG

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! If ever I find the pirate who did that I'll make him dance, I promise you!

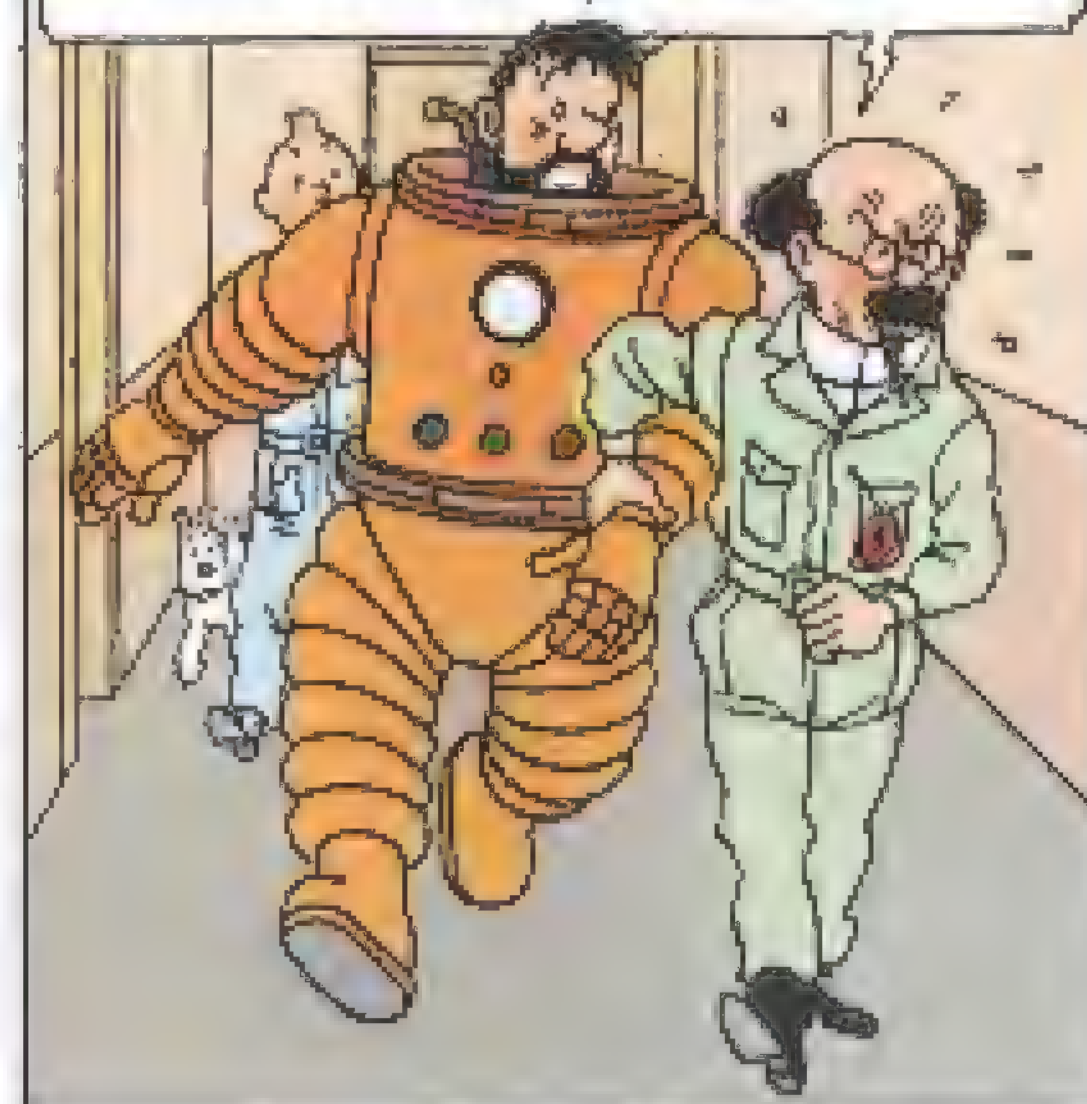
It was your aerial, Captain... You...



So you're trying to give me the slip? Well, you aren't going to! Come on! Hurry!



So I act the goat!



Slaving for two months non-stop, working myself to the bone, all to hear myself called a goat! ... It's too much!

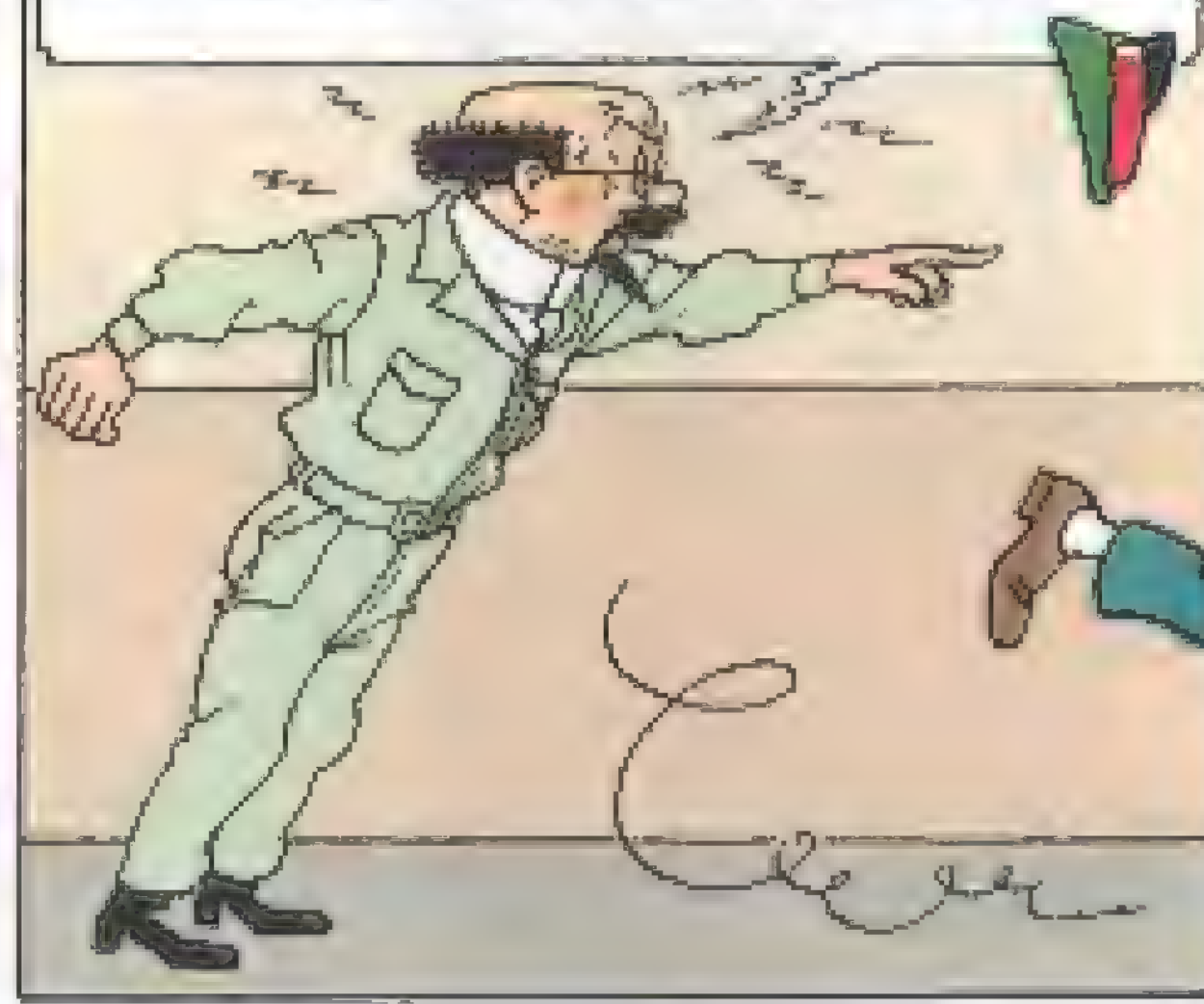


Excuse me Professor, but your companion is not wearing regulation clothing... I'm afraid I must ask him to go back...

That's true... He's right... I ought to...

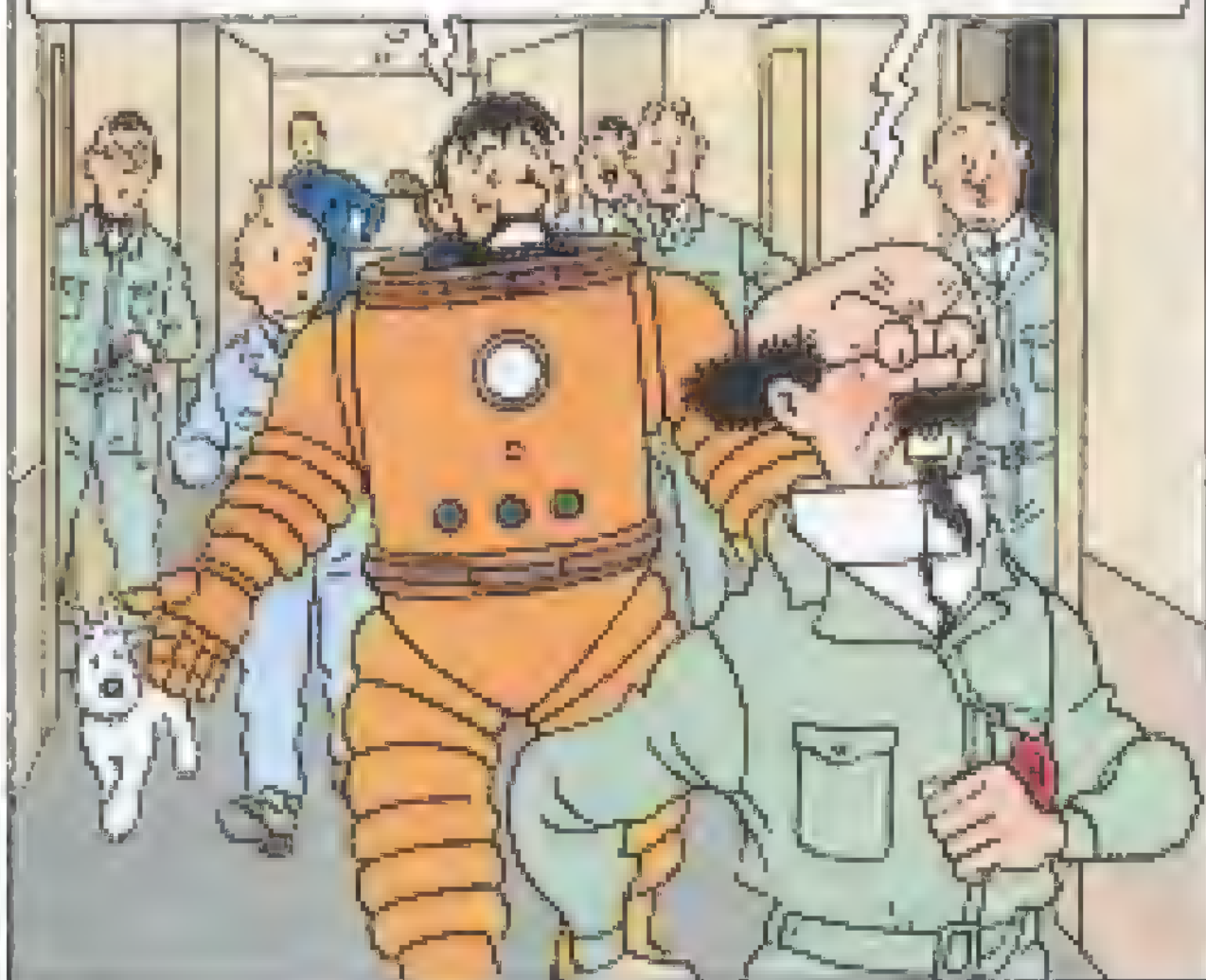


Be gone, you worm! Out of my sight! I'm acting the goat, d'you hear?

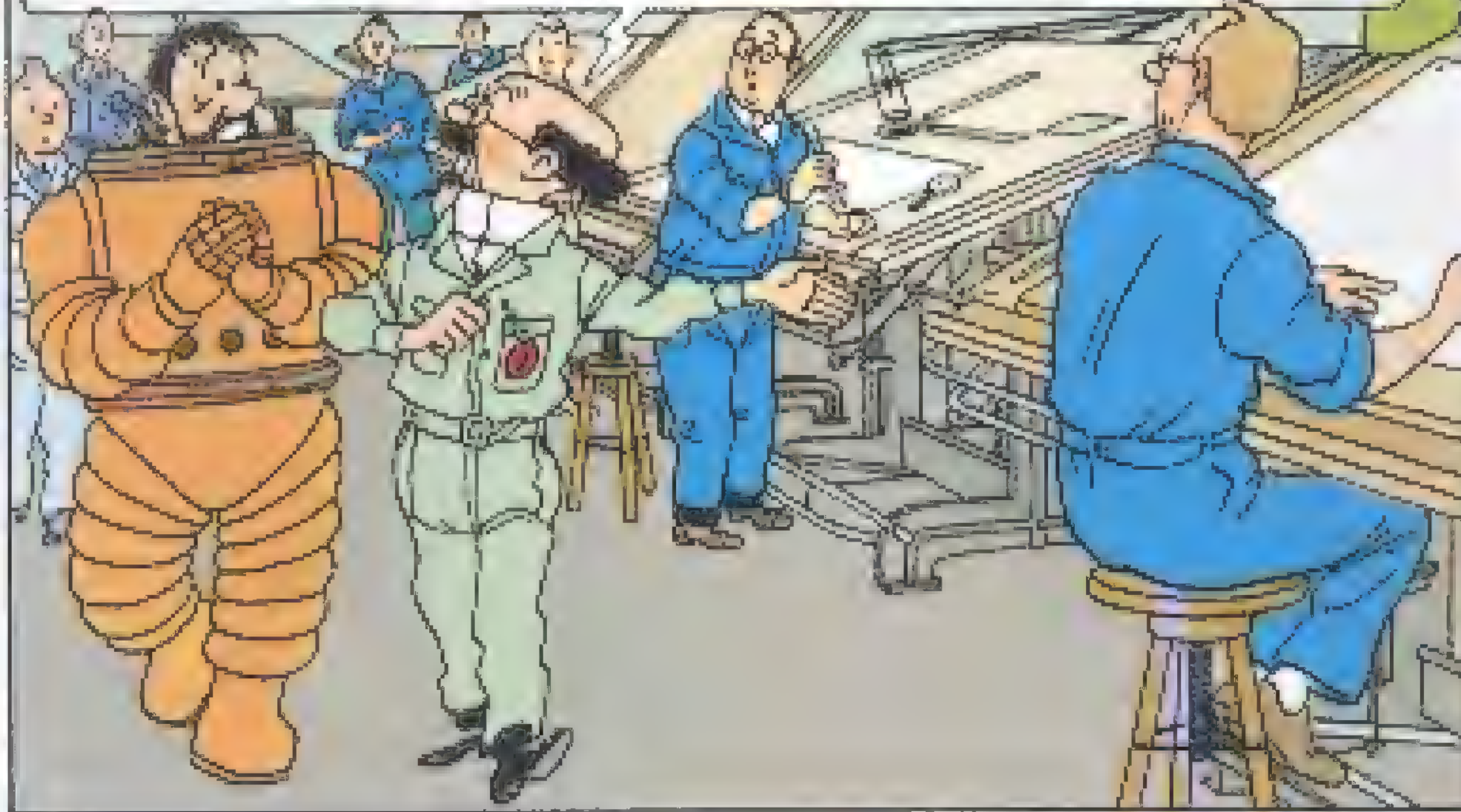


Professor, I implore you...

I'm acting the goat, eh?



And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



Yes, this is the Chief of Internal Security... What?... Professor Calculus?... Making a scene? Says he's acting the goat?... I'll teach him to act the goat...



And the atomic pile, never stopping?... The uranium being made?... The laboratories working day and night?... That's all acting the goat too, I suppose?



Well, Professor, what's all this about? I hear someone's acting the goat.

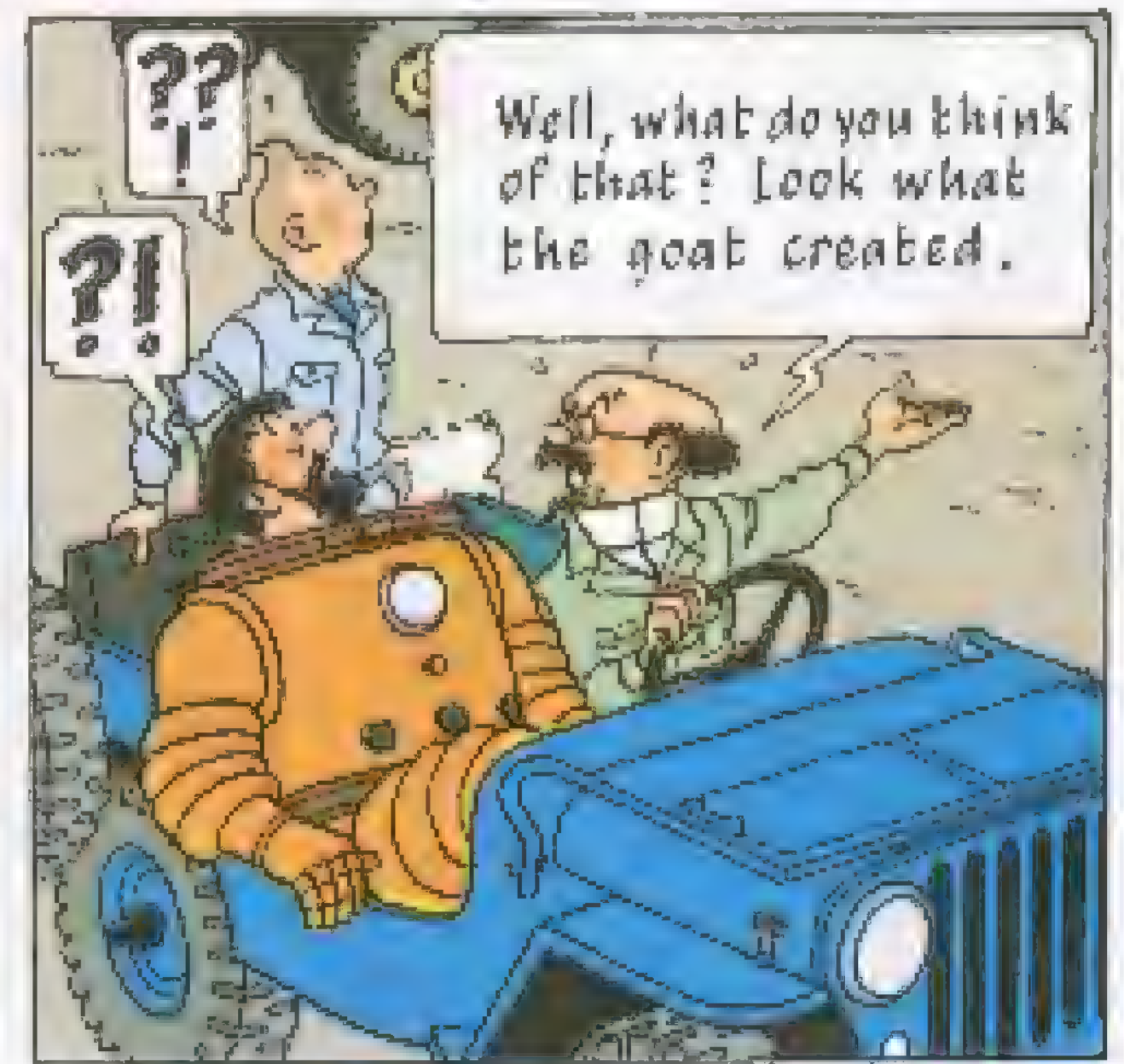
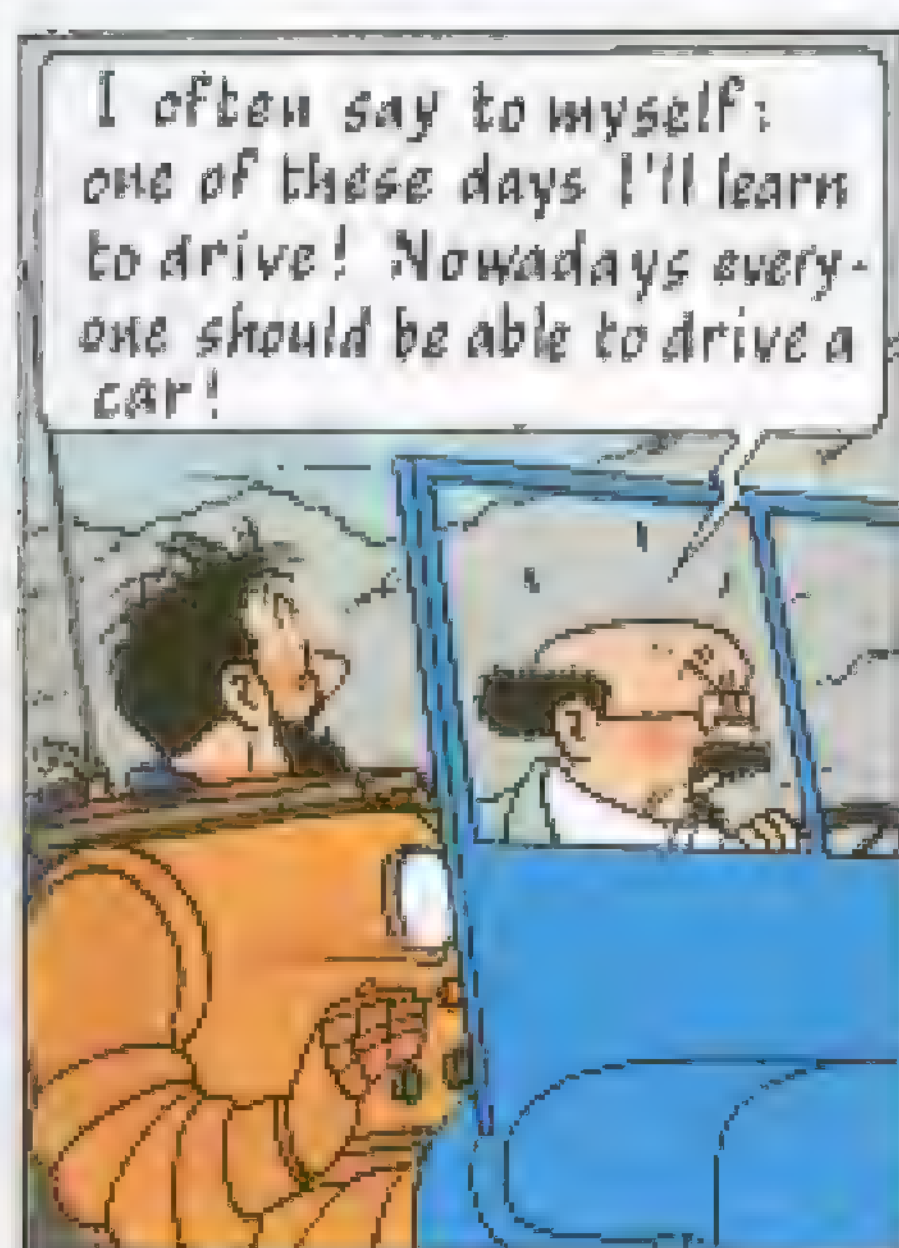
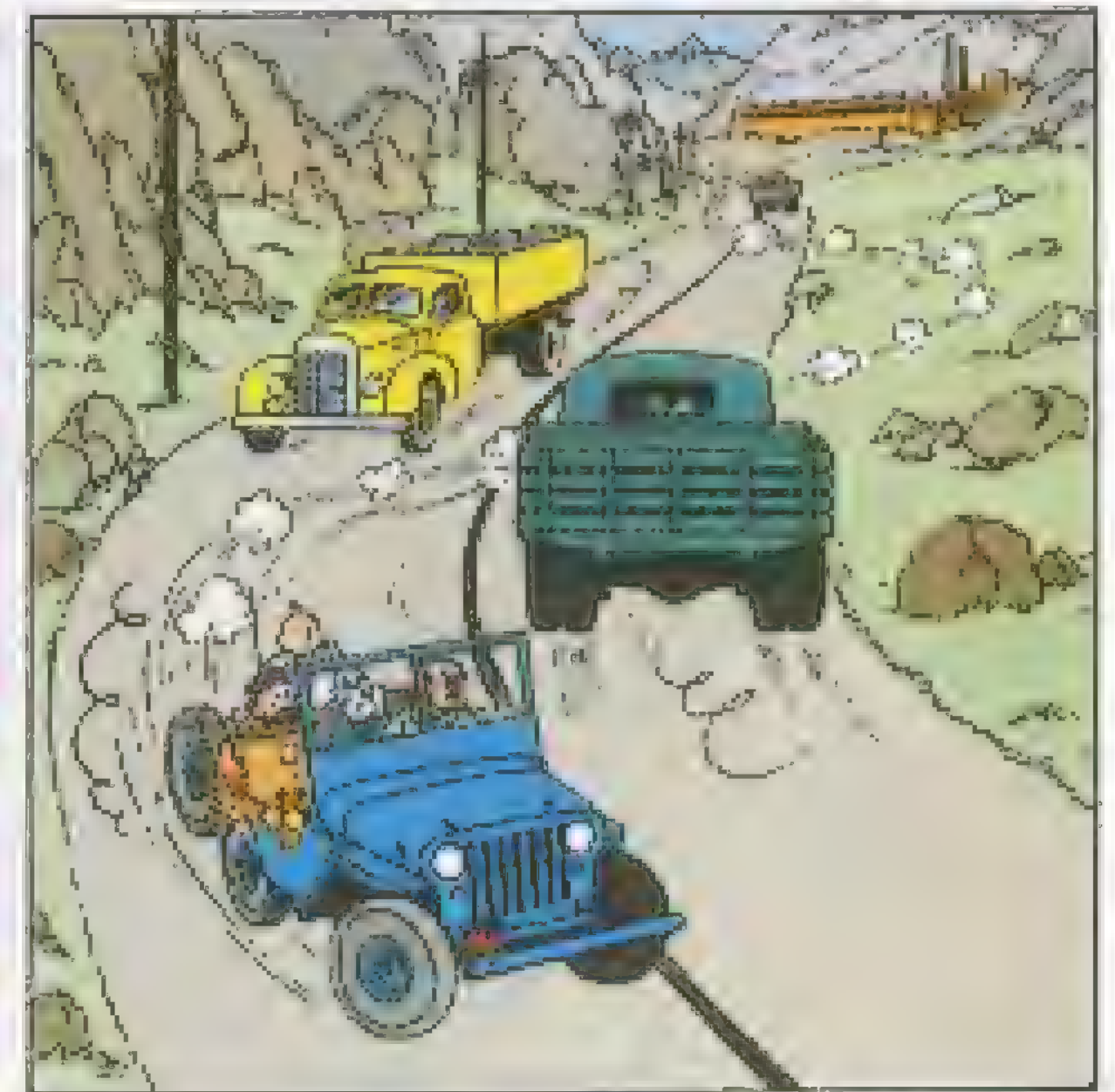
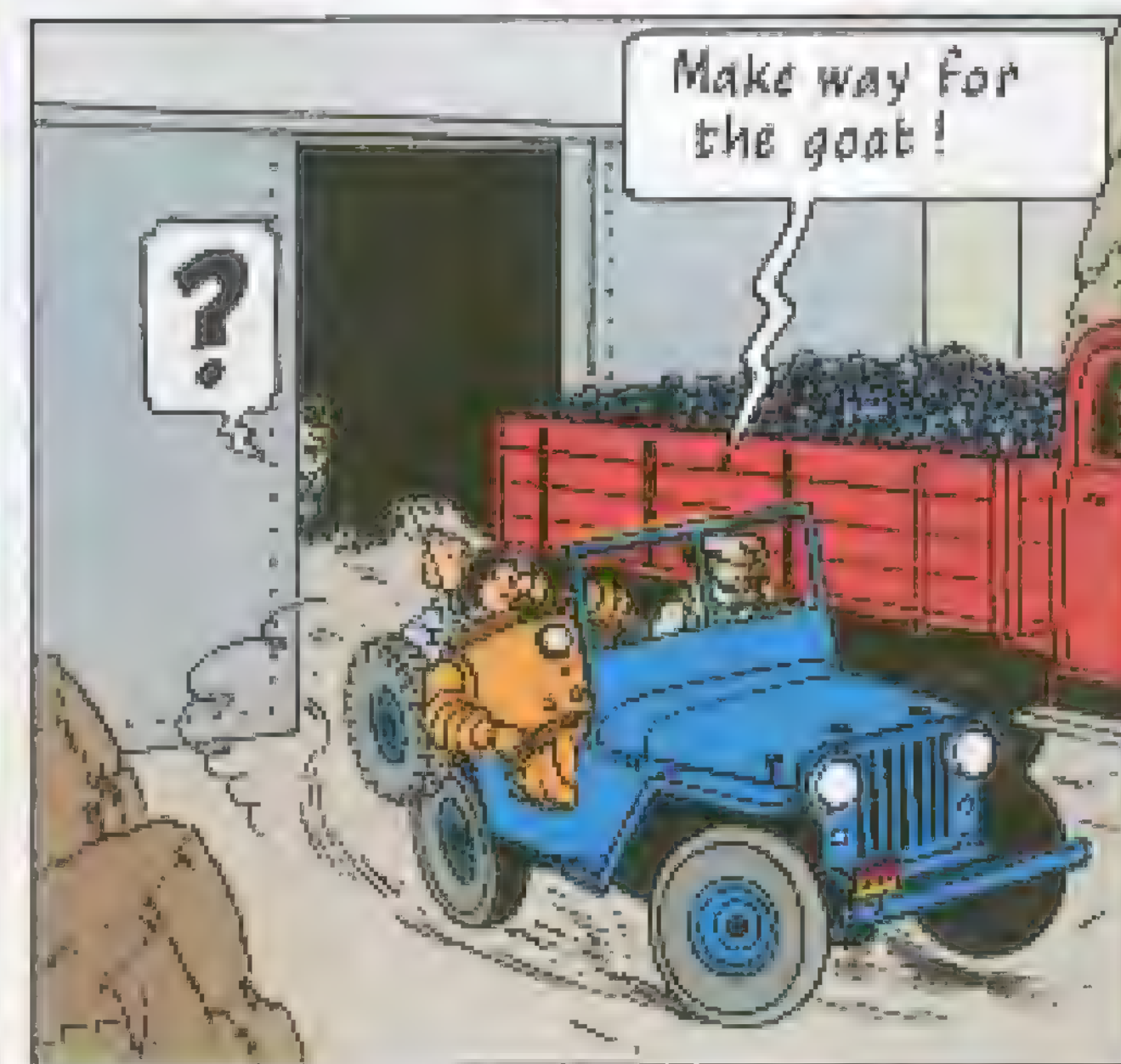


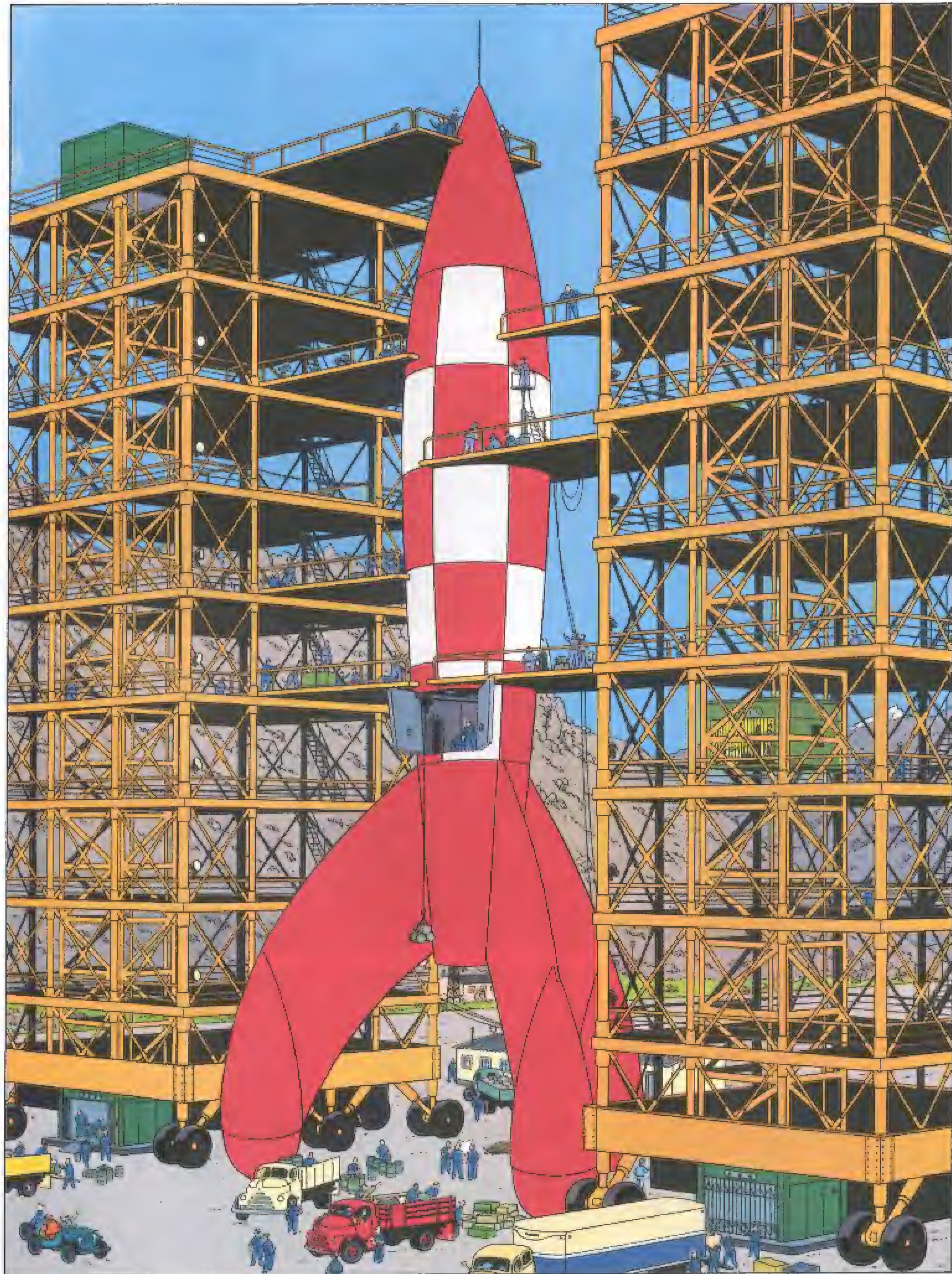
?!
CRRR
GRRR
KRRR



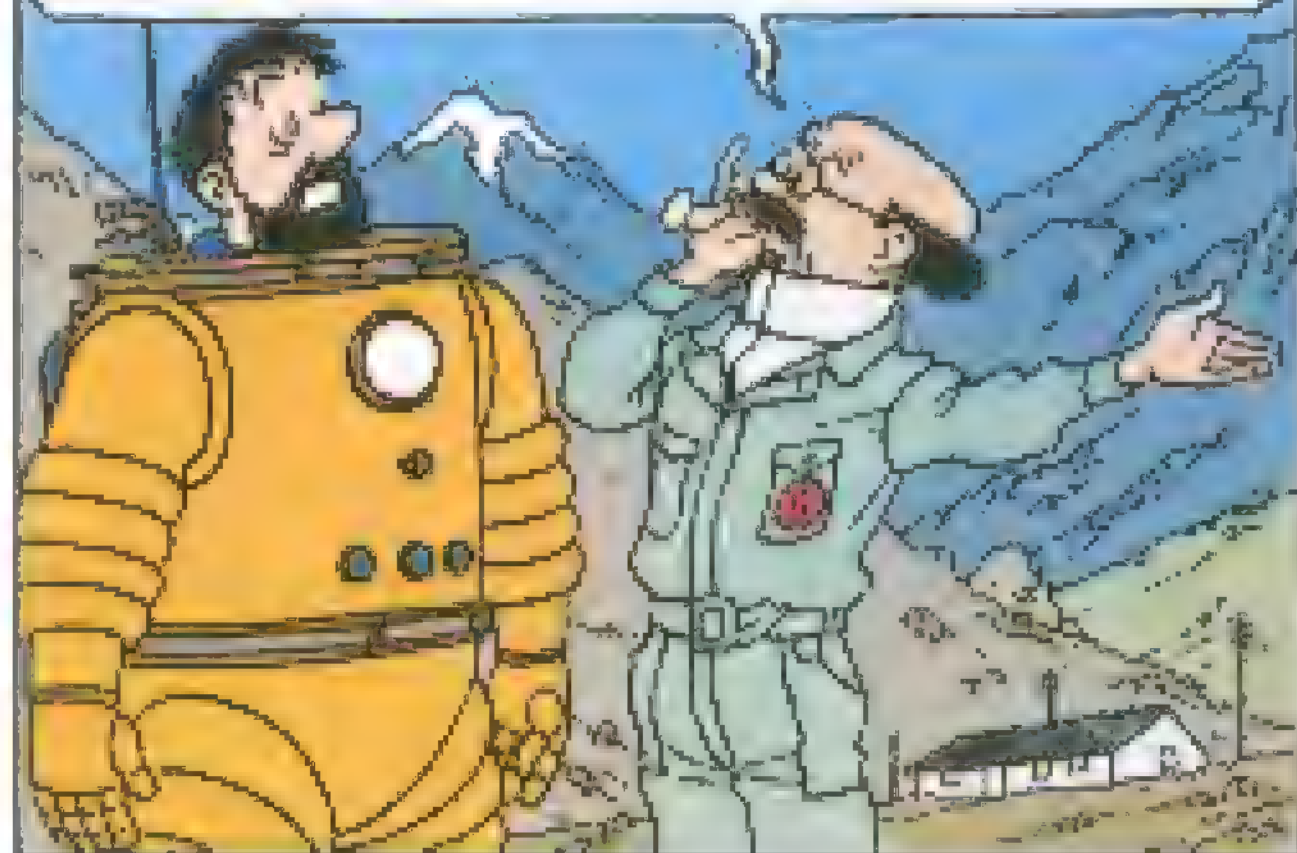
For heaven's sake, Cuthbert, calm yourself!







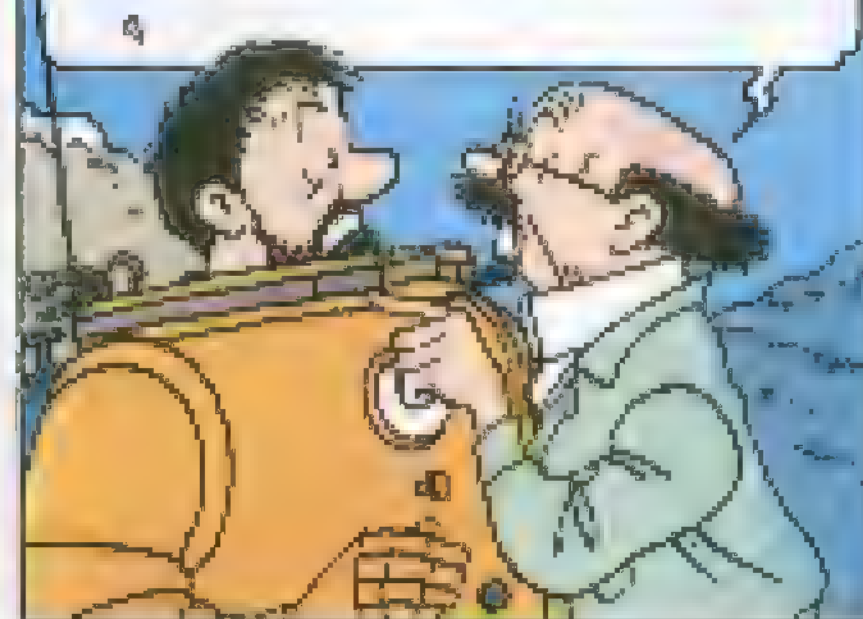
Well, what about it?... Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!... And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this... this crackpot contraption will take you to the Moon? ...



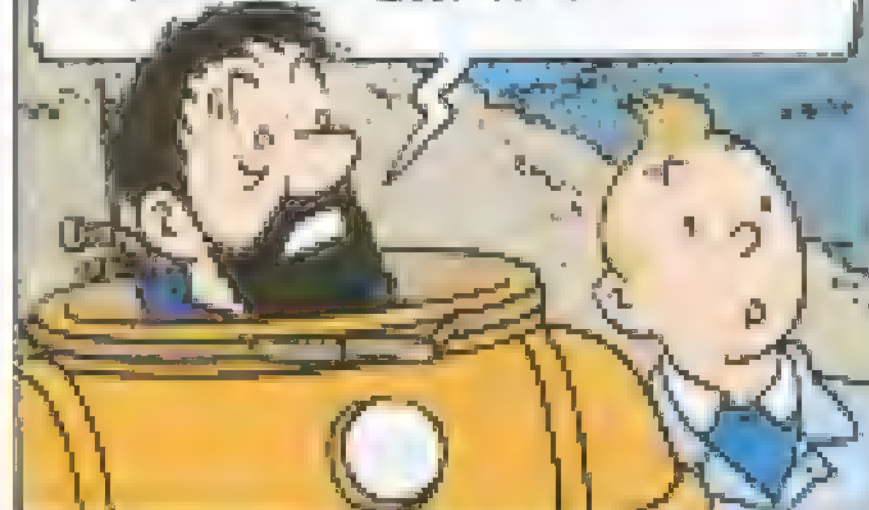
This crackpot contraption, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well ... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!



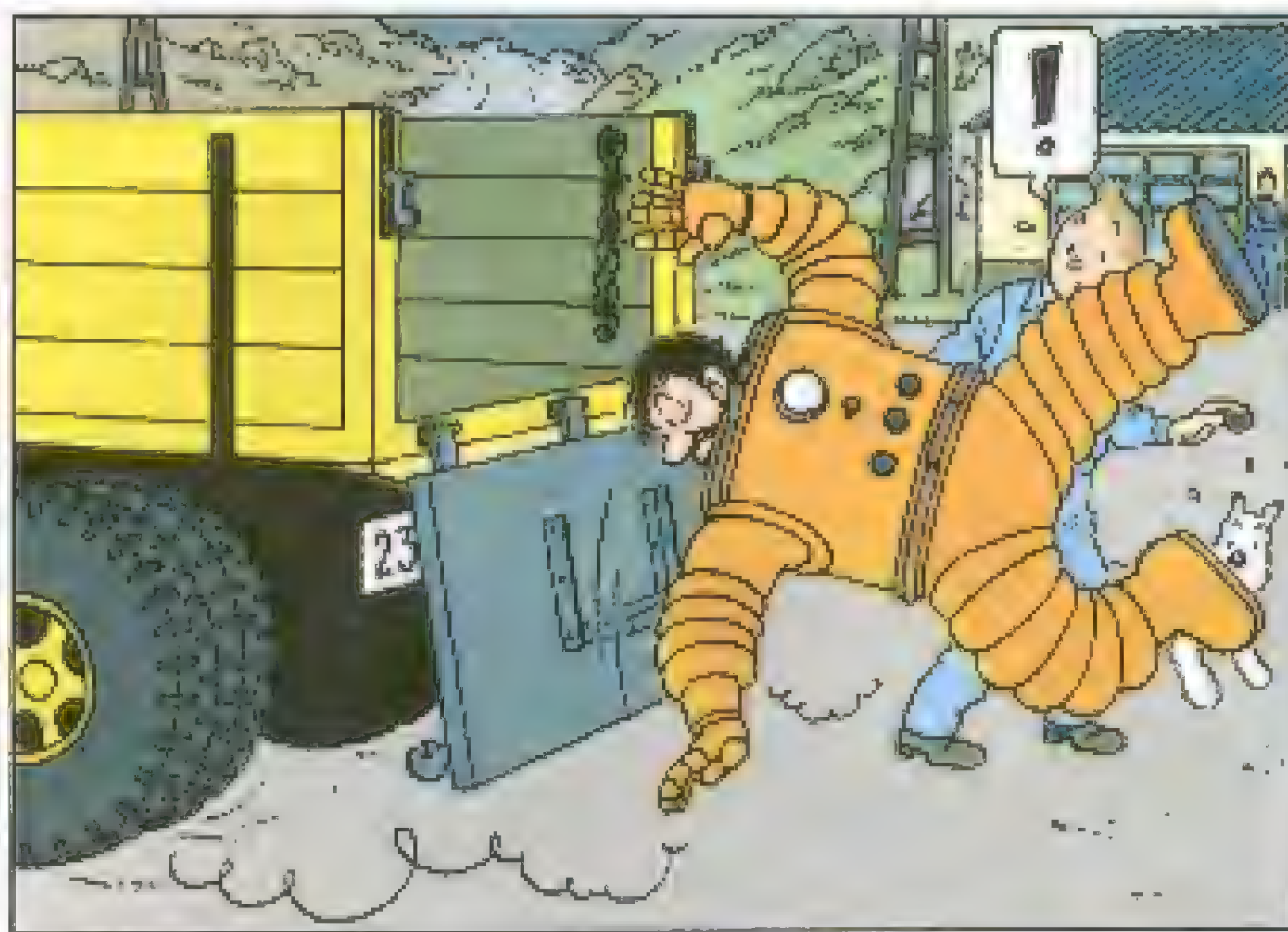
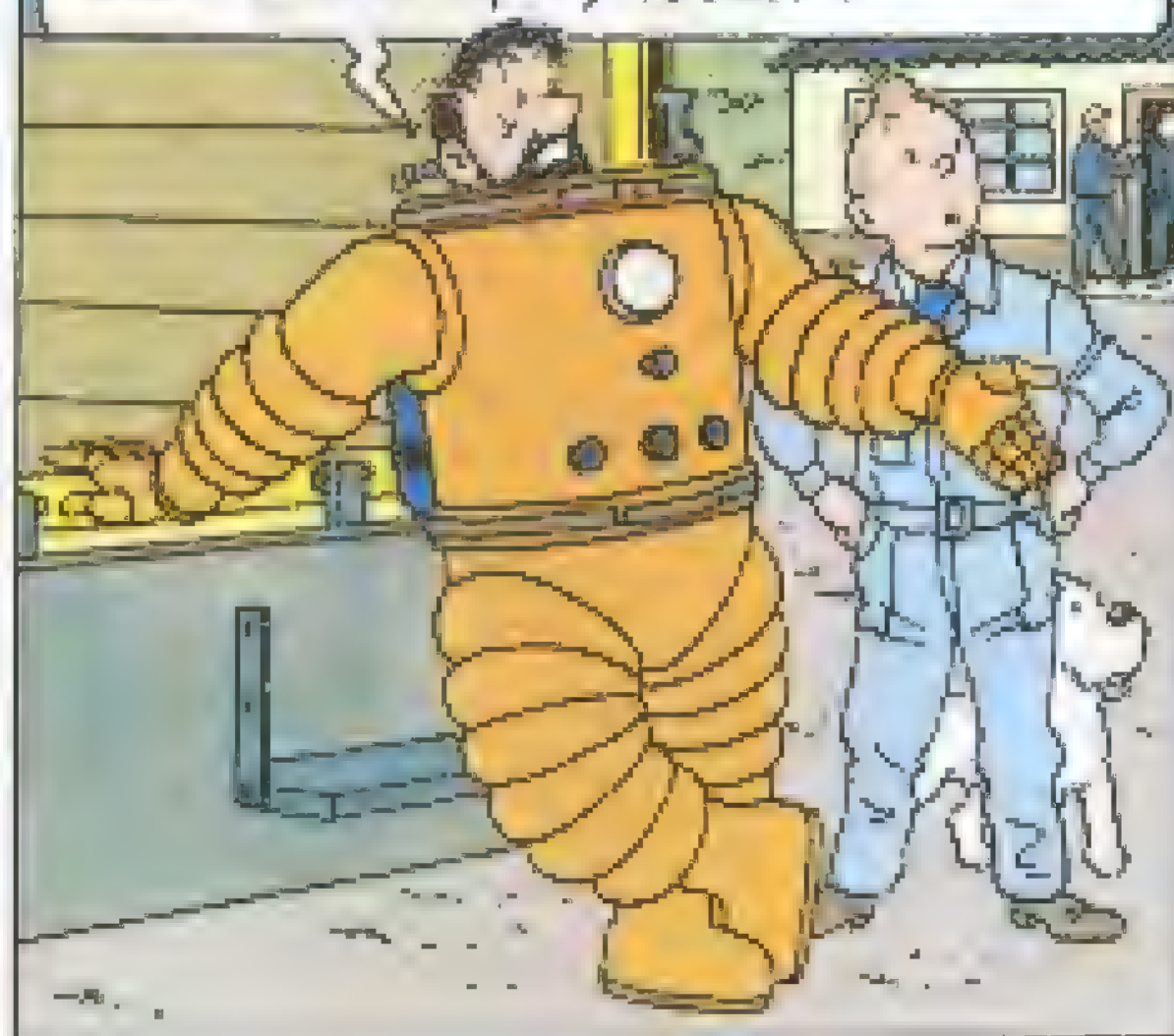
LIFT!...



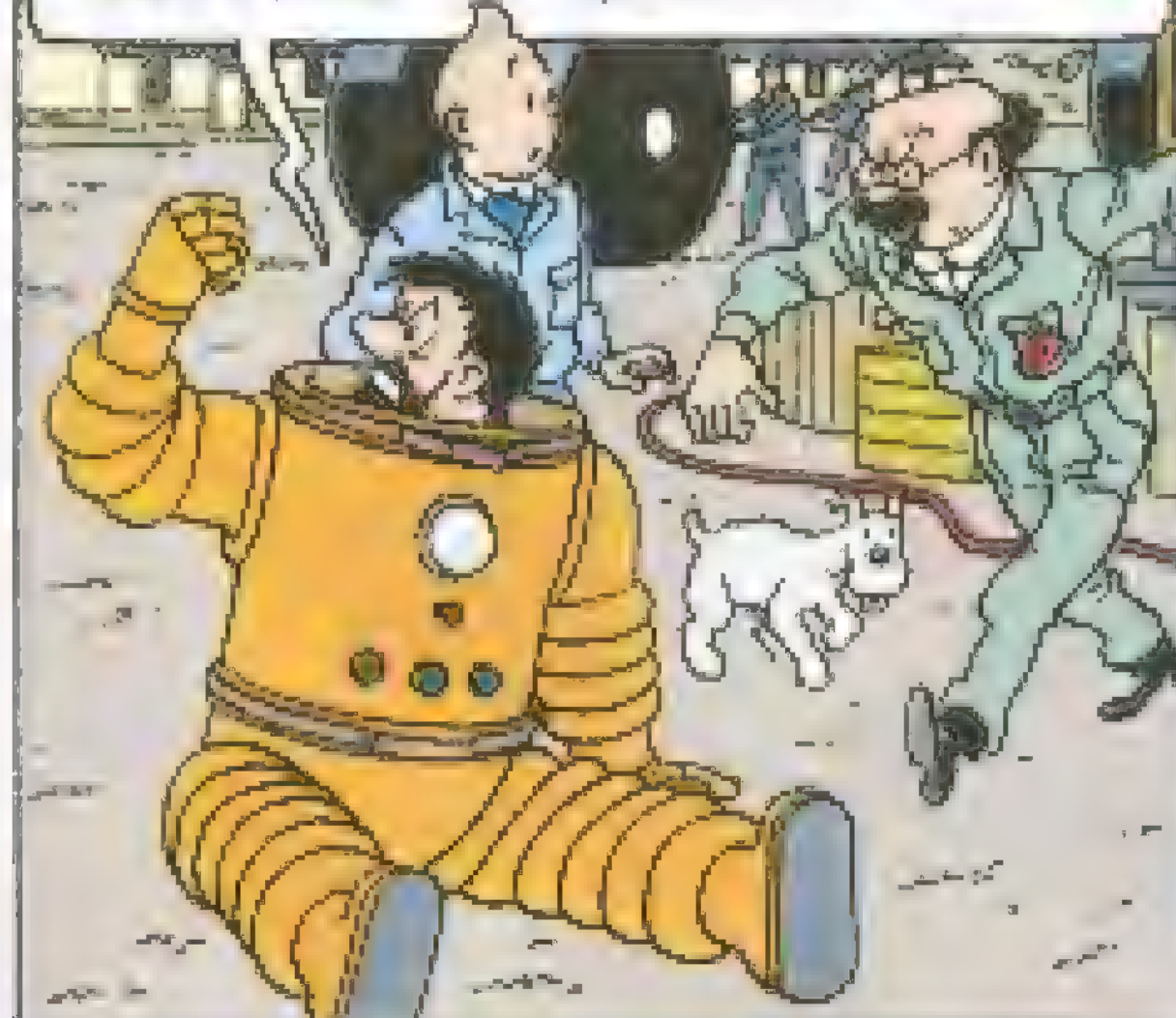
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



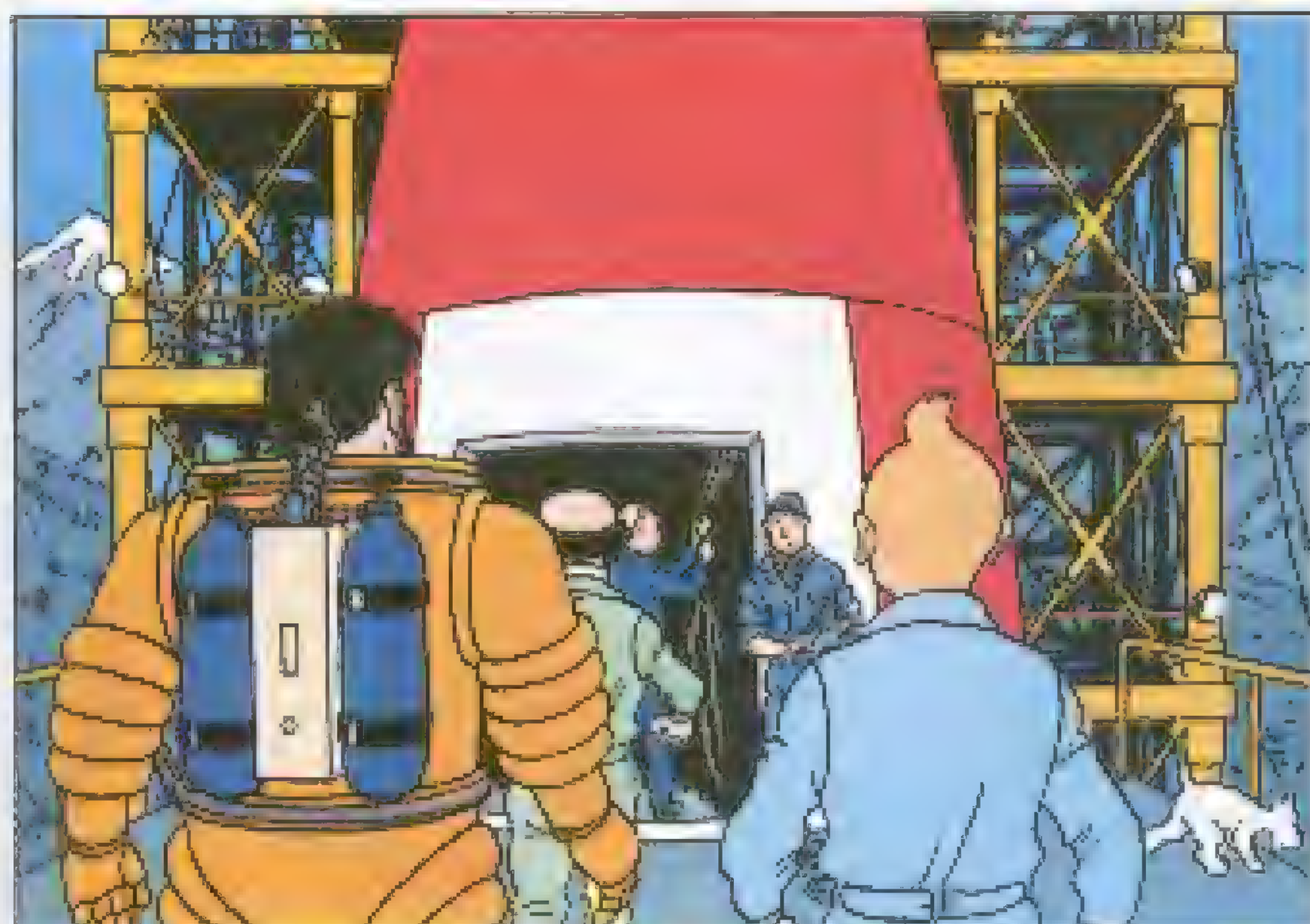
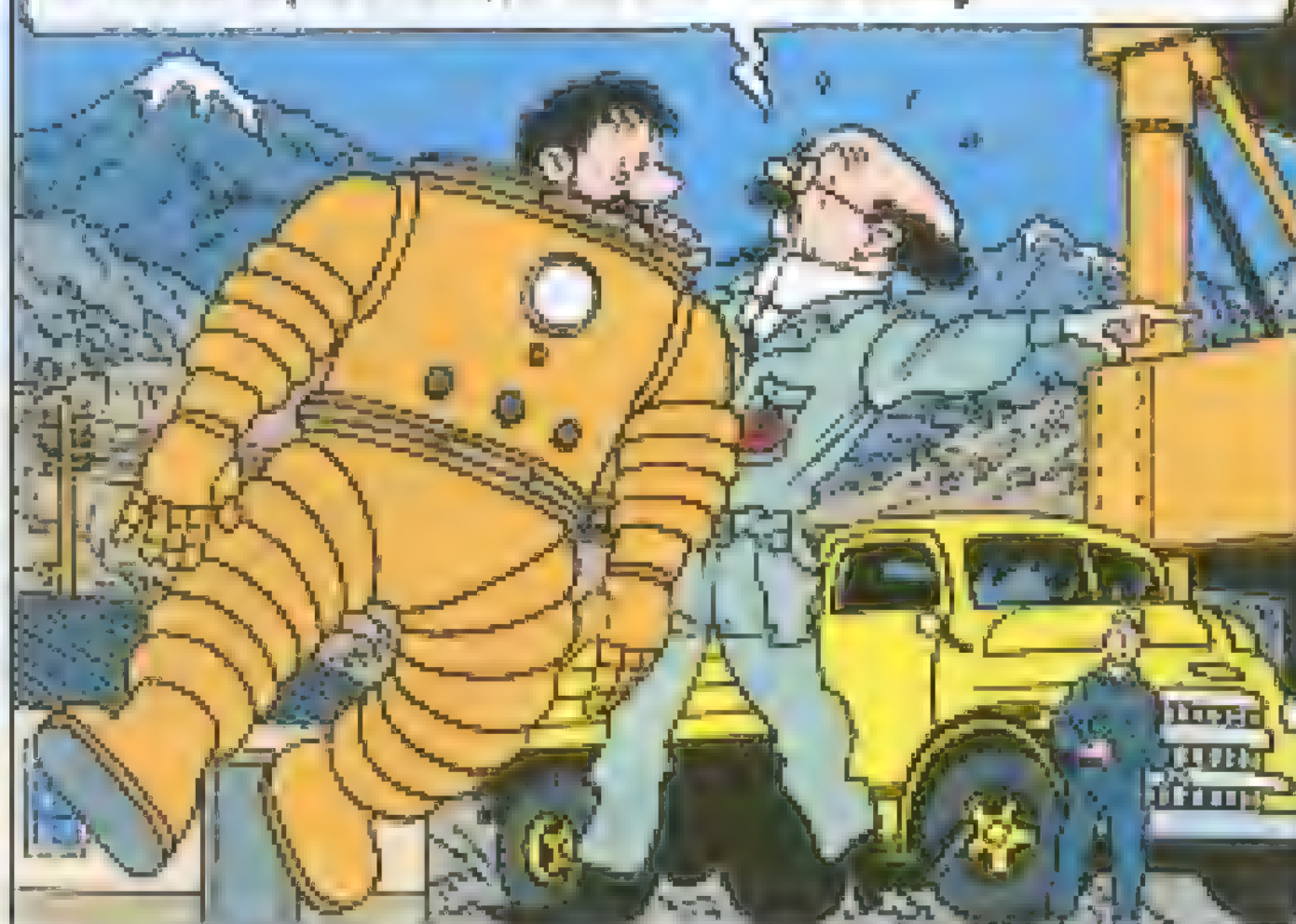
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



You road-hog!... Bully!... Steam-roller!... Cyclotron!



Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making a scene in front of everybody?... Stand up!... The lift is waiting!



In you go!... Hurry up!

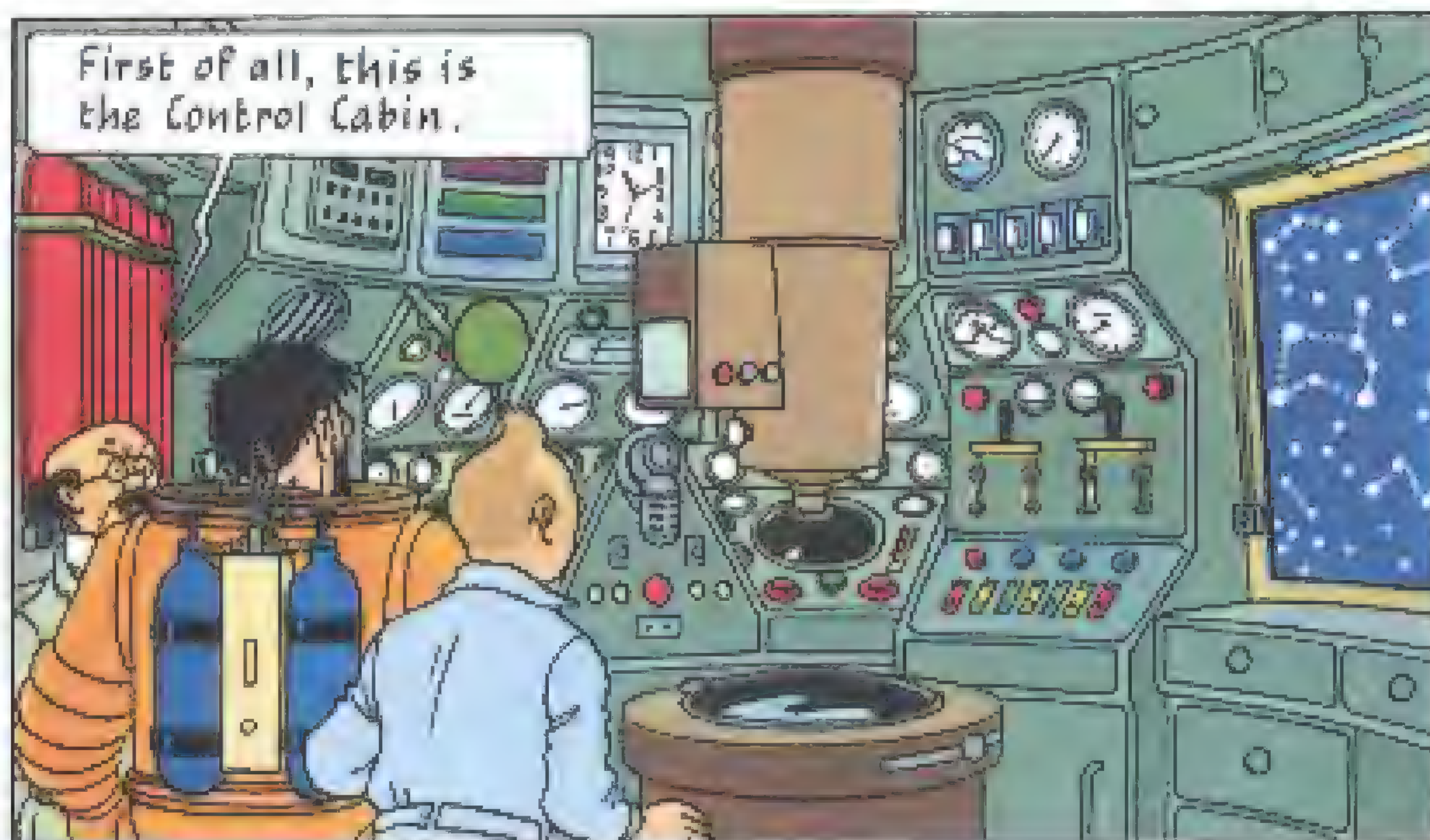
You... you're sure it won't take off without warning?



Meanwhile...

Hello... Hello... yes... I've just had a message from our new agent... The launching takes place in a month: June the 3rd., at 1:34 a.m.... Yes, that's it. Send Colonel Jorgen to me.



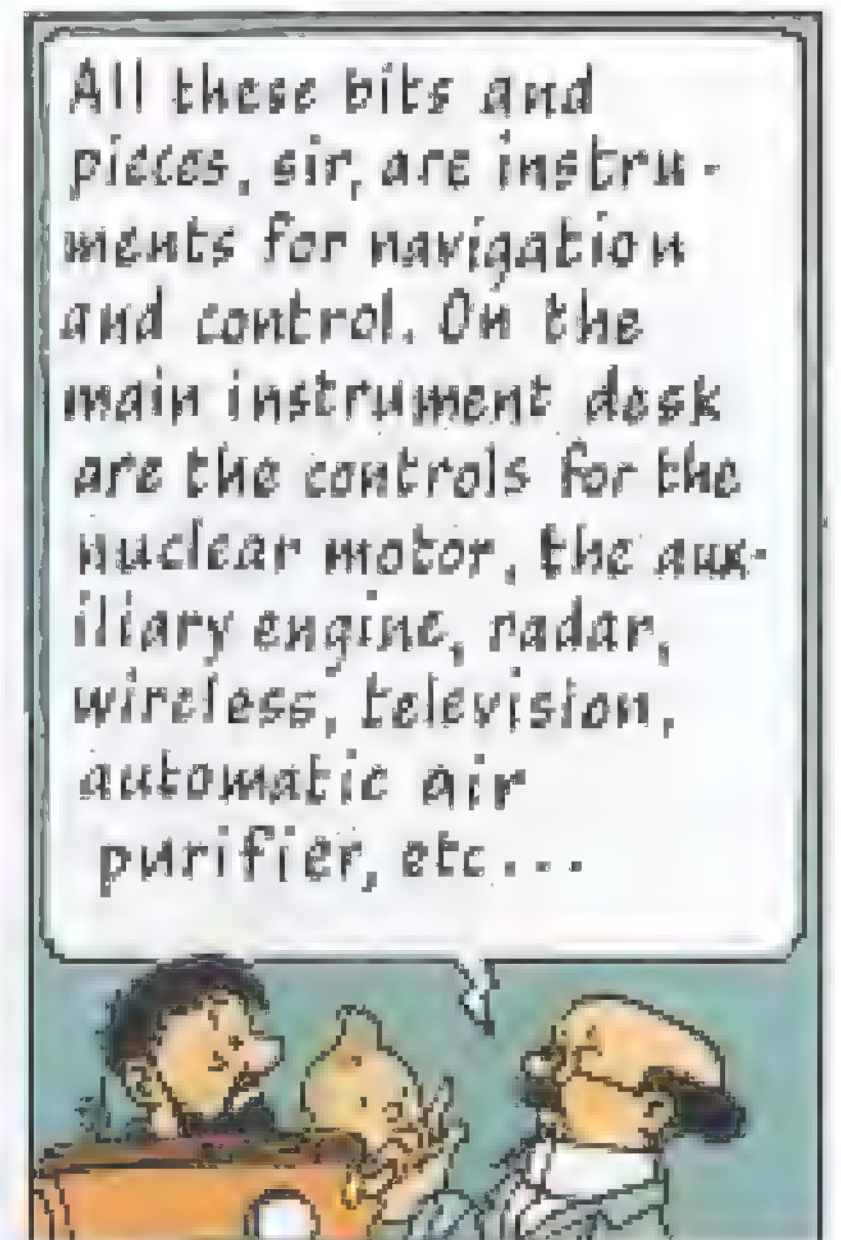


First of all, this is the Control Cabin.

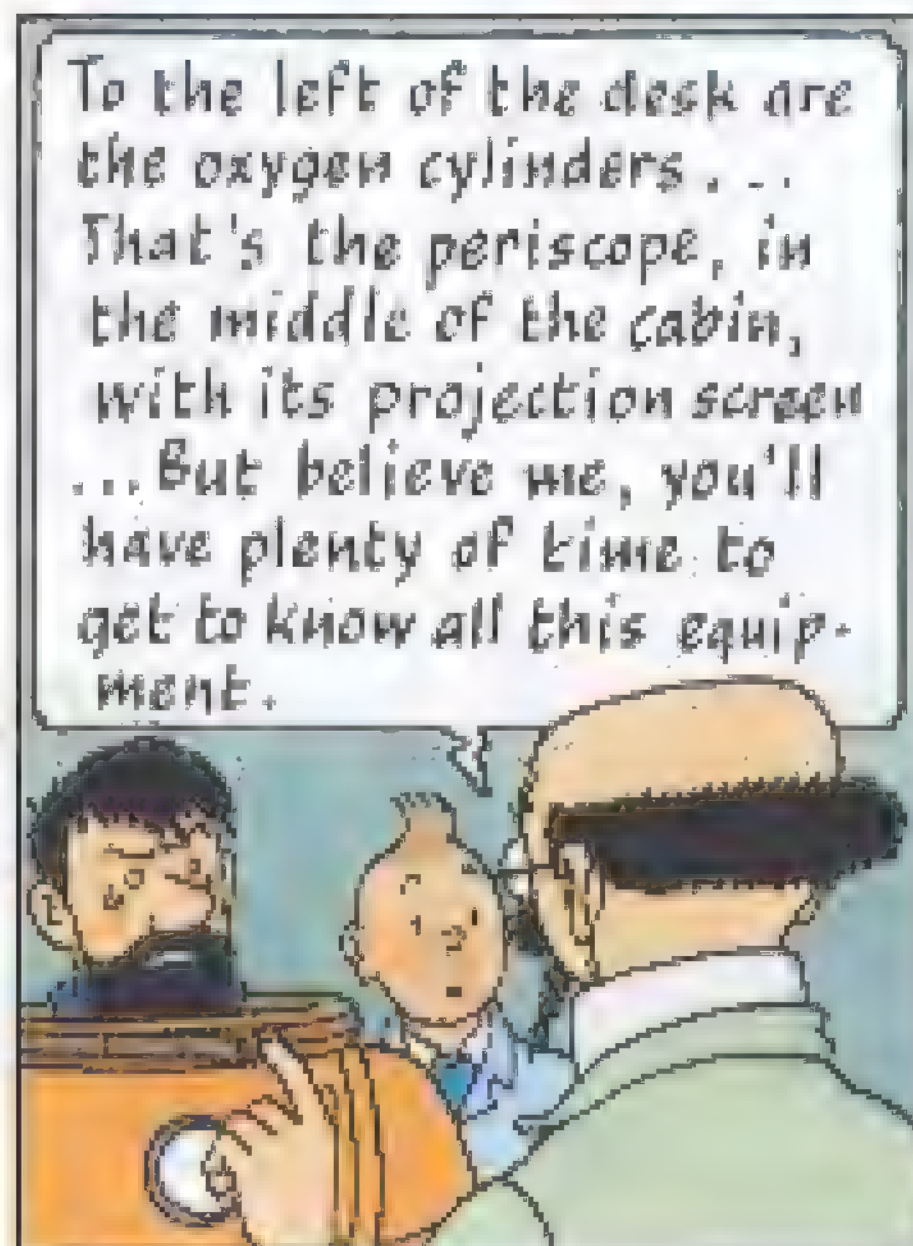


Well, what do you think of it?... You can't call this acting the goat, eh?

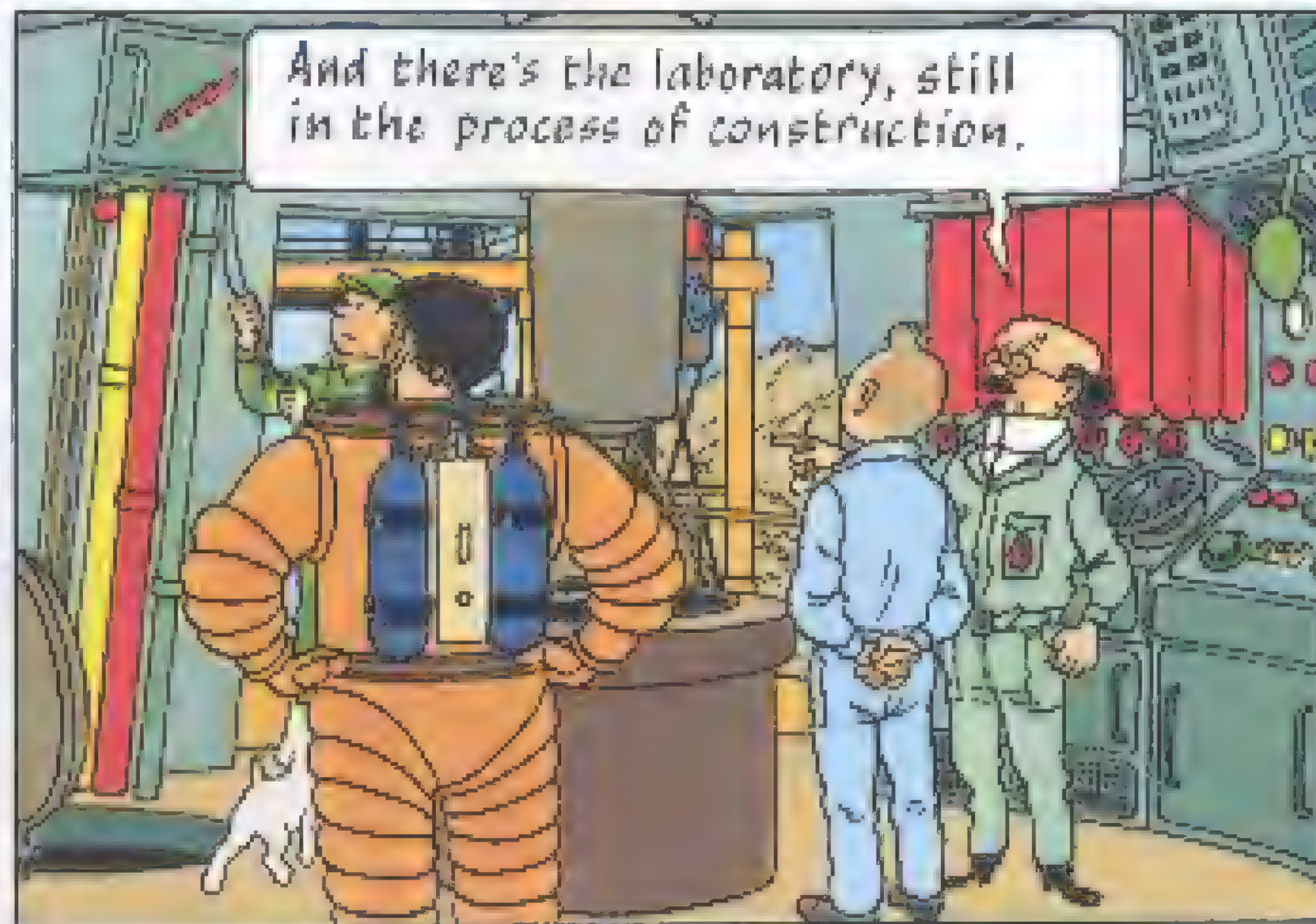
Fantastic!... Er... what are all these bits and pieces for?



All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders... That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen... But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.



And there's the laboratory, still in the process of construction.

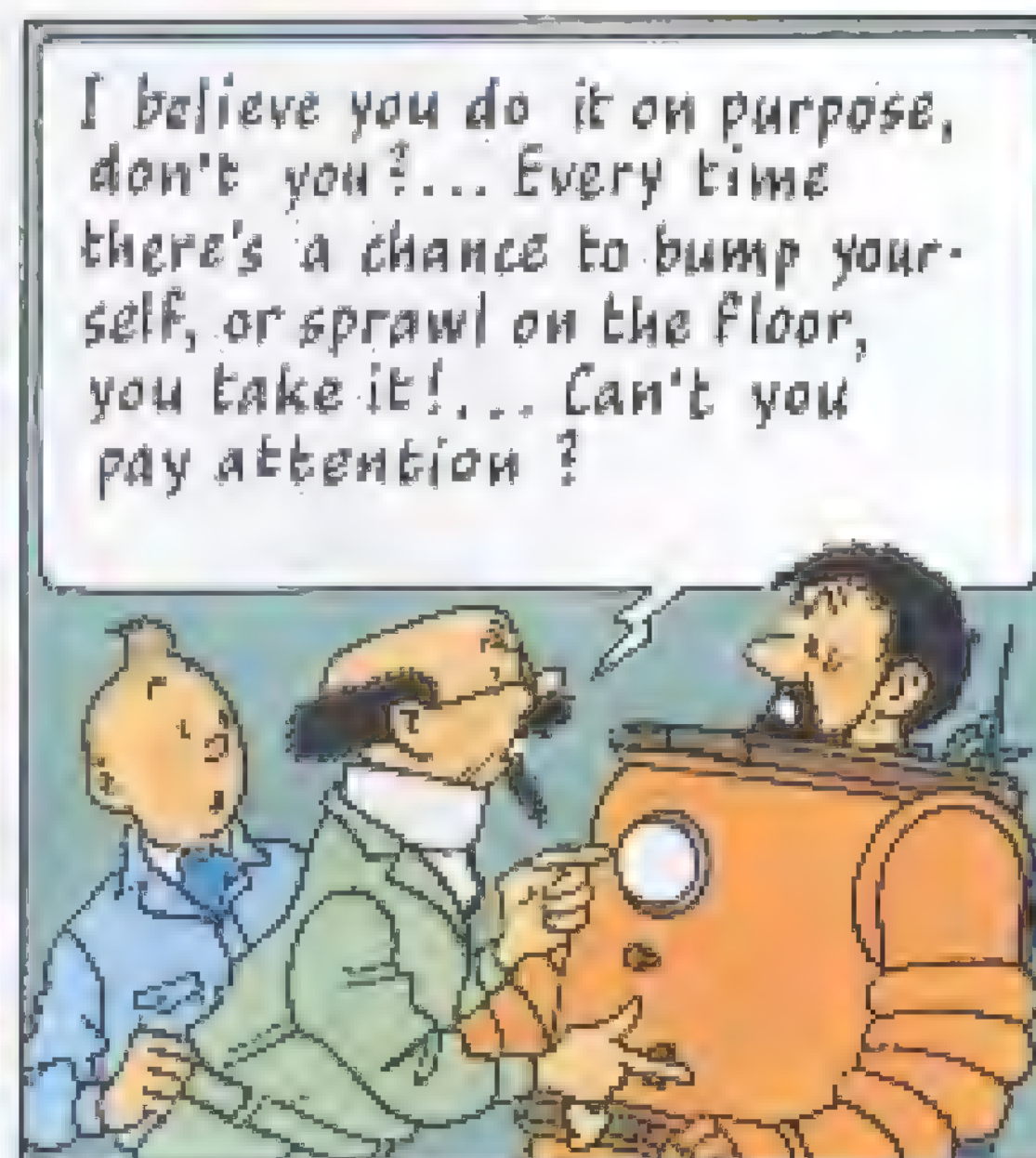


Amazing!... Astonishing!...

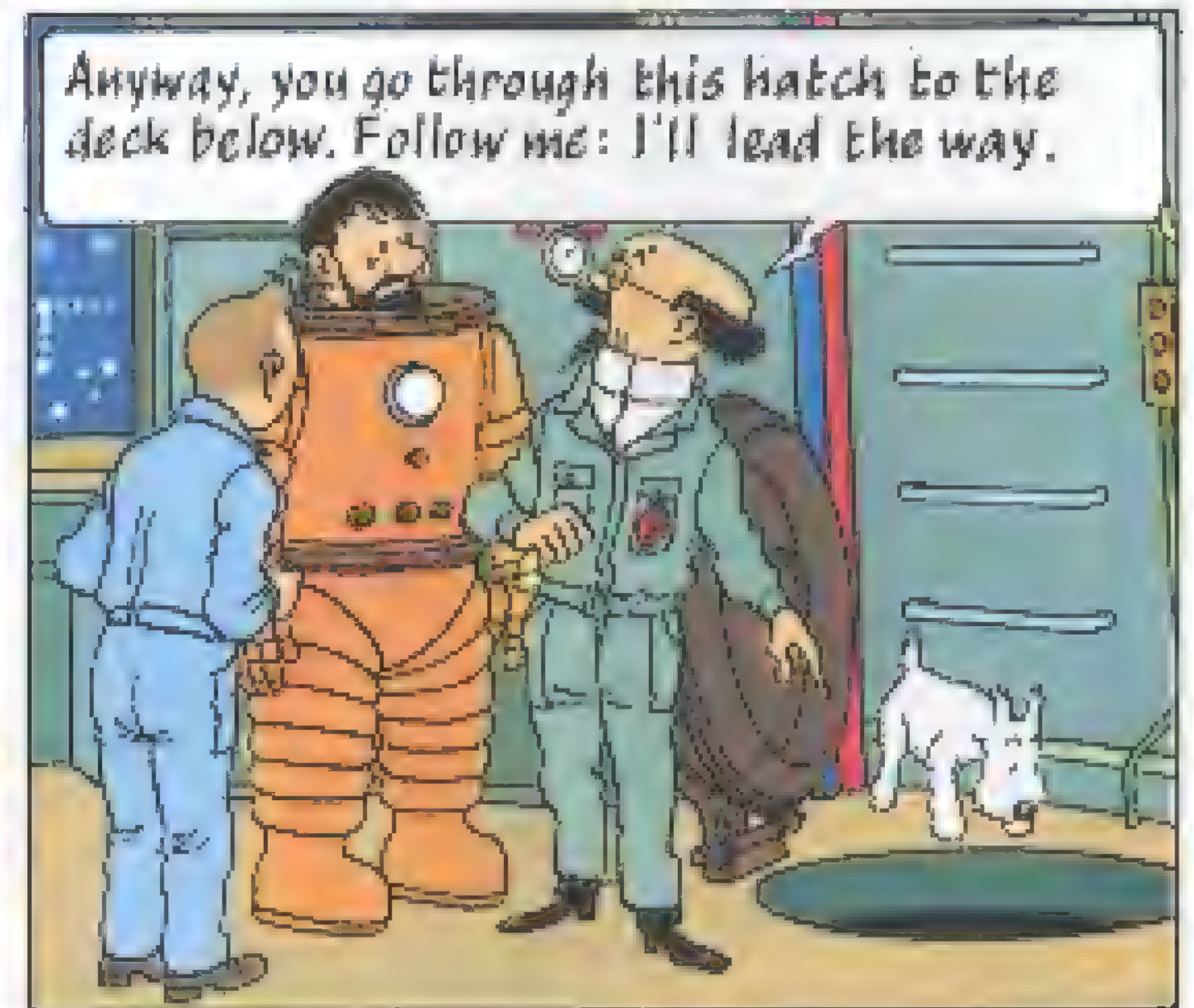
Will he?... Won't he?...



Take care! Look out, behind you!



I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump your head, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway, you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me: I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder...

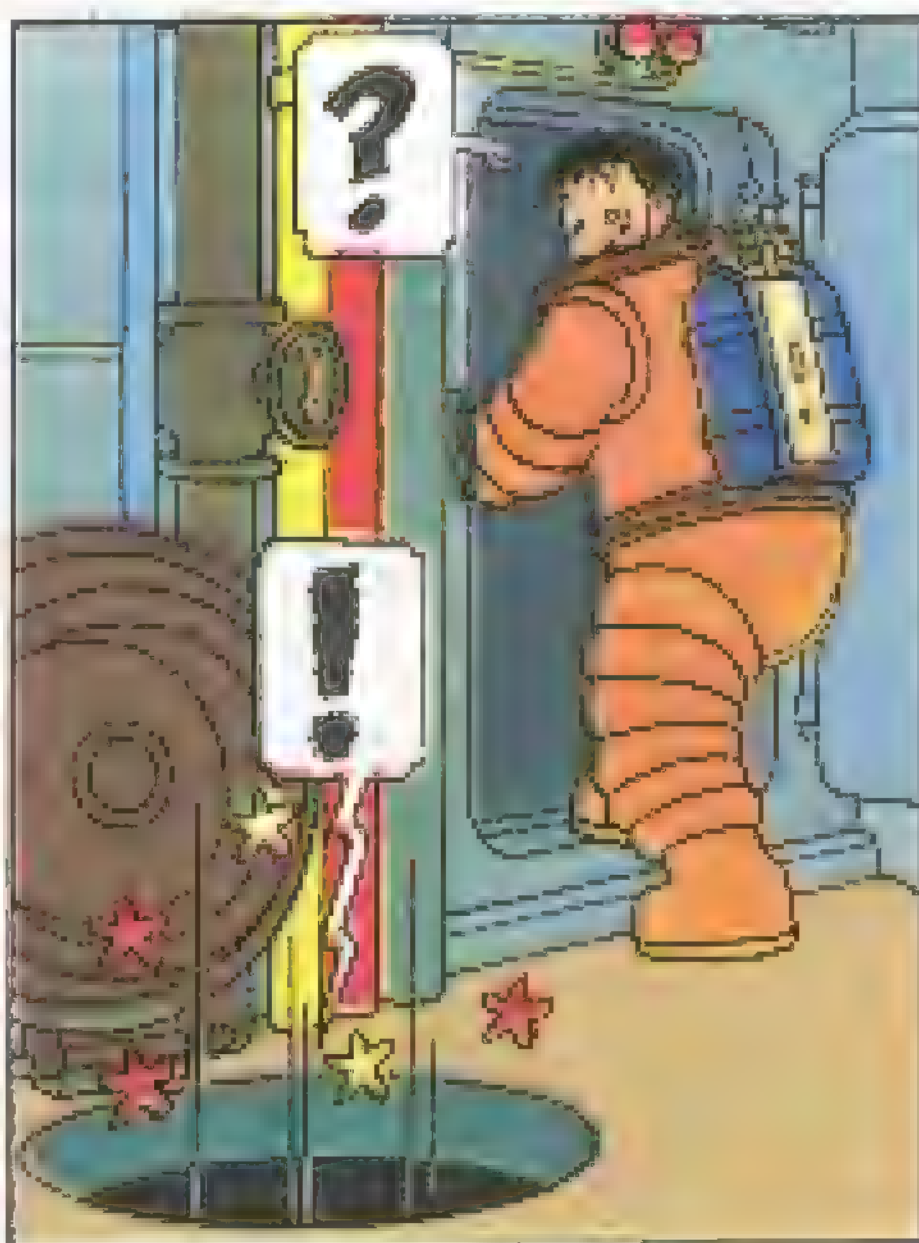
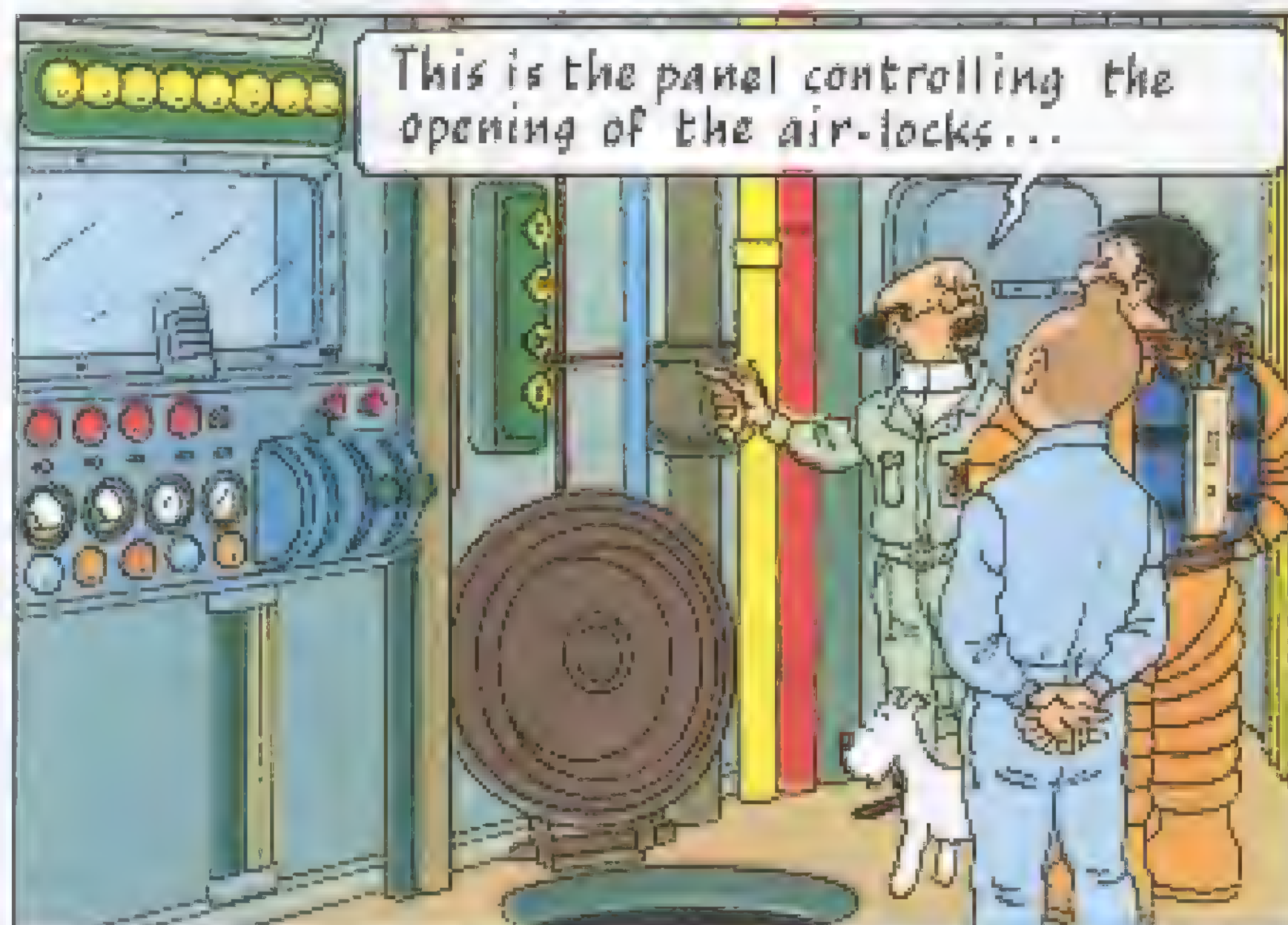
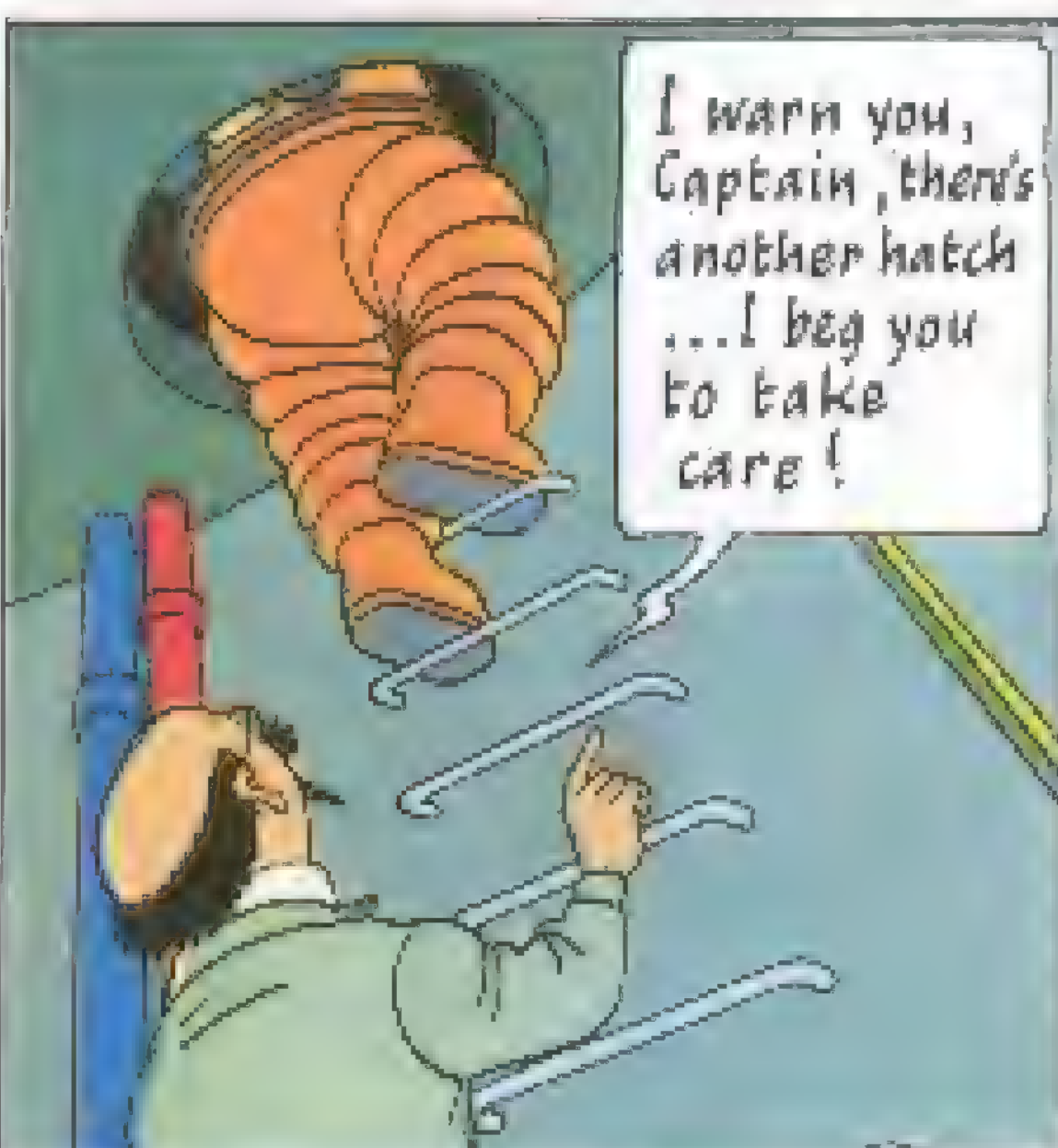
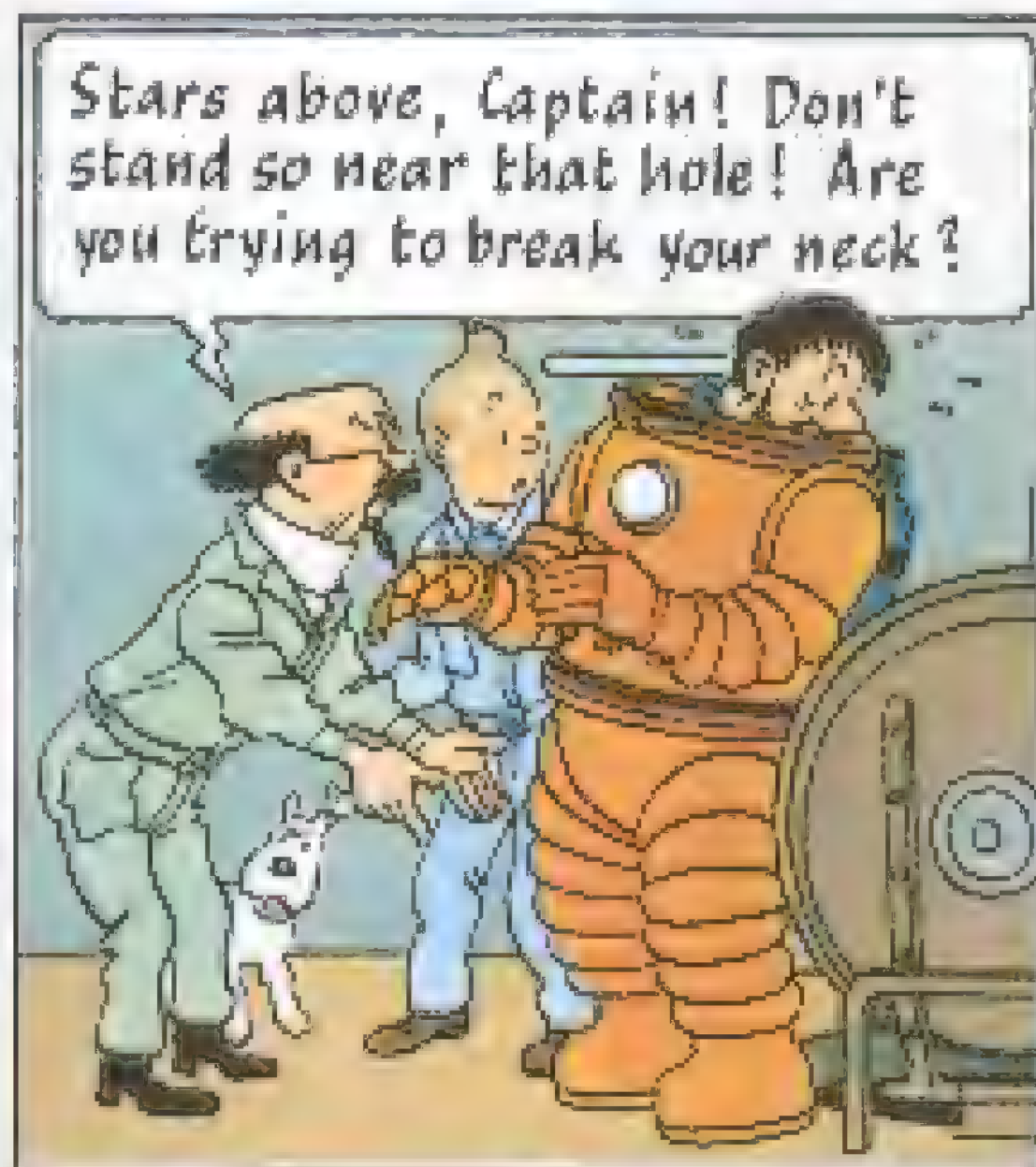
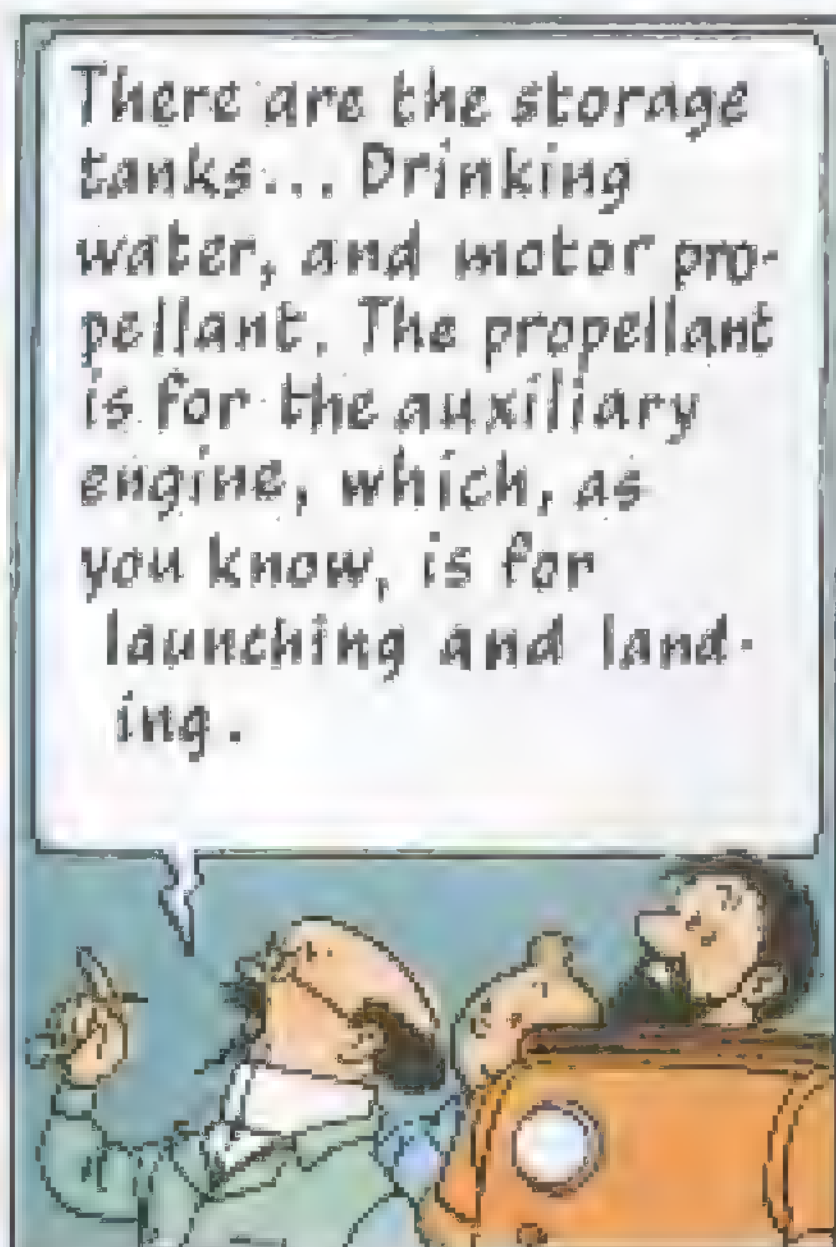
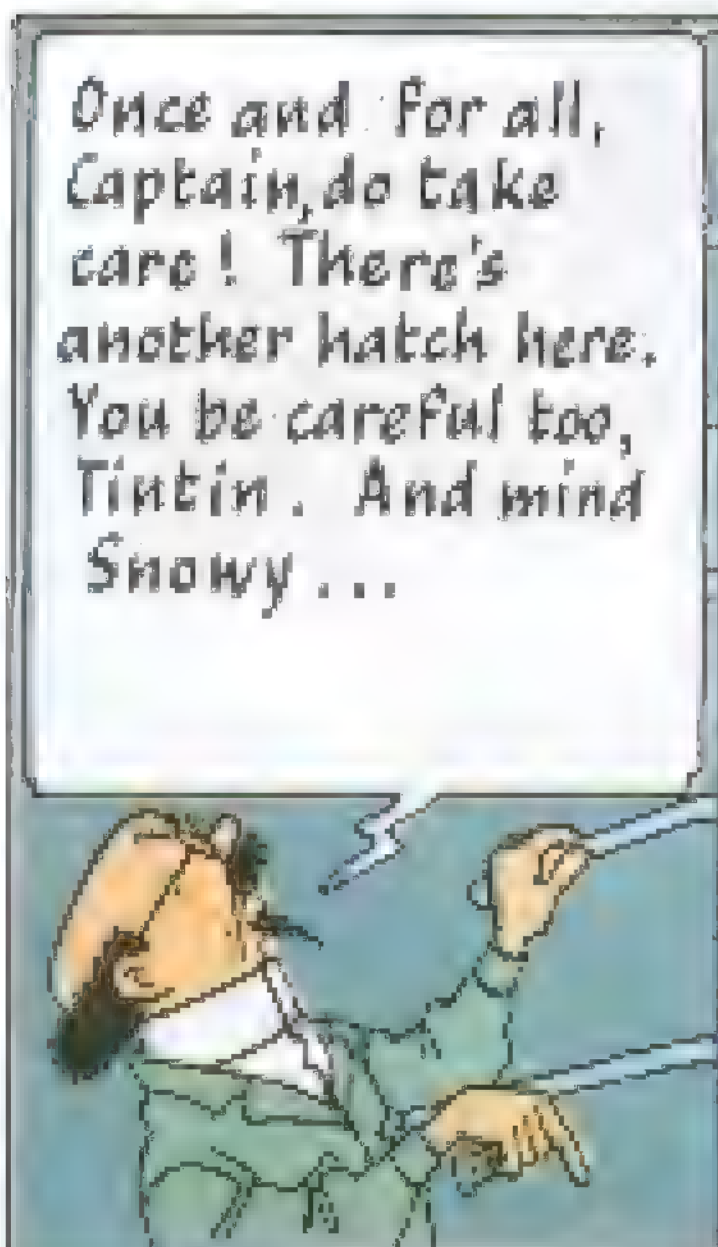


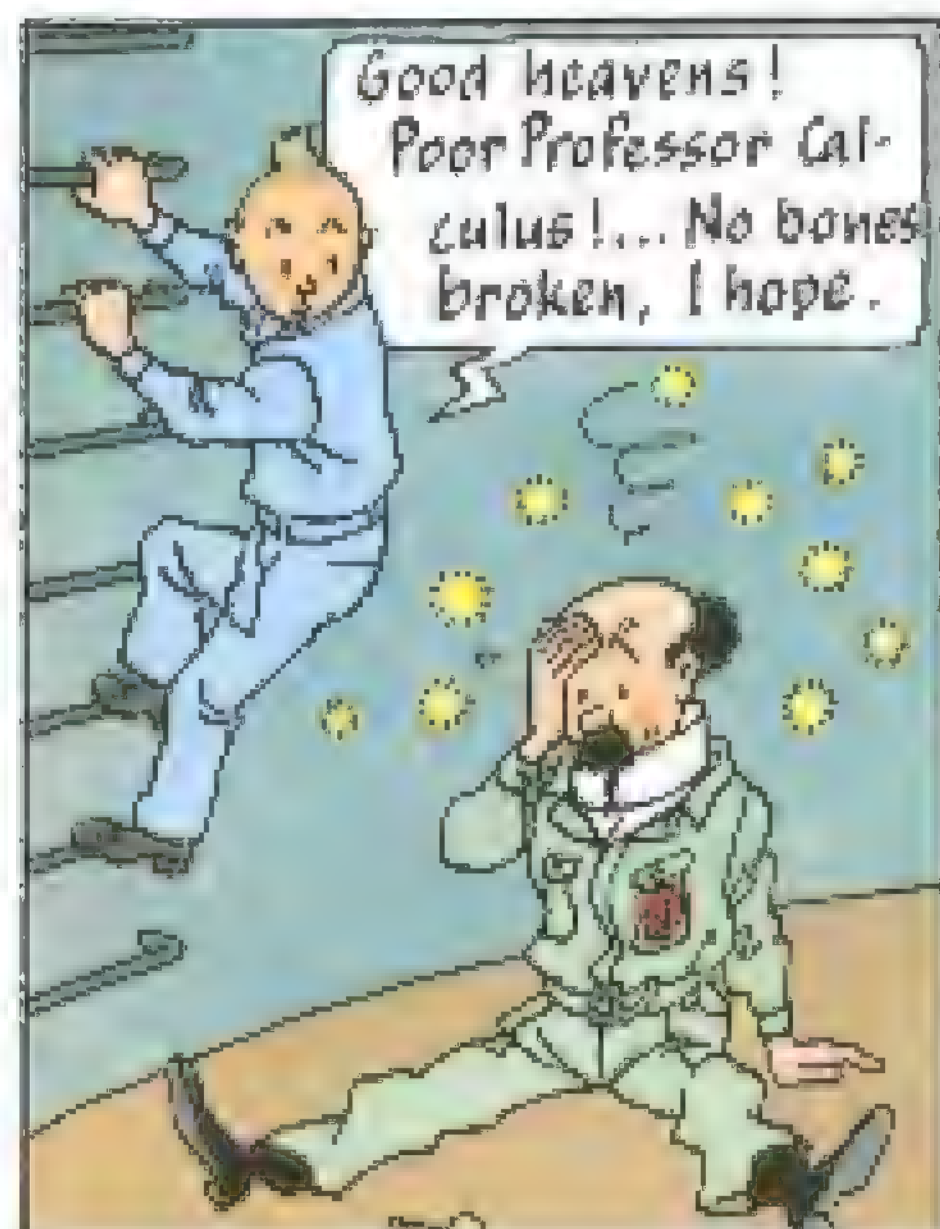
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



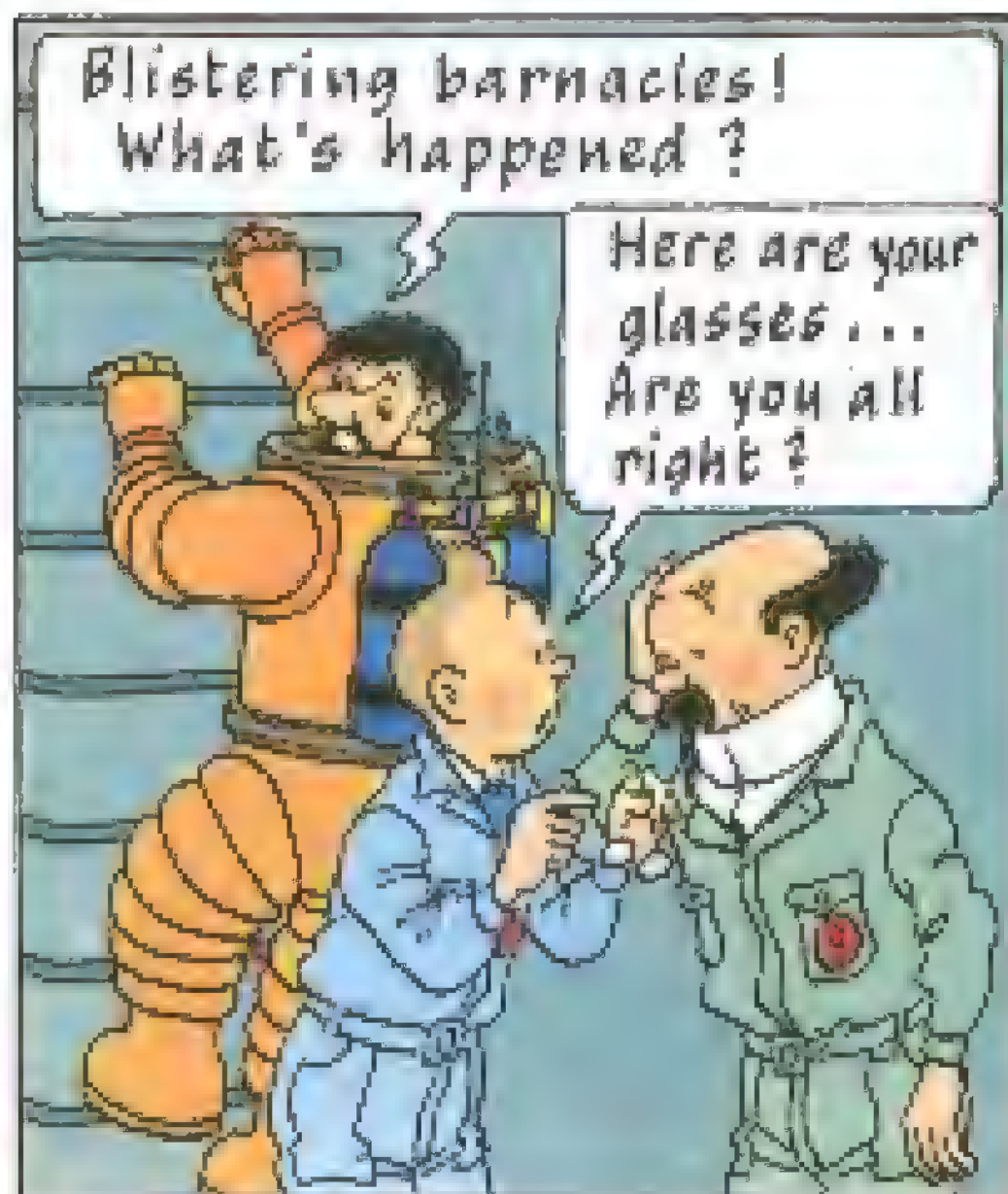
And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Blistering barnacles!



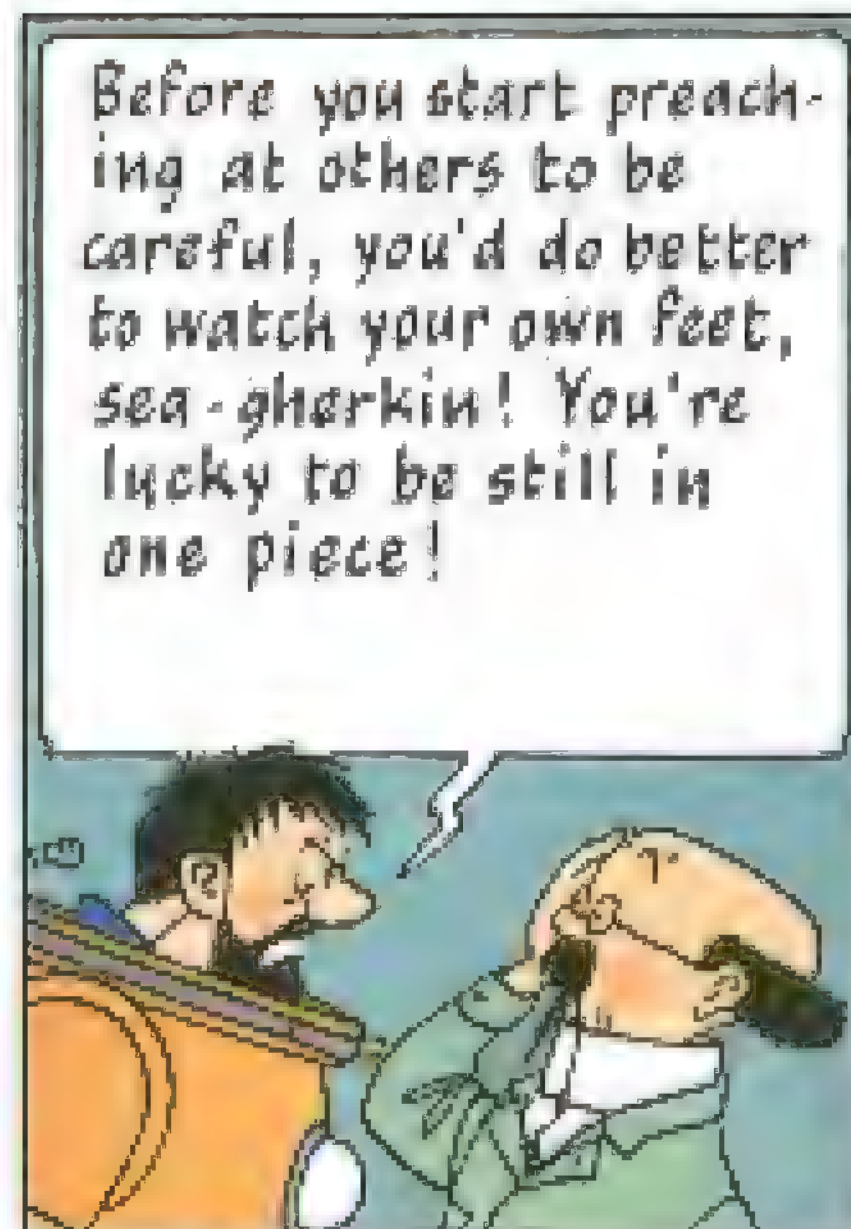


Good heavens!
Poor Professor Cal-
culus!... No bones
broken, I hope.



Blistering barnacles!
What's happened?

Here are your
glasses...
Are you all
right?



Before you start preach-
ing at others to be
careful, you'd do better
to watch your own feet,
sea-gherkin! You're
lucky to be still in
one piece!



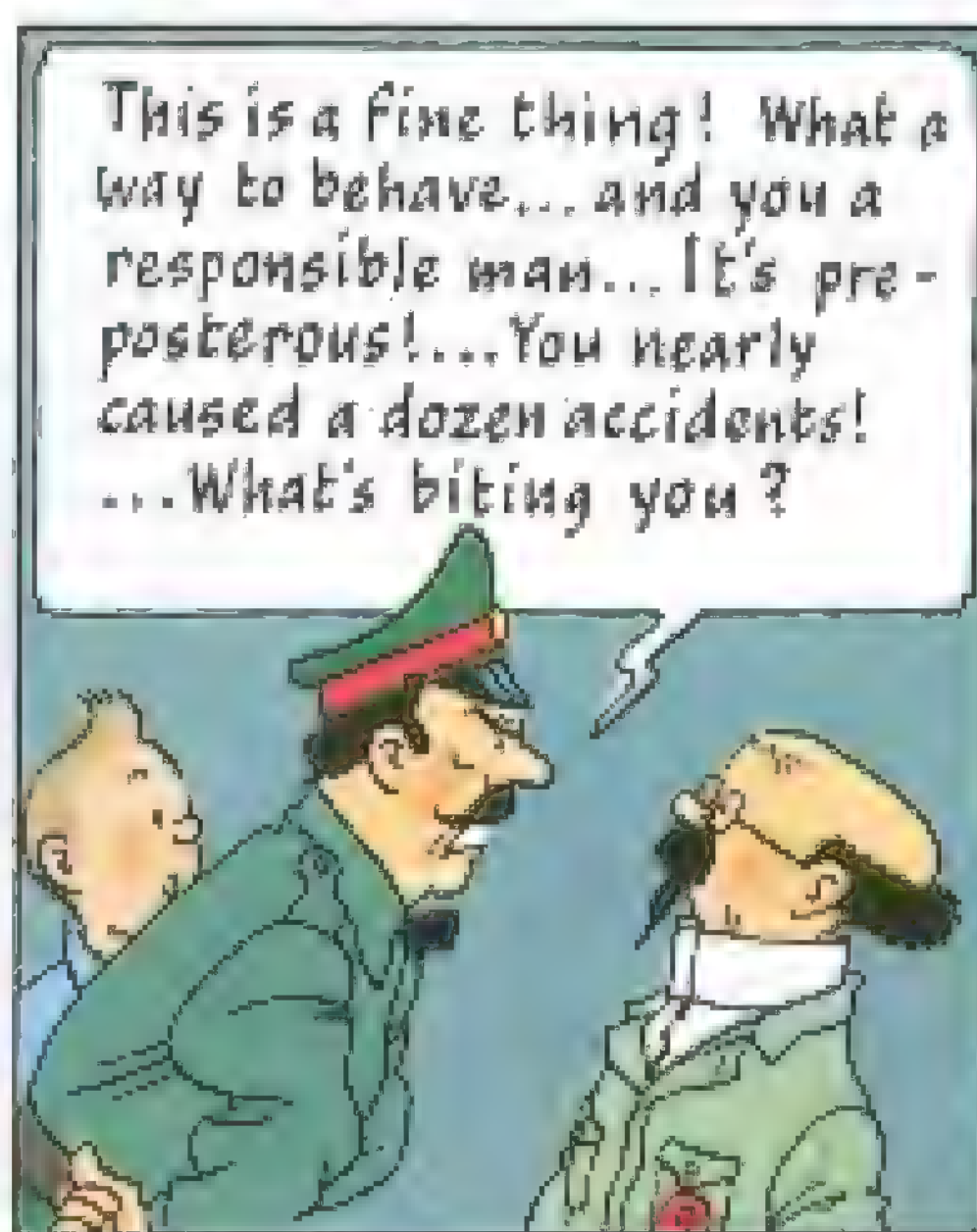
Who... who are you? And
what's that fancy dress?



Fancy dress?... Look here,
don't begin acting the...
er... I mean, don't try
pulling my leg! We've
had enough of that!
...



Ah, I've found
you at last,
Professor.



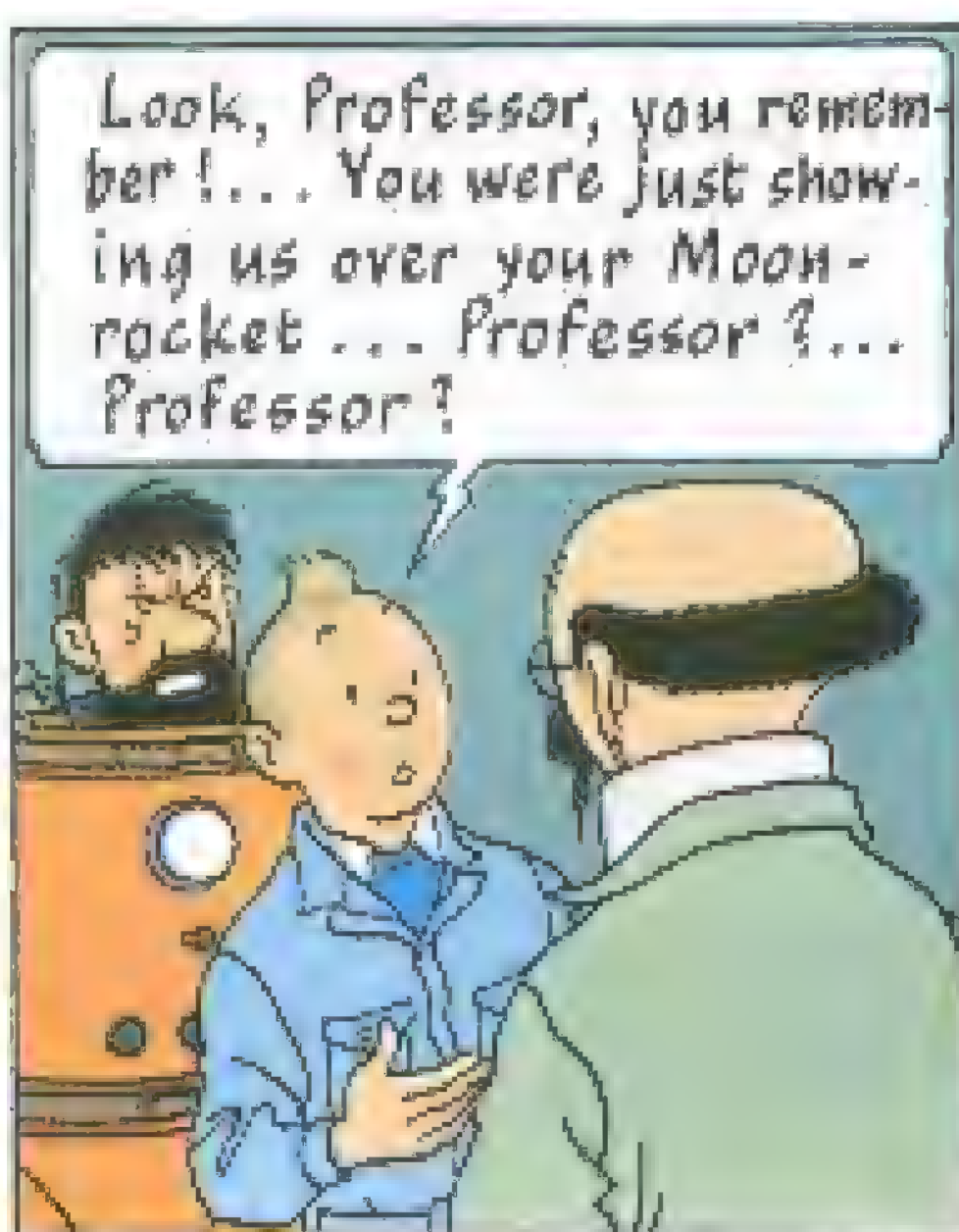
This is a fine thing! What a
way to behave... and you a
responsible man... It's pre-
posterous!... You nearly
caused a dozen accidents!
...What's biting you?



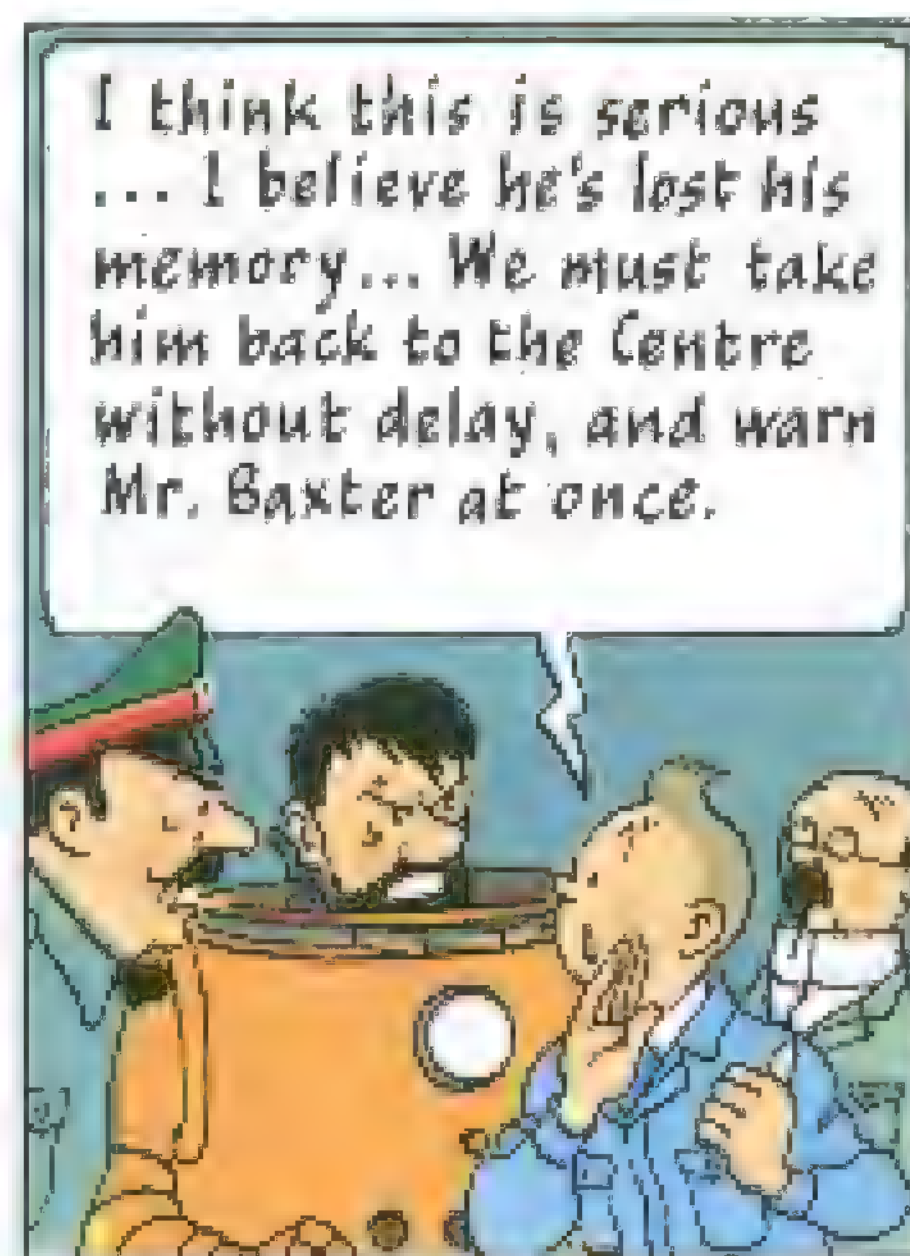
I... er... I don't understand
... What... what do you want?
... Where am I?



Where are you?... Billions
of blue blistering barnacles,
you know as well as we do
where you are, you
anacoluton!



Look, Professor, you remem-
ber!... You were just show-
ing us over your Moon-
rocket... Professor?...
Professor?



I think this is serious
... I believe he's lost his
memory... We must take
him back to the Centre
without delay, and warn
Mr. Baxter at once.



Calculus?... Amnesia?

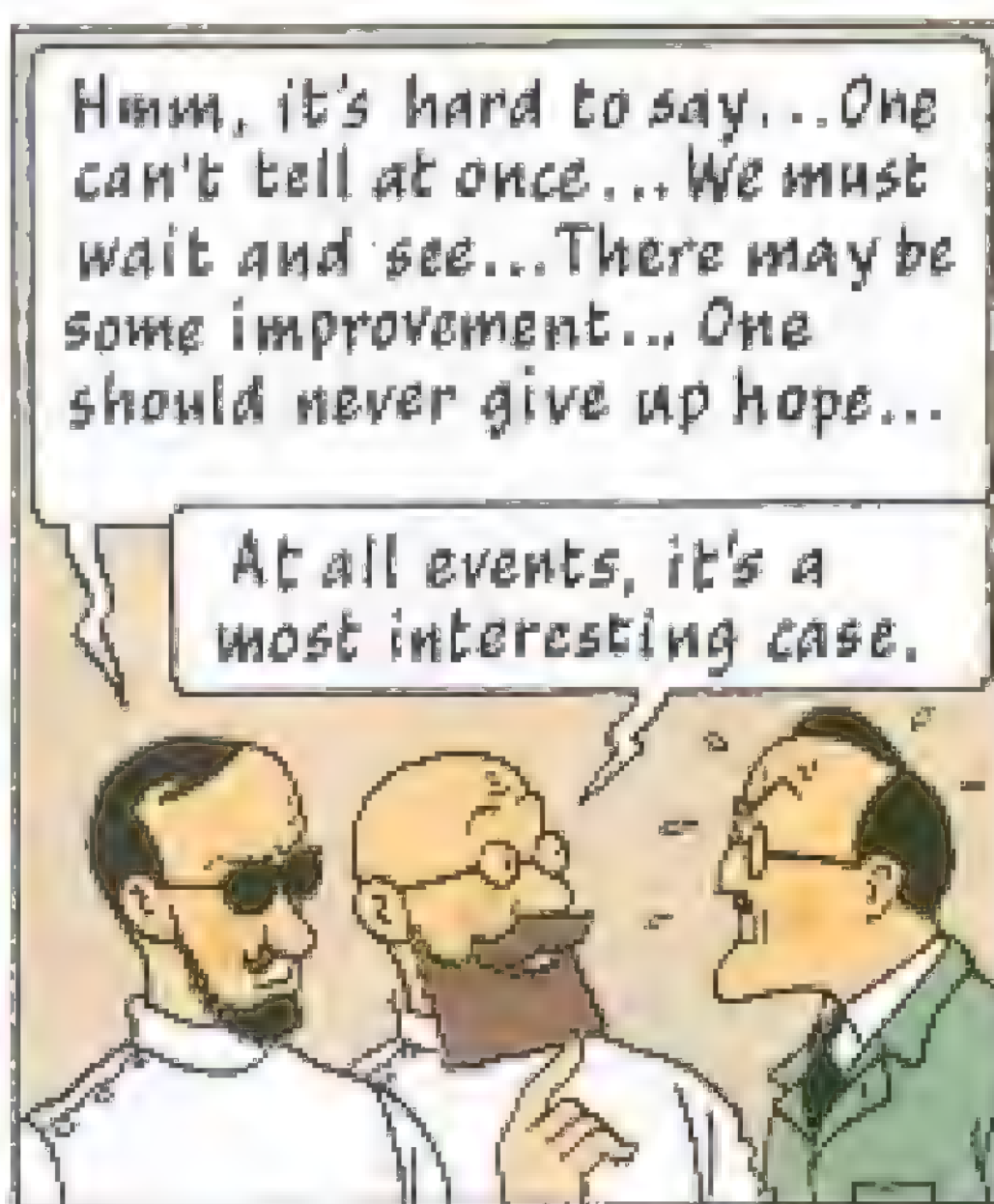
I'm afraid so...
The doctors are
examining him
now.



Well, gentlemen, it's not too bad is it?...
You'll cure him for us?

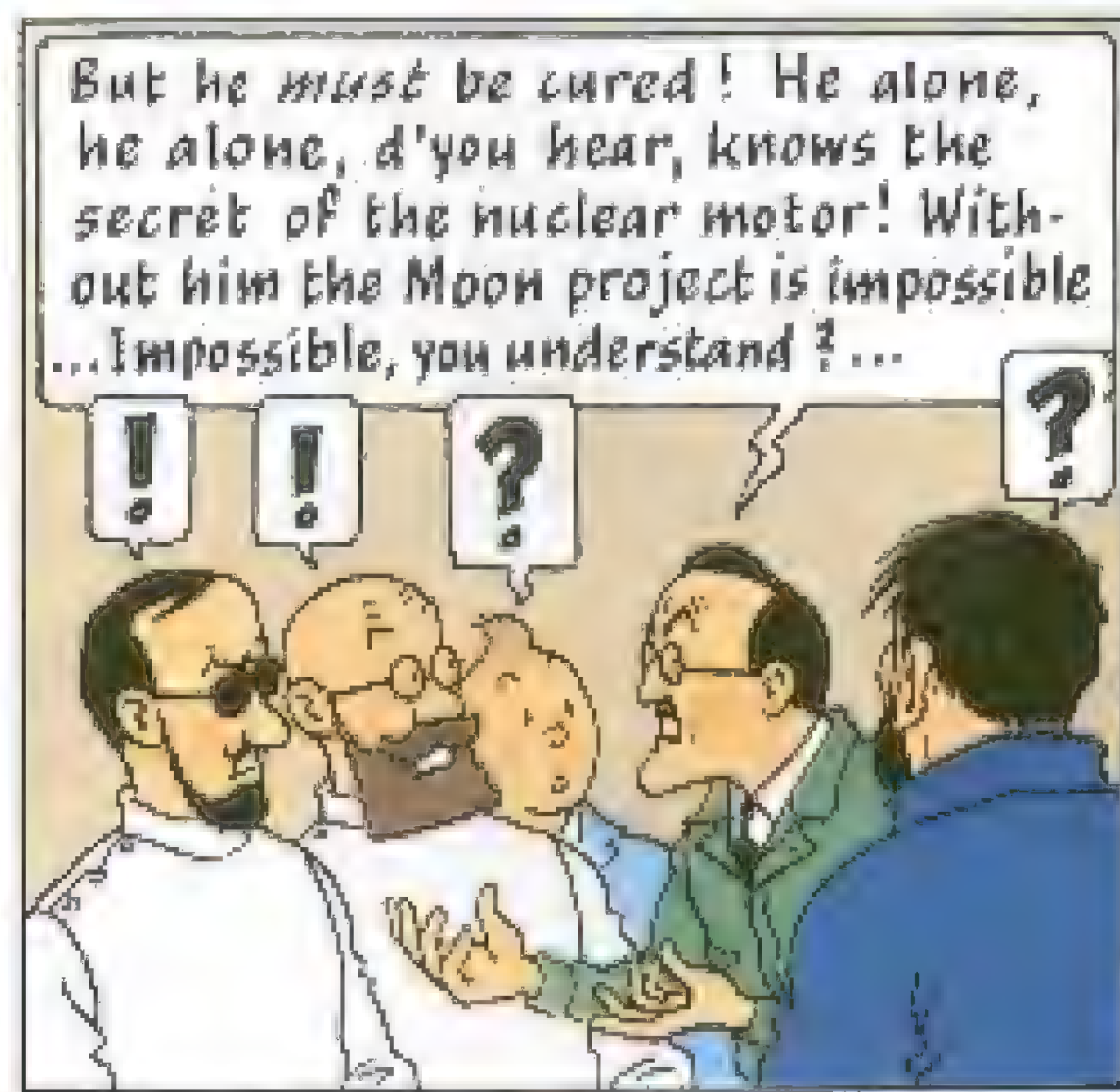
Hmm!

Hmm!

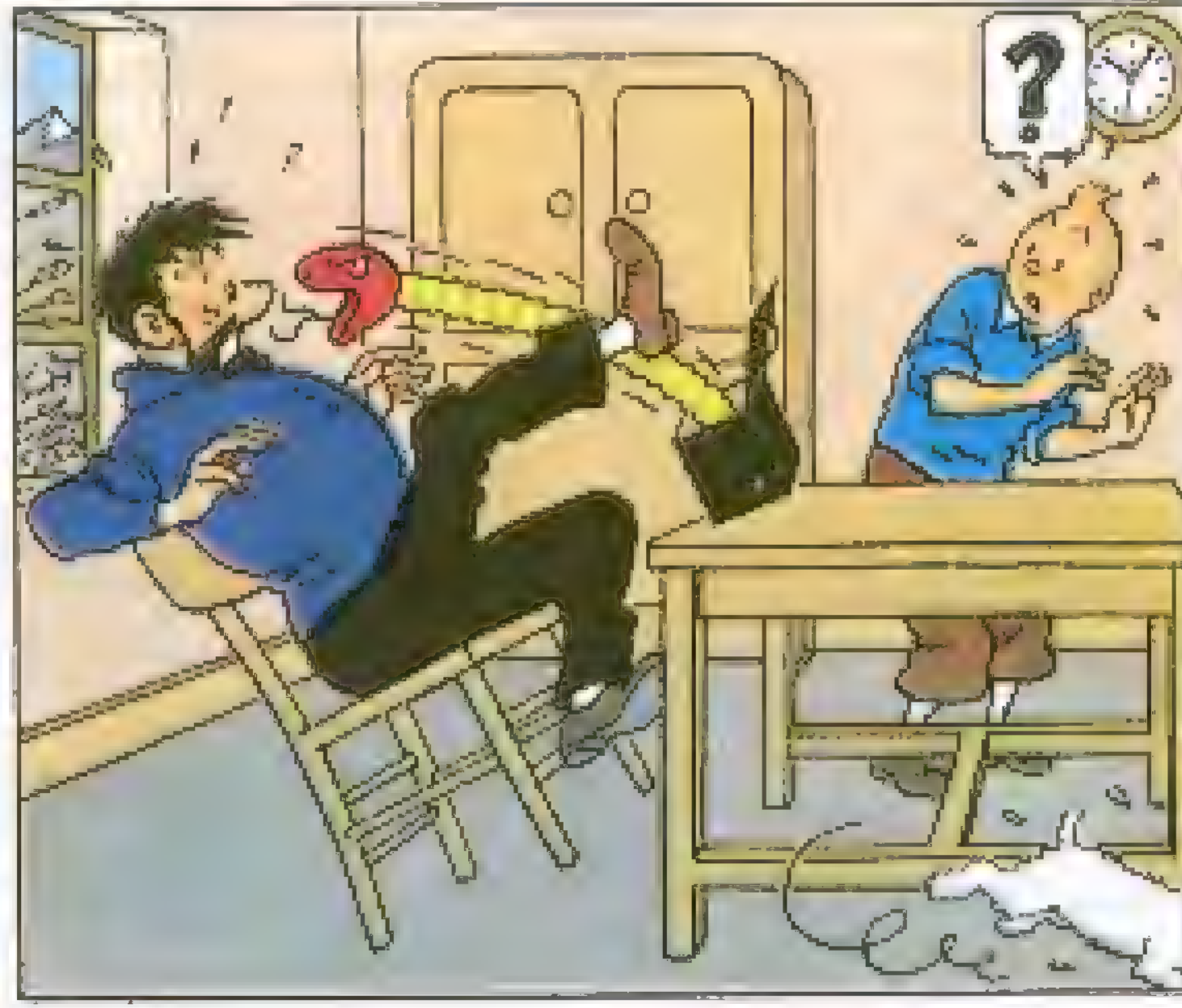
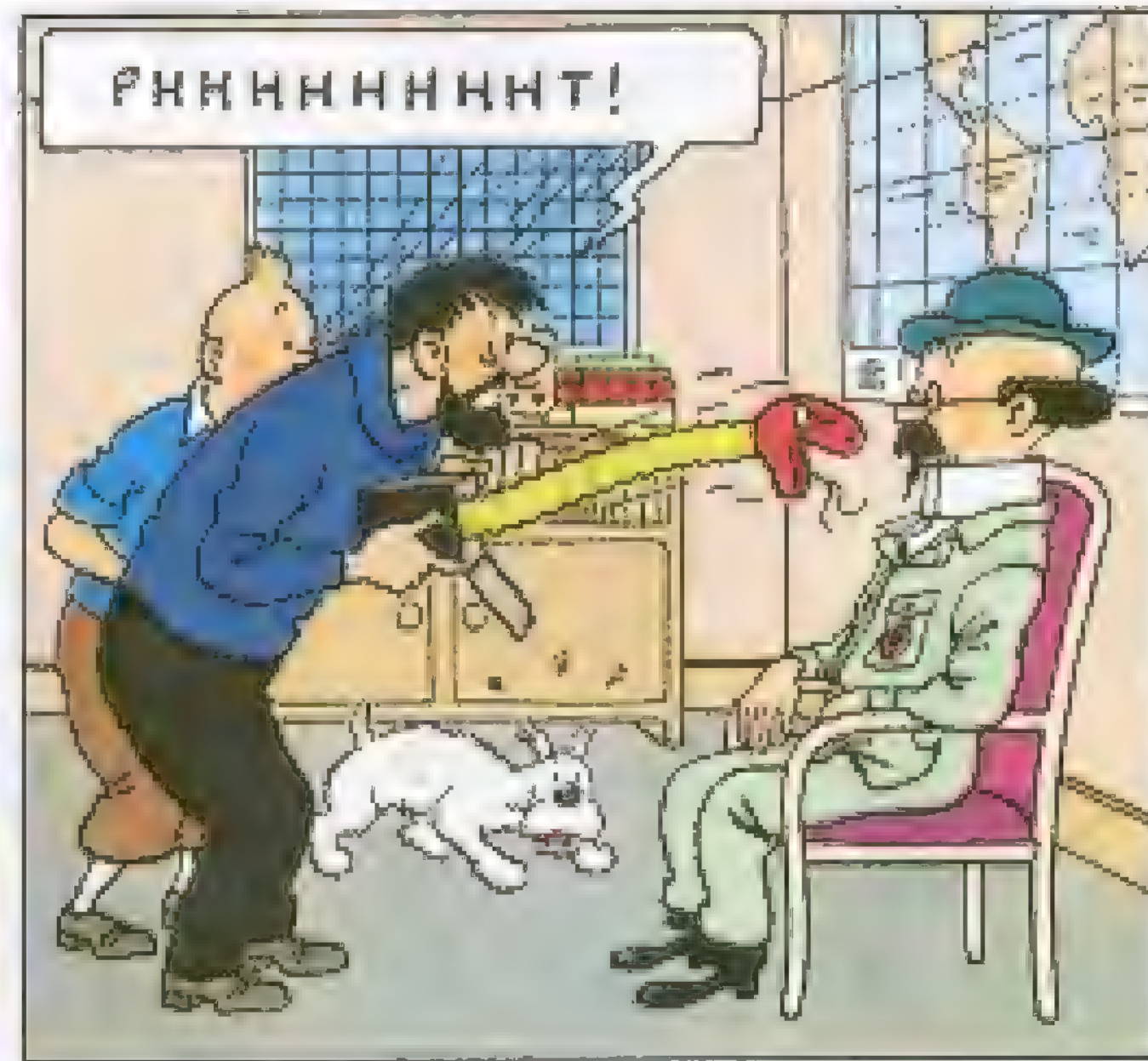
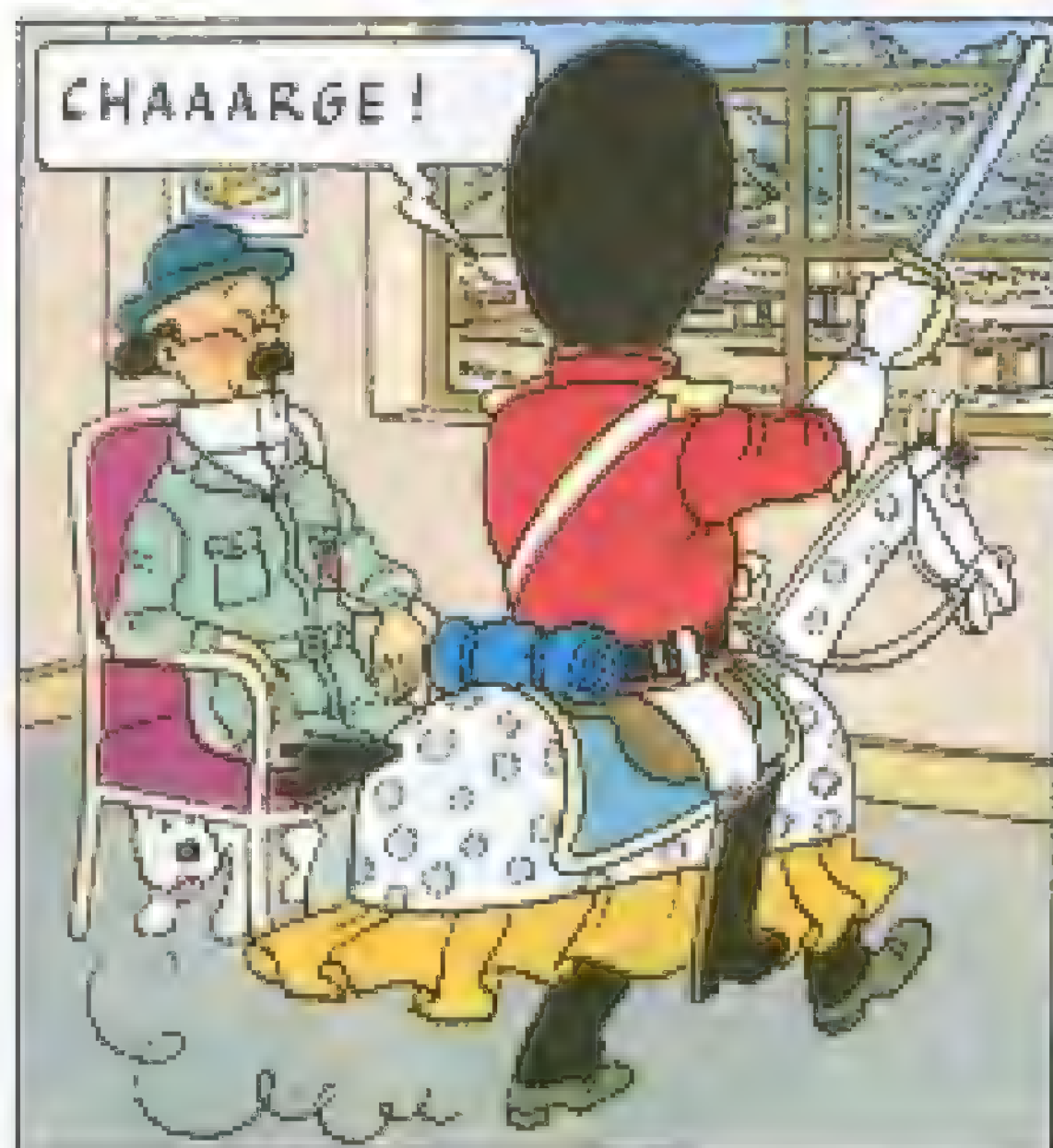


Hmm, it's hard to say... One
can't tell at once... We must
wait and see... There may be
some improvement... One
should never give up hope...

At all events, it's a
most interesting case.



But he must be cured! He alone,
he alone, d'you hear, knows the
secret of the nuclear motor! With-
out him the Moon project is impossible
... Impossible, you understand?...
! ! ?





The same evening...

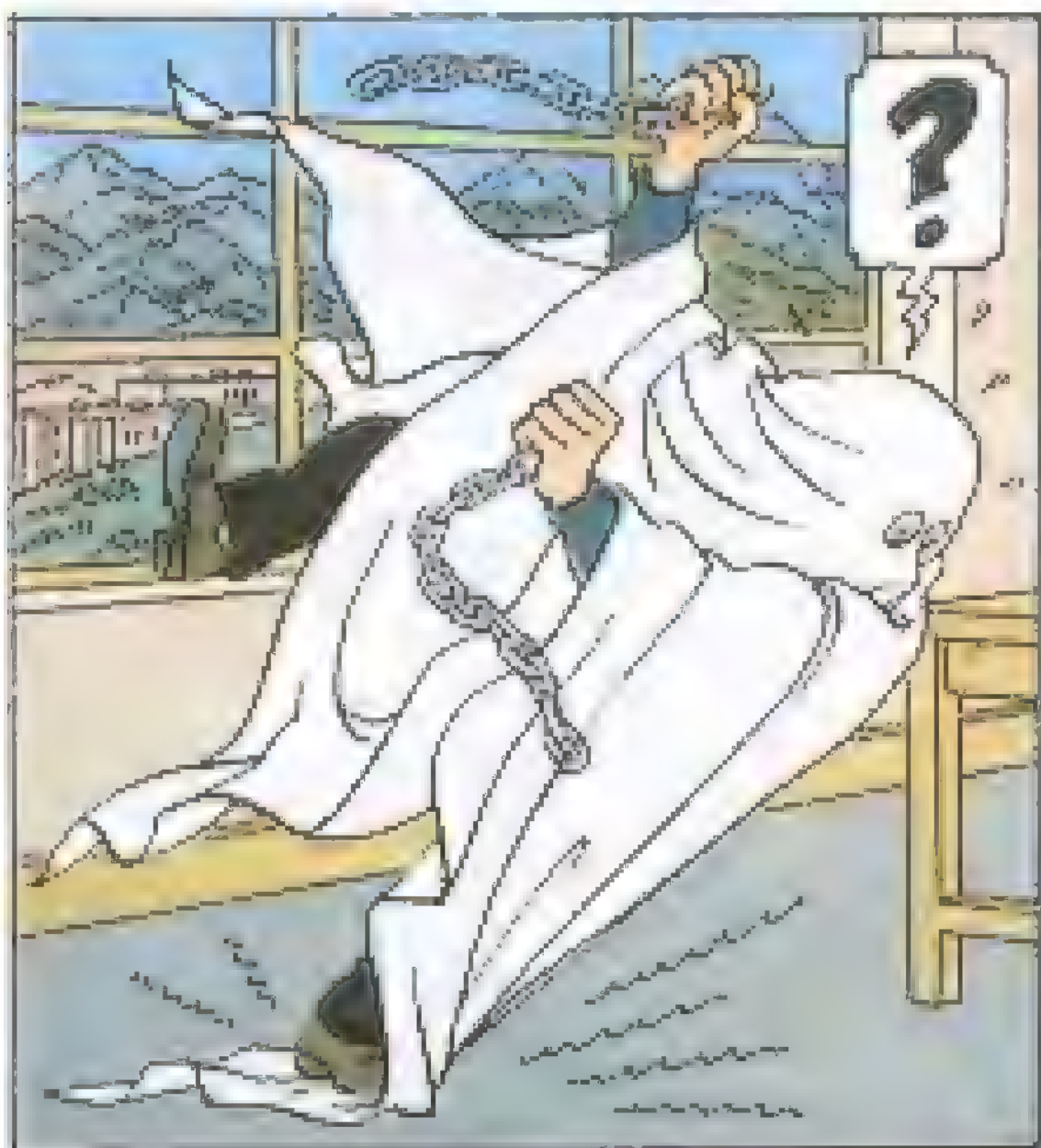
So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!



Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!



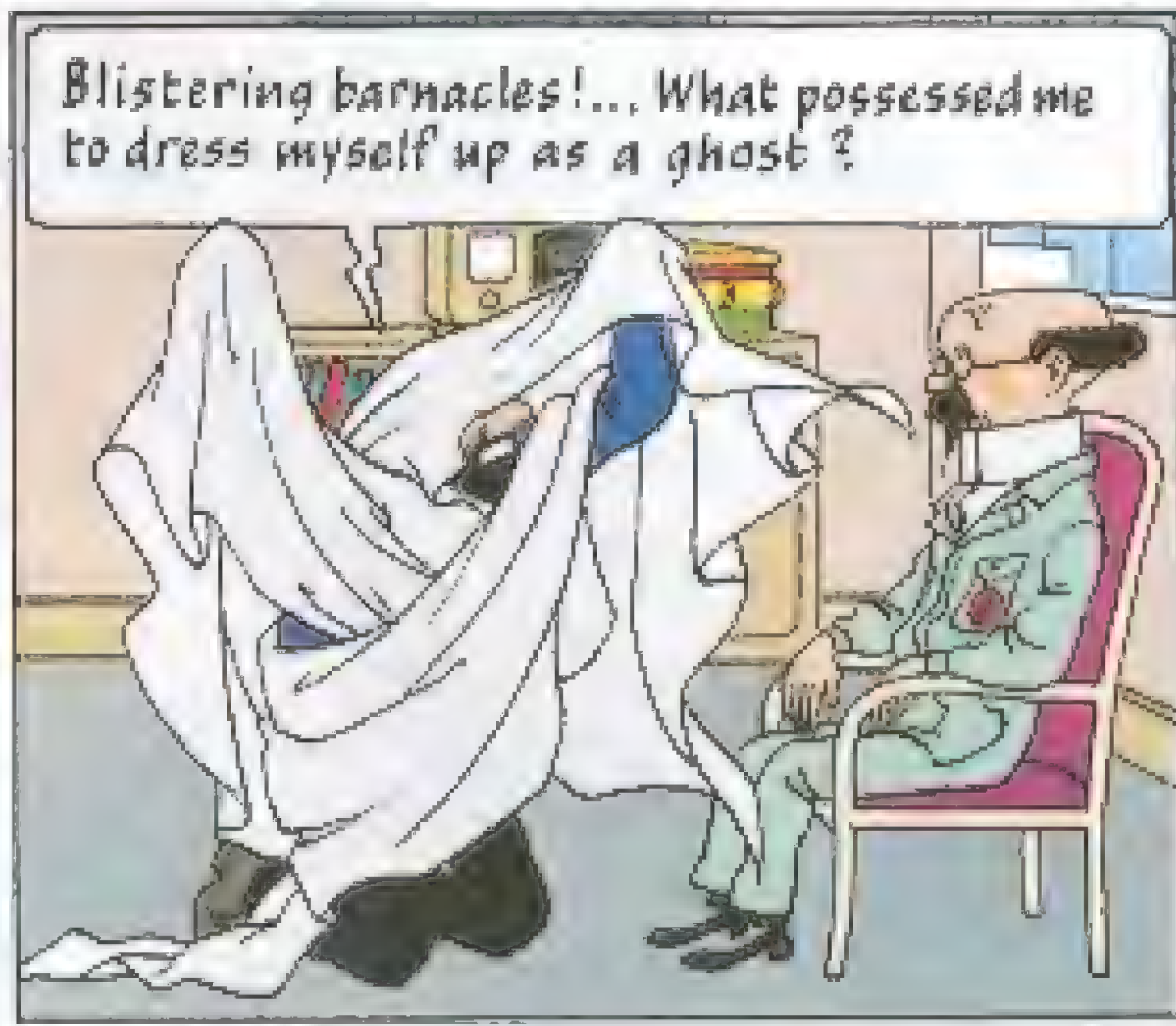
Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes! I have come for your soul!



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!



Blistering barnacles!... What possessed me to dress myself up as a ghost?



And he just sits there looking at me, the jelly-fish! You couldn't be frightened, could you? You moth-eaten marmot!



I suppose you think I'm enjoying myself, acting the goat!



You won't catch me trying to cure loss of memory again!



A GOAT?... ME!...

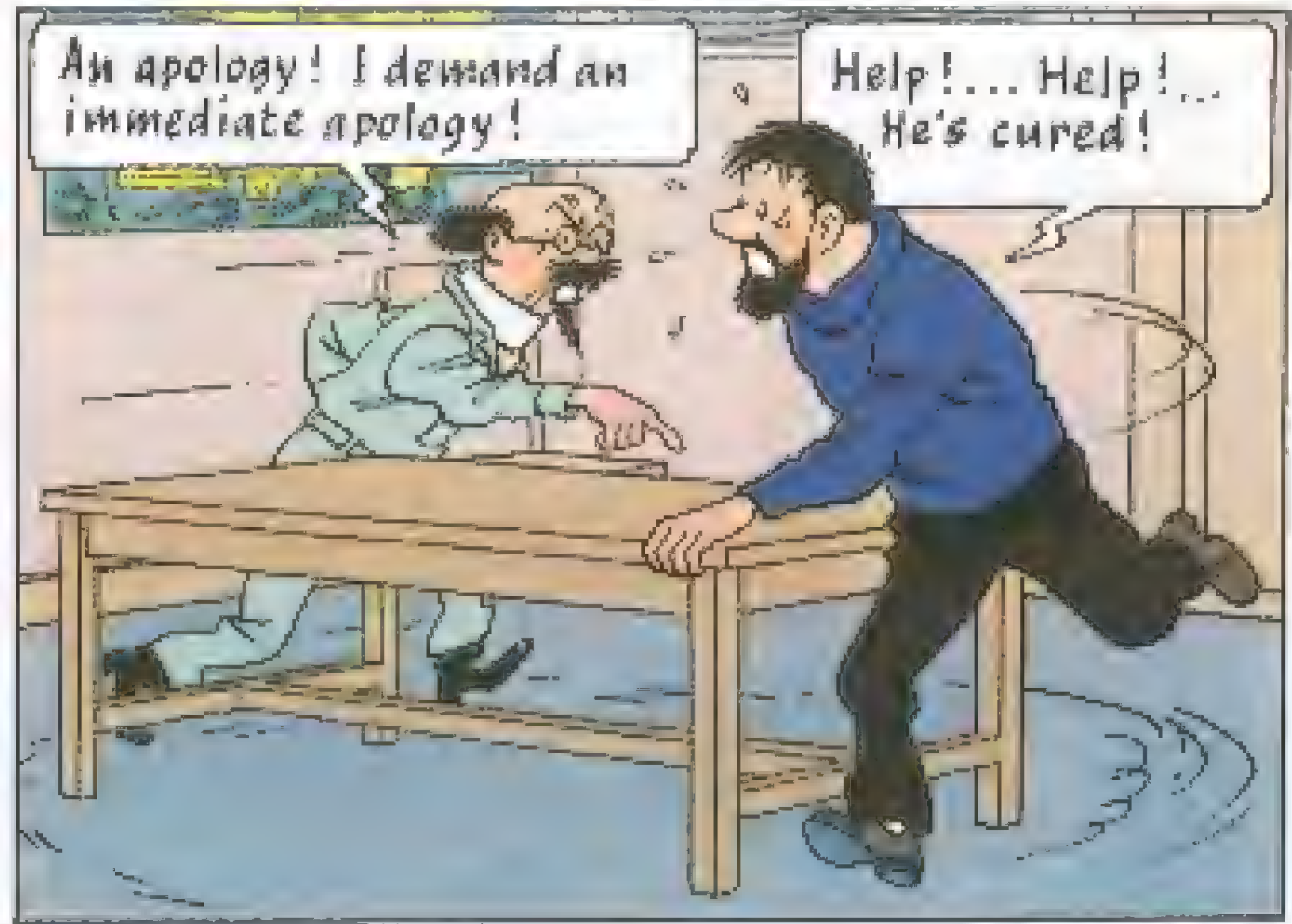


A goat!... A goat!... You dare call me a goat! ...This is too much! You're not getting away with that!



An apology! I demand an immediate apology!

Help!... Help!... He's cured!



A few minutes later...

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you!... Thanks to you Calculus has recovered!... This is splendid news!

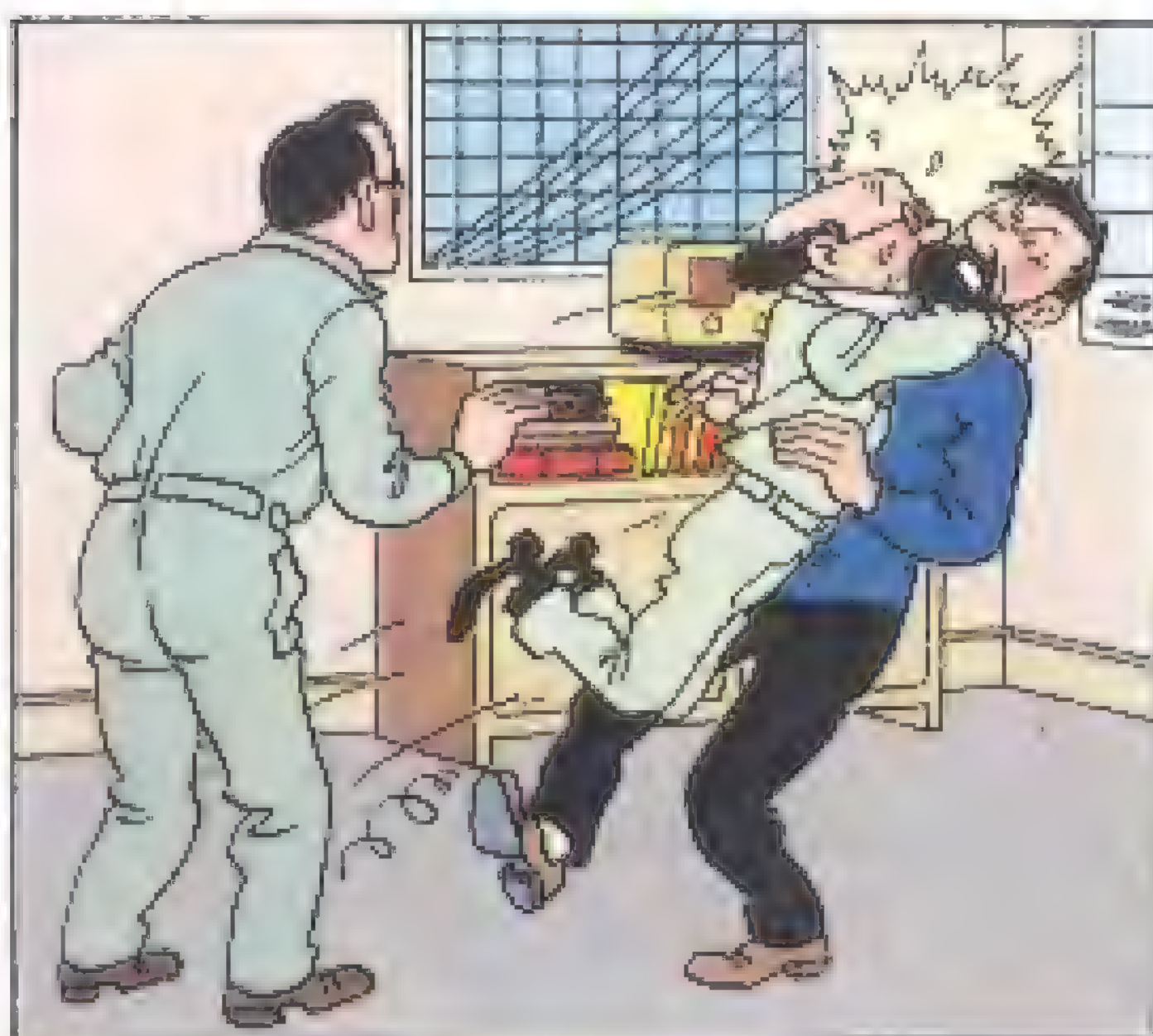
Er... I didn't do much.

Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible... Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain!... Give me your hand!



They've told me everything: about my loss of memory, and your devoted care... I thank you, Captain, from the bottom of my heart!

I'm... I'm very touched.

I thank you too in the name of Science! You have made possible the journey to the Moon... I shall never forget that!

And neither shall I!

The same evening...

Here's a signal from K.23, sir!

Oh, news from the Main Workshop? Let's hope it is better than last time.

"M.23.301... Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn... Reply: "M.23.301 received. Operation Ulysses will proceed according to plan."

The days go by...



... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, Wolff, are in charge of provisioning and equipment. How are you getting along?

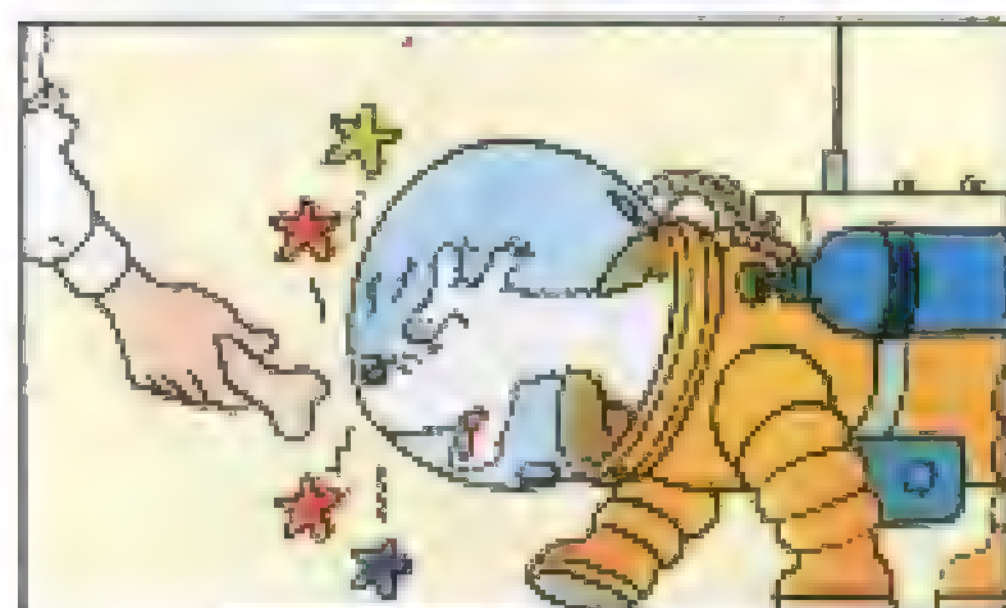
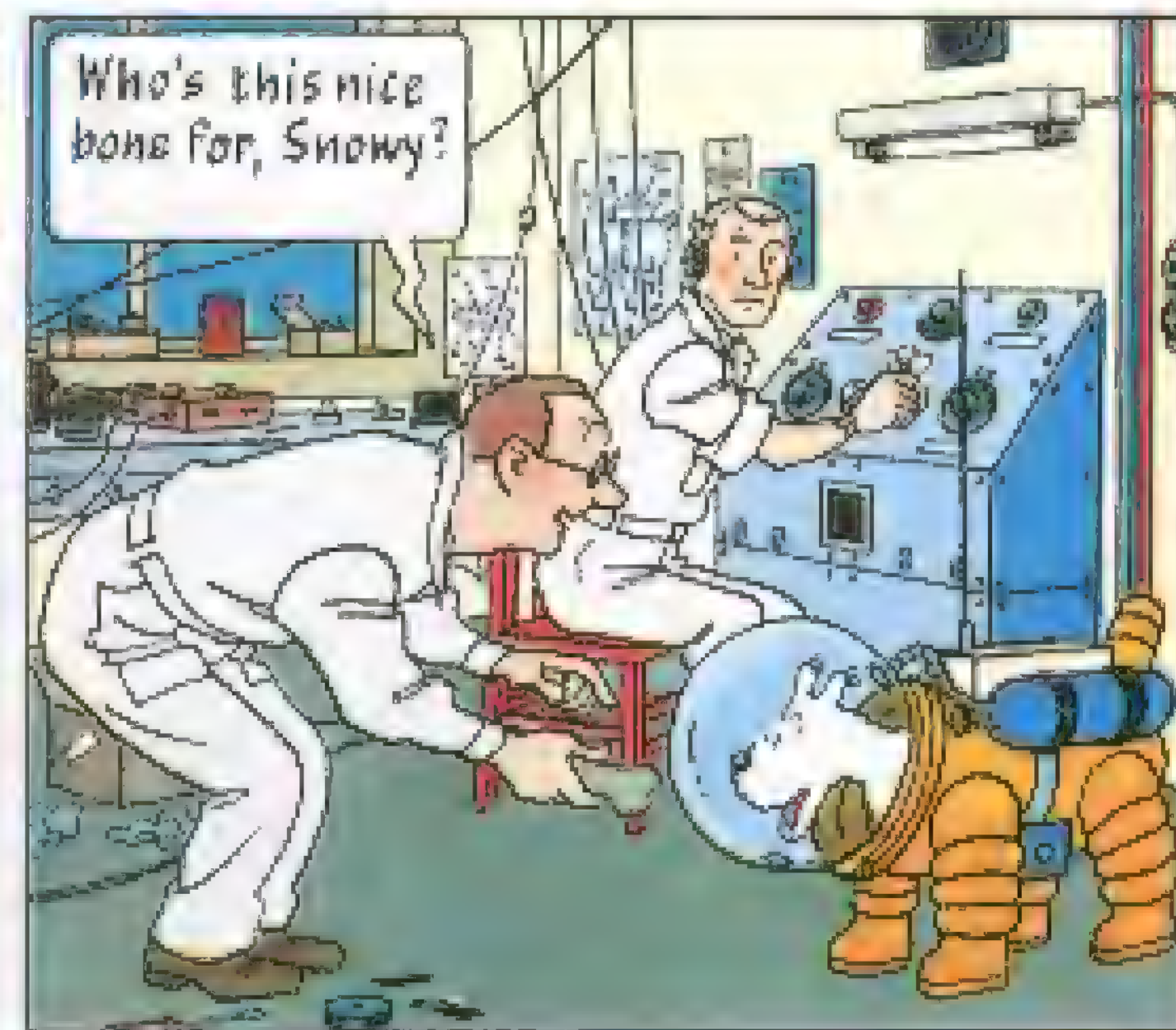
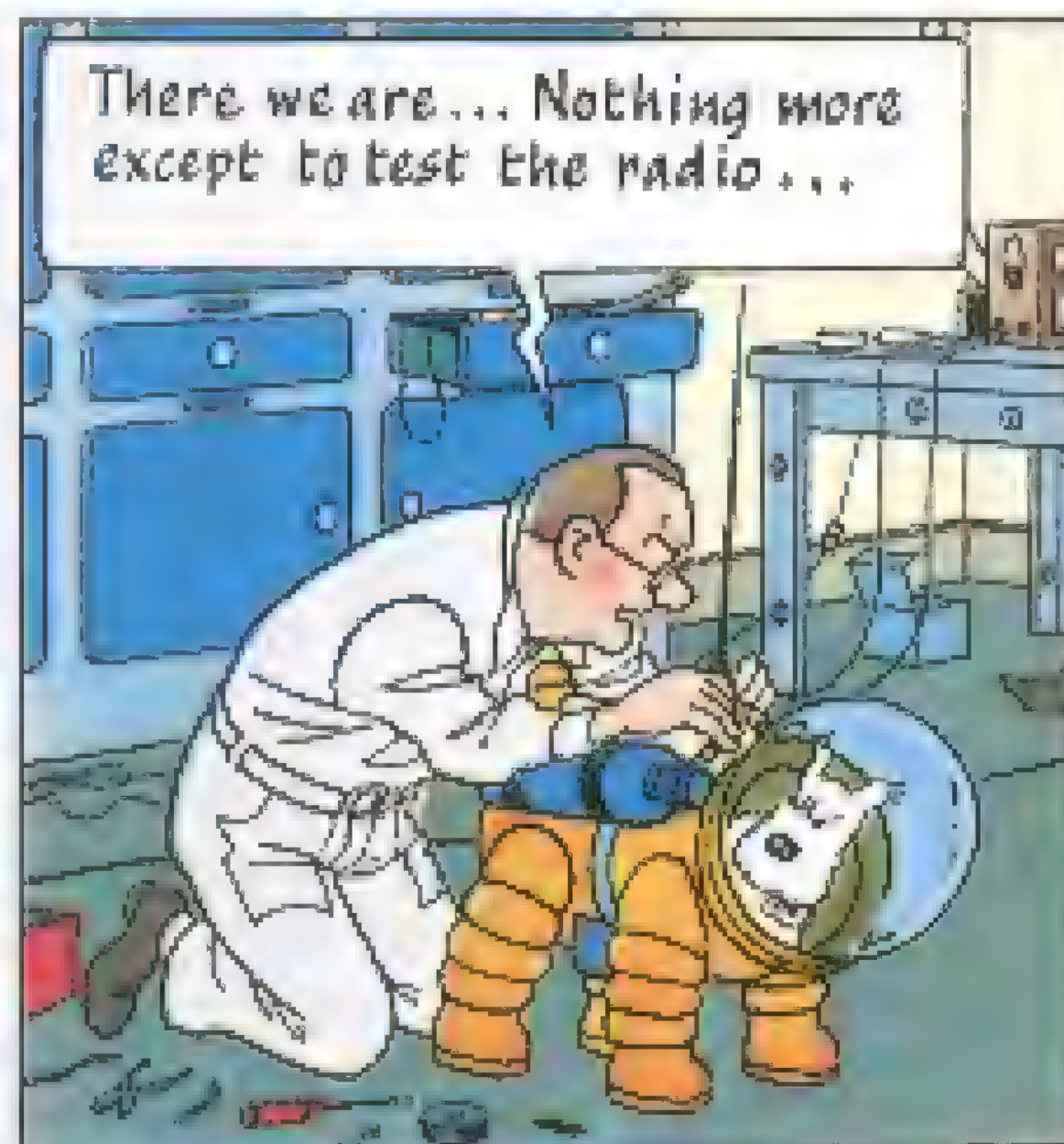
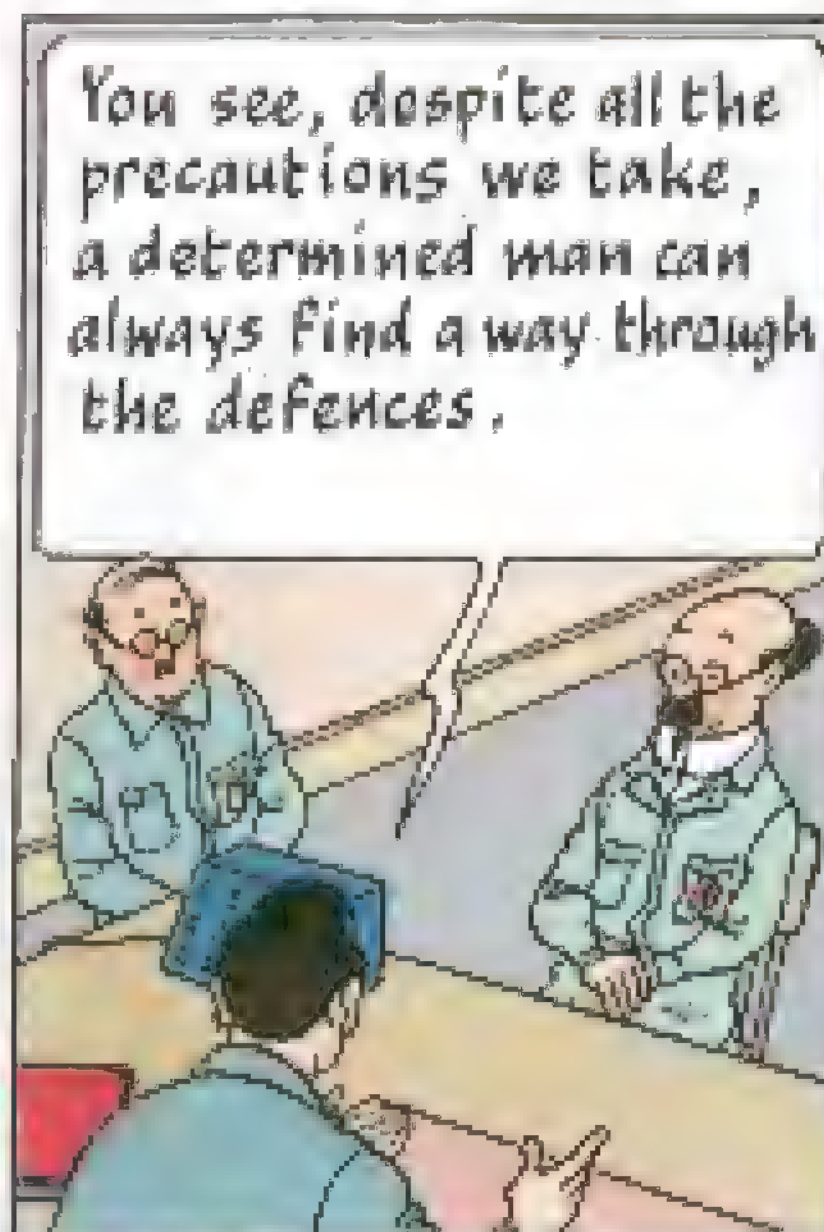
The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.

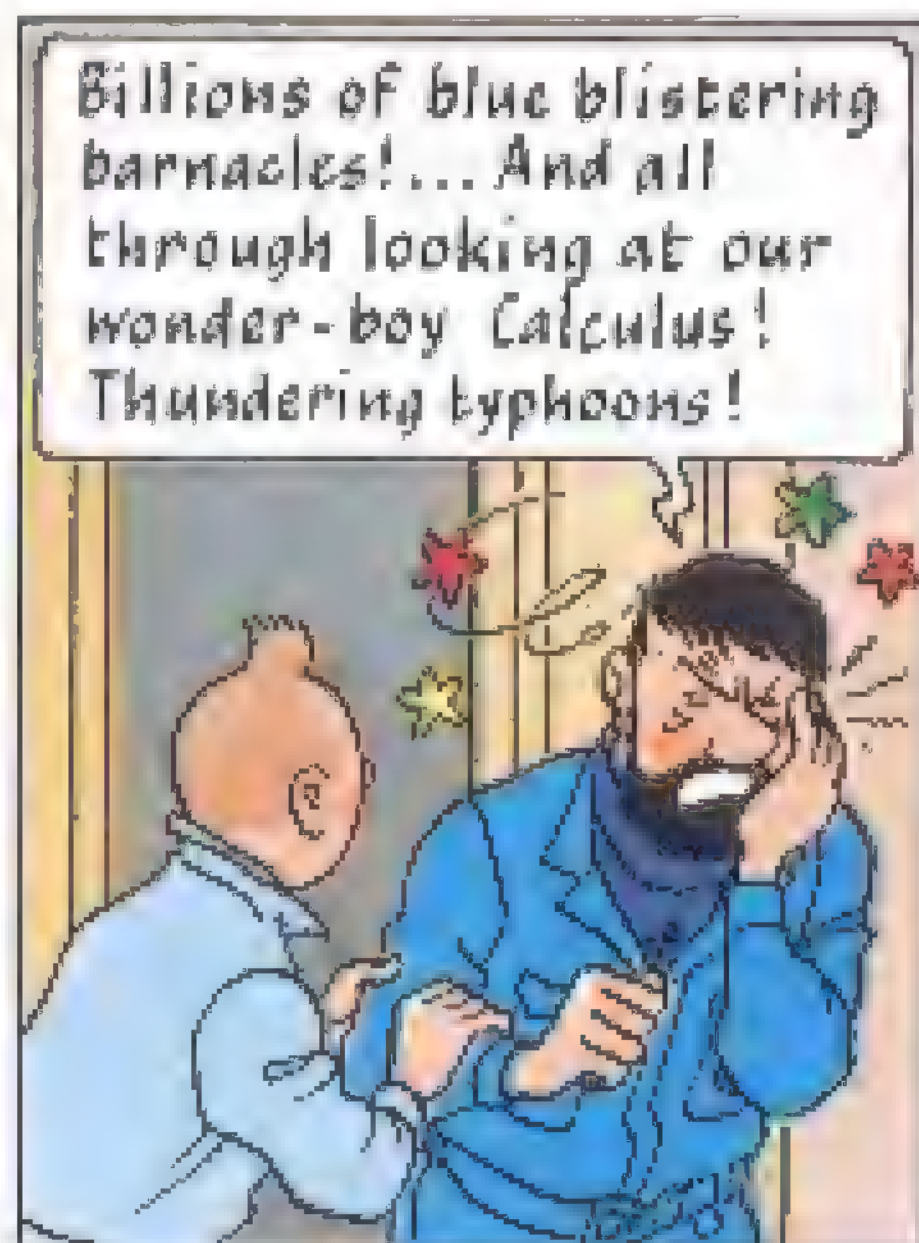
Unfortunately the factory at Oberköchen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure... In that case I...

Excuse me one moment.

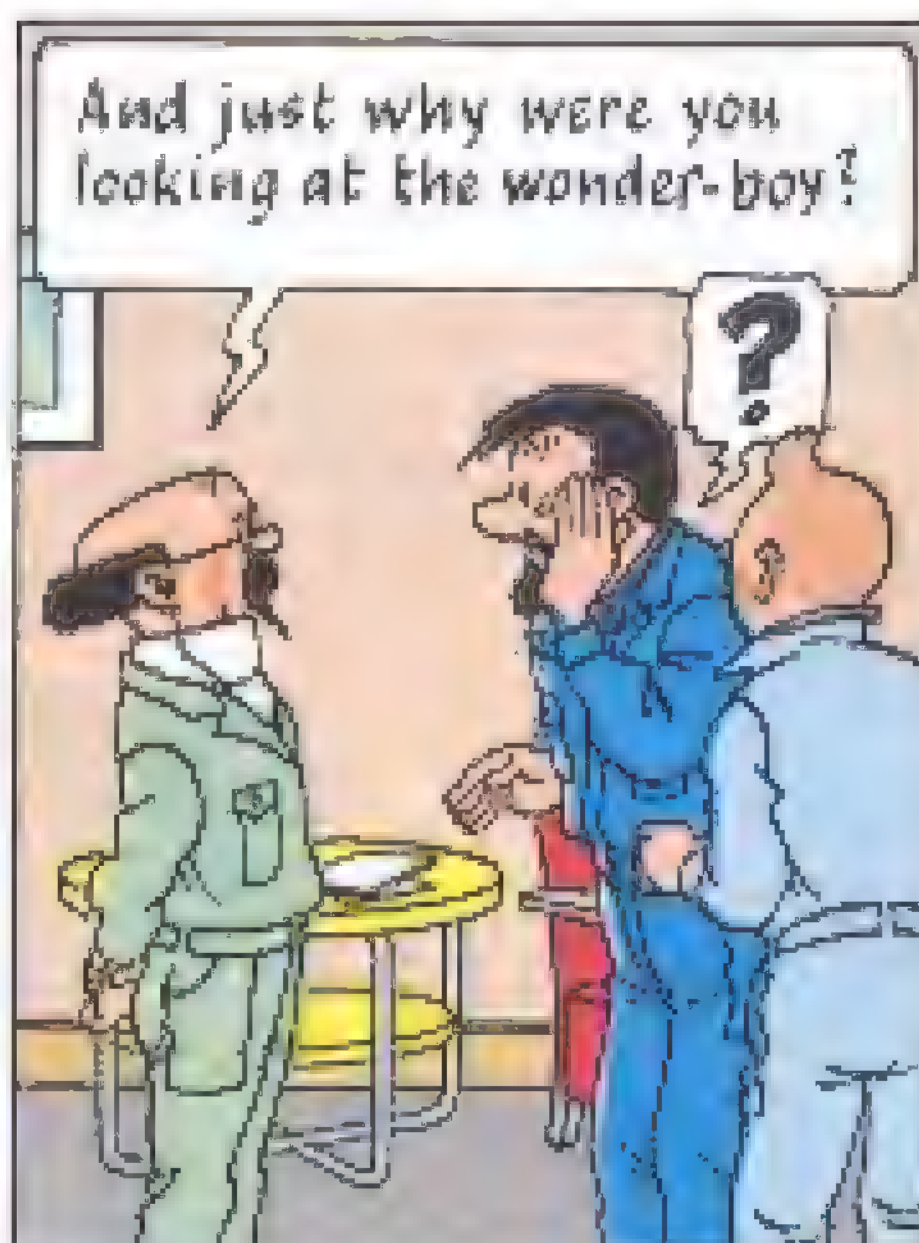
Hello... Yes... What? Inside the Security Area? ...Three?... You're questioning them?... All right. Keep me informed.







Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... And all through looking at our wonder-boy Calculus! Thundering typhoons!

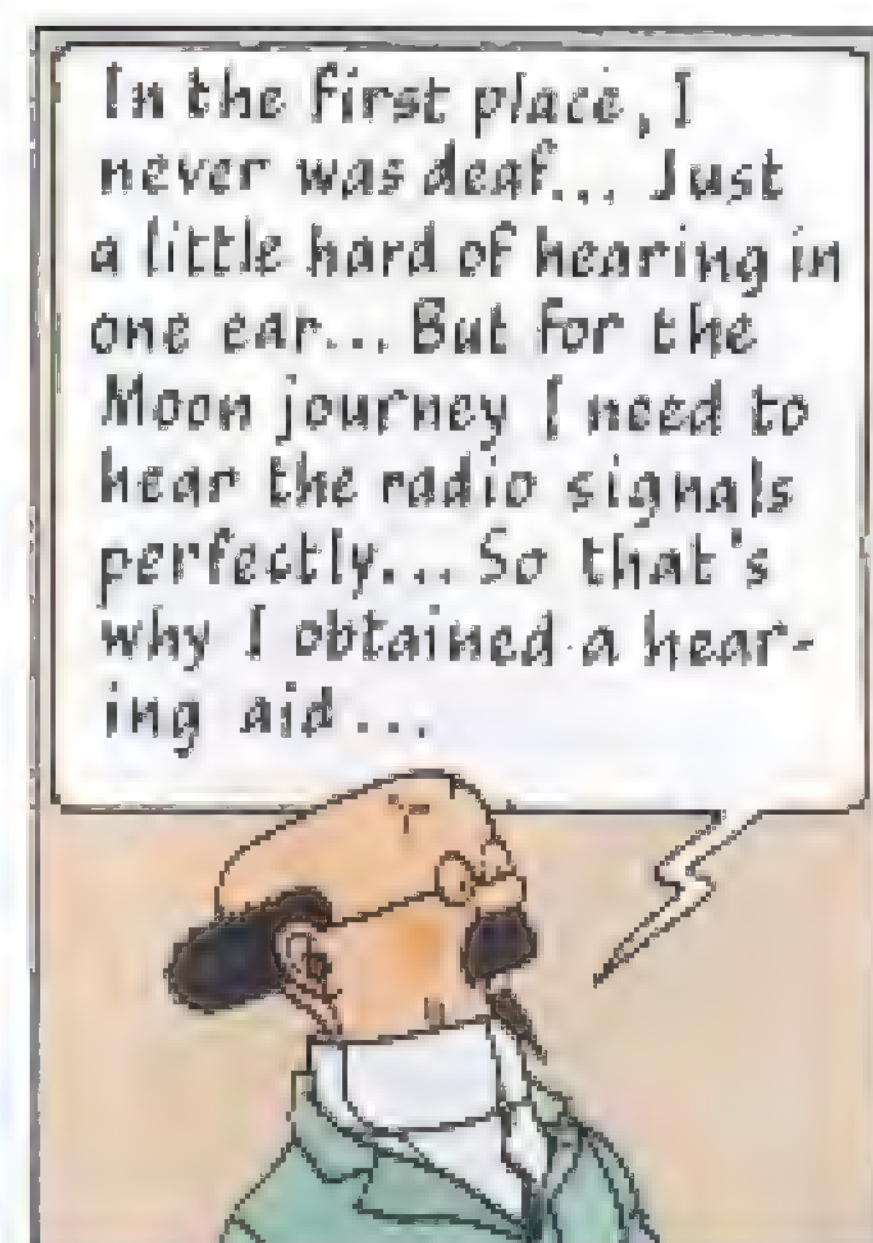


And just why were you looking at the wonder-boy?



There, you see?... He isn't deaf any more! He can hear as well as you and me!

Oh, now I understand.



In the first place, I never was deaf... Just a little hard of hearing in one ear... But for the Moon journey I need to hear the radio signals perfectly... So that's why I obtained a hearing aid...



You couldn't have told us before, could you?... And stopped me from bumping into that door!... And of all the crazy things...

But...

He's right: let's close this door.



... to keep leaving doors open...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Who's the joker who shut this door?... Why couldn't he wait till I'd gone out?...



Thundering typhoons! I forgot to pick up my pipe.



They've left that door open again!



Poor Captain Haddock... Never any luck!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Did you do that on purpose?

I'm awfully sorry, but how could I know you were coming back?



That's the last time a door wallops me! ... Ah, here's my pipe... Lucky it isn't broken!



Good news, Mr. Baxter!



Meanwhile...

Your mind's made up, Colonel?

Absolutely!... Don't forget that I have an old score to settle with our young friend Tintin!



Why?... What do you mean?



Well, you're very wise not to go on such a wild goose chase!... It's a ridiculous idea!... Besides, at your age it would be sheer madness!

To be precise: sheer madness at your age.

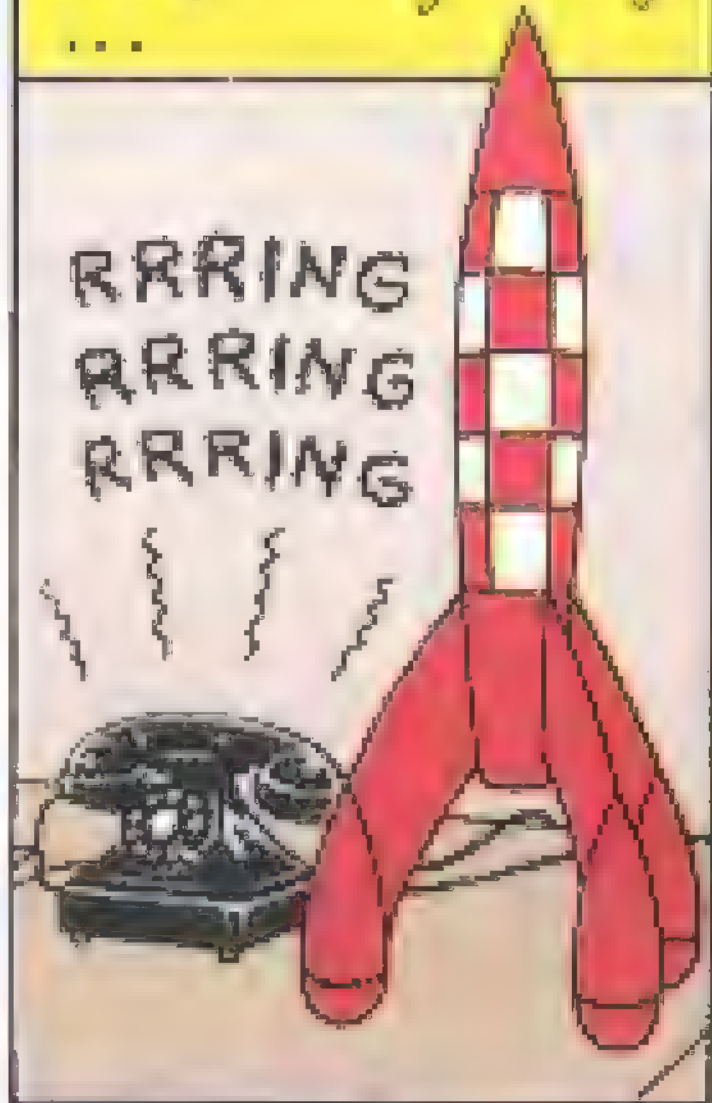


What? At my age?!... I suppose you take me for a rusty old tub, ready for the scrap-heap?... You'll see how old I am, you Bashibazouks!... I'm going, d'you hear?... And I'll send you a postcard from the Moon!



The following Monday...

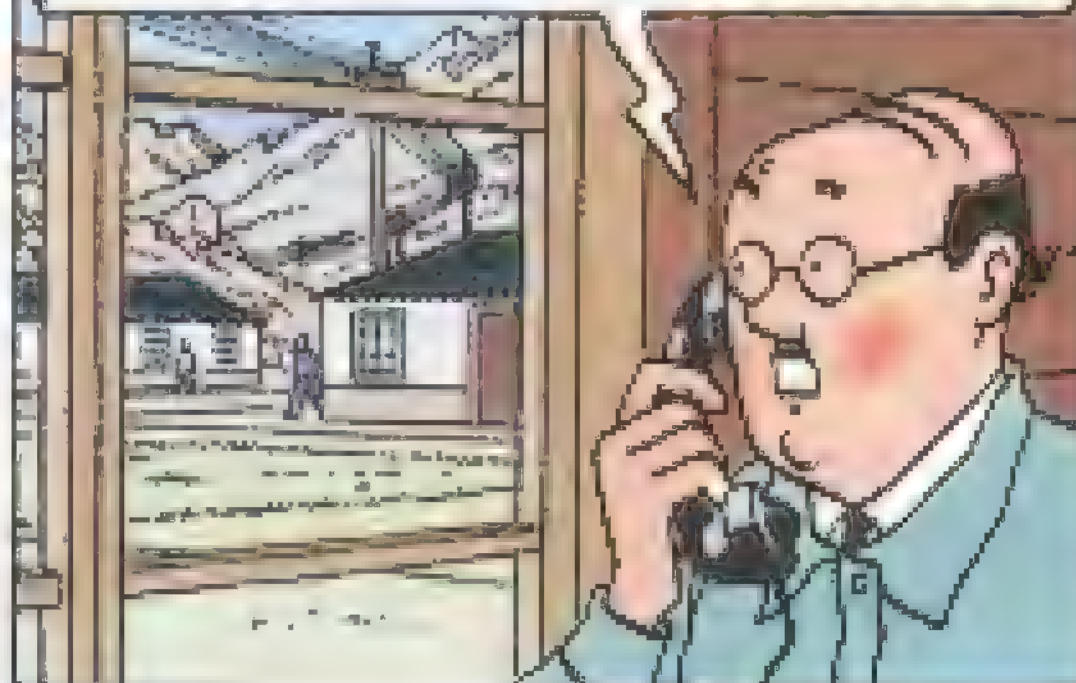
RRRING
RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Yes... Oh, it's you Wolff... What is it?...

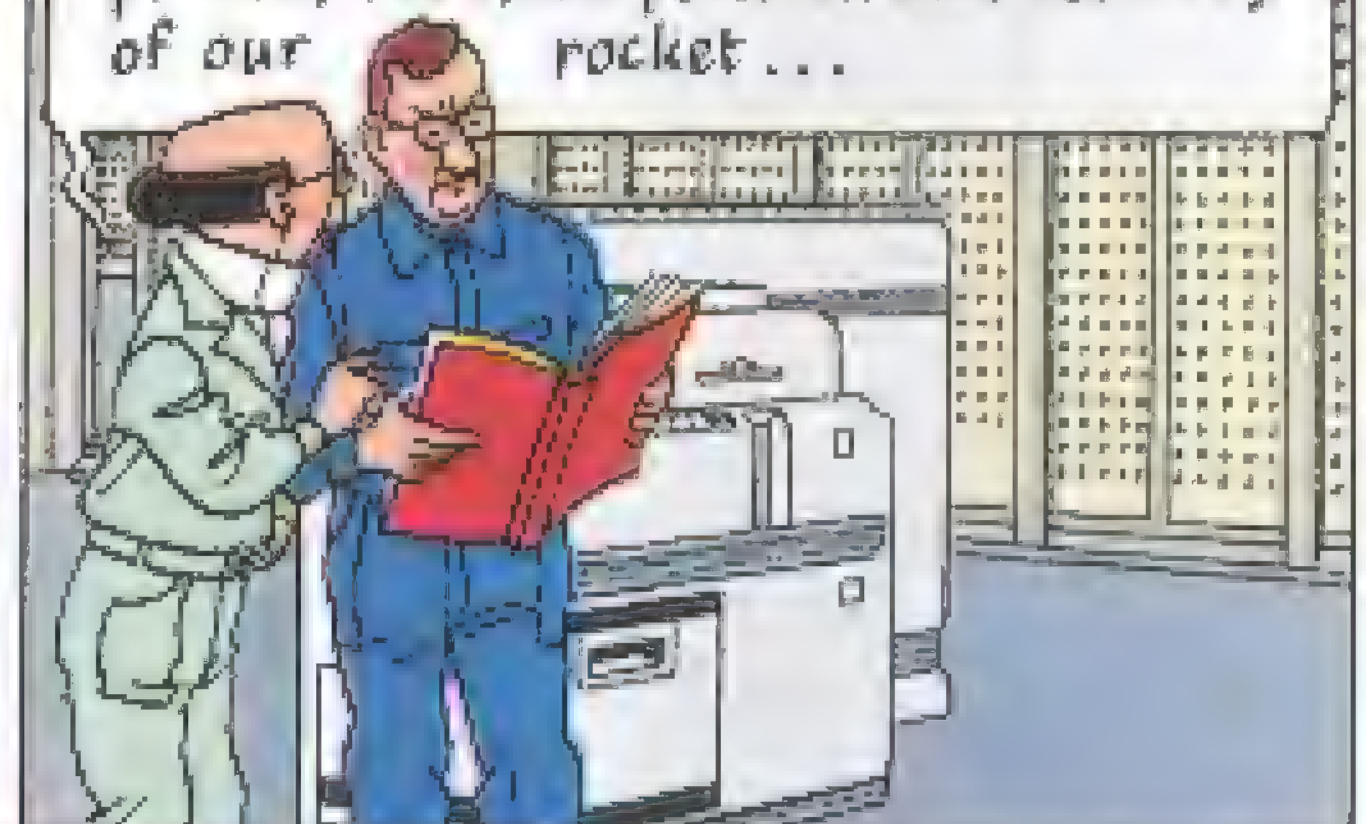


The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now... The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...



Meanwhile...

From these tables you can tell instantly, with the aid of your electronic computers, the exact position and velocity of our rocket...



Good gracious Captain, what an enormous letter!

This is no letter, young man... it's my Will!



And that evening...

Gentlemen, the great day-or rather, the great night- has arrived... In a few hours you will embark upon the greatest adventure the world has ever known... How anxiously we shall follow your progress towards the Moon!



For you will certainly run grave risks... A simple short-circuit means a crash on the Earth or the Moon, or an everlasting journey in space... There are great hazards on landing, and taking off from the Moon... You may be pulverised by meteorites...



You are aware of all these dangers, and you have chosen to brave them... But there is another thing... The fate of the trial rocket could be re-enacted... Our enemies could try to divert you from your course by giving you false directions, in order to seize the rocket...



It looks like being a jolly outing!



Never fear Mr. Baxter... We would all prefer to blow ourselves up, rather than let that happen!



Good-evening, Minister... This is Miller speaking... I've just received the following signal: "Mission completed. Operation Ulysses going ahead." All is well!





Slow yourselves up? I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle! Will you, Captain?



With pleasure, Mr. Baxter... I'm an old hand...



Thundering typhoons! Why does this cork have to be so stubborn?



Would you like me to try, Captain?



Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

But...



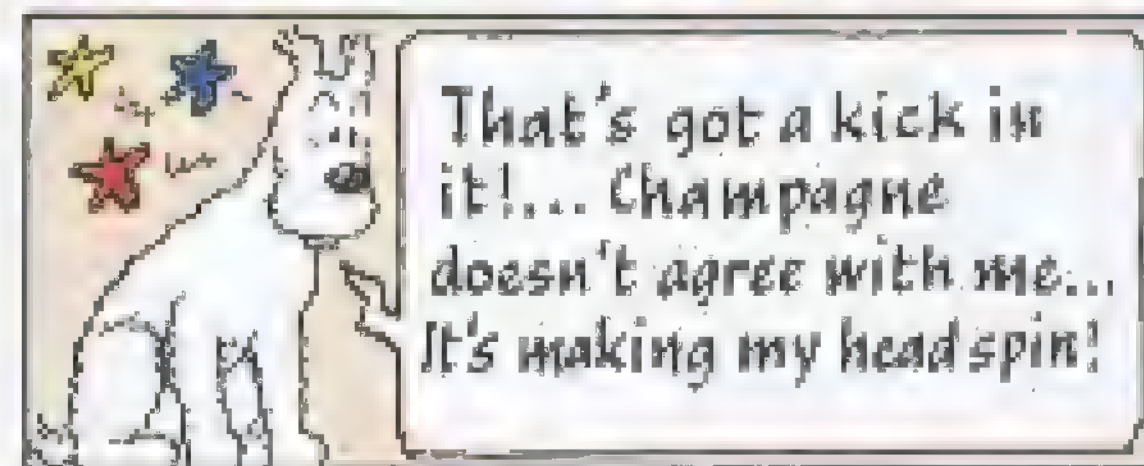
The cork! He's swallowed the cork!



Here, Captain... Sit down... Yes, like that... Now, I'll give you a thump on the back.



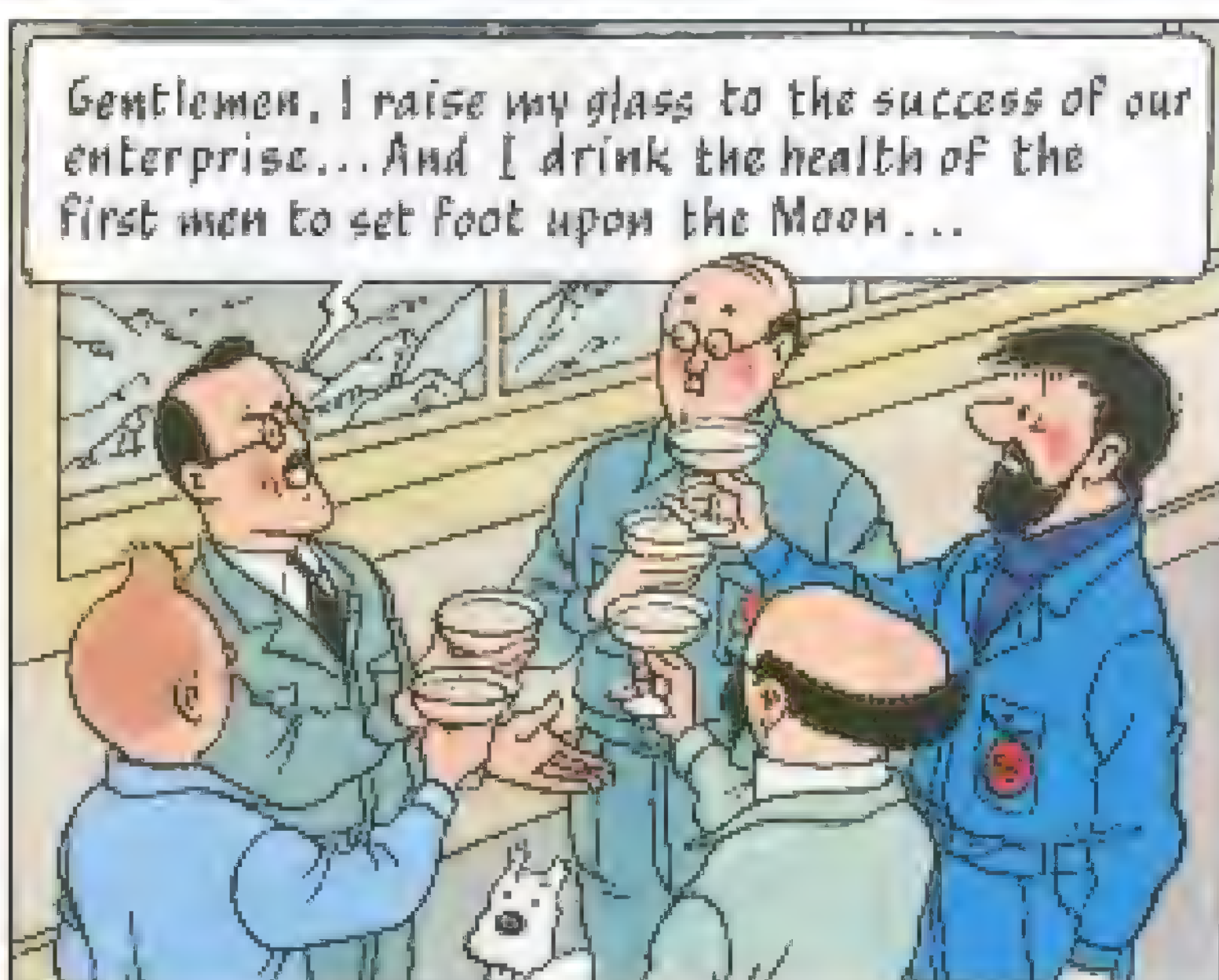
That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened. It's the first time...



That's got a kick in it!... Champagne doesn't agree with me... It's making my head spin!



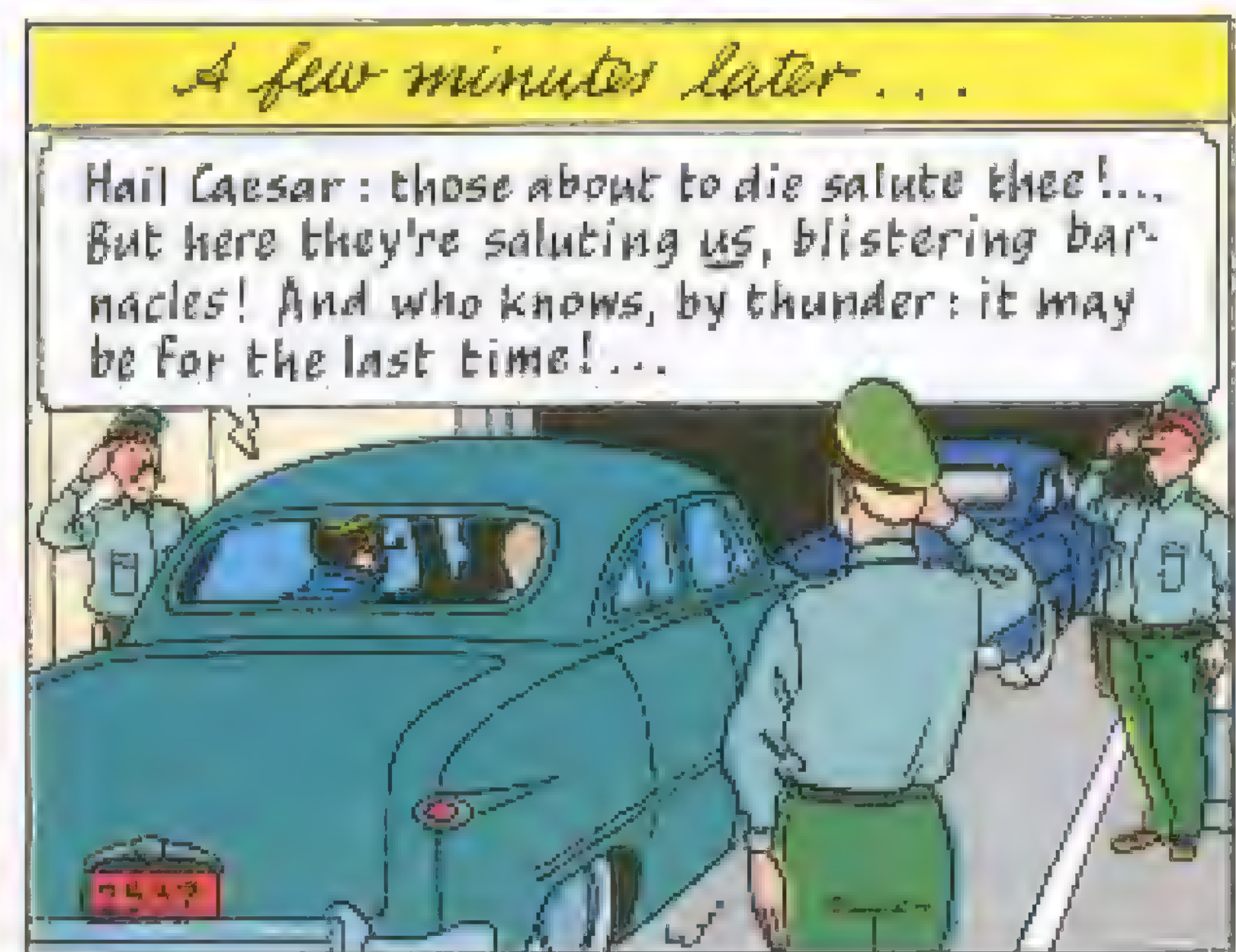
Come, gentlemen. The incident is closed... Here, Captain...



Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise... And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon...



And now the hour of departure approaches... The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!



A few minutes later...

Hail Caesar: those about to die salute thee!... But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles! And who knows, by thunder: it may be for the last time!...



I must say you don't look very happy, Captain.

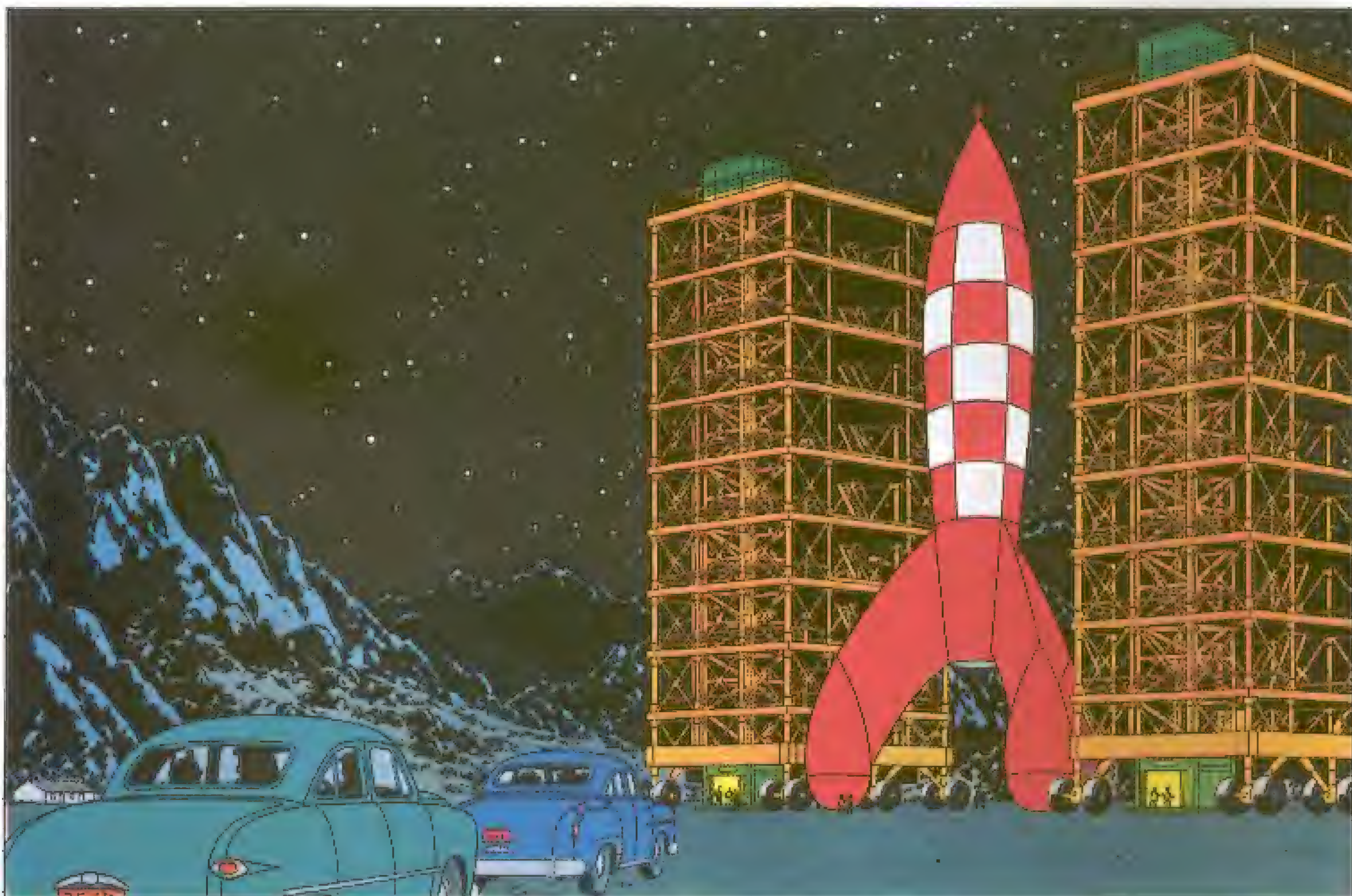
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon?



To the Moon!... Don't make me laugh!... If that honky-tonk Calculus-machine doesn't blow up at the start, we'll find ourselves roaming around between the Great Bear and Jupiter, and never come back! You can hoot with laughter about that if you like!

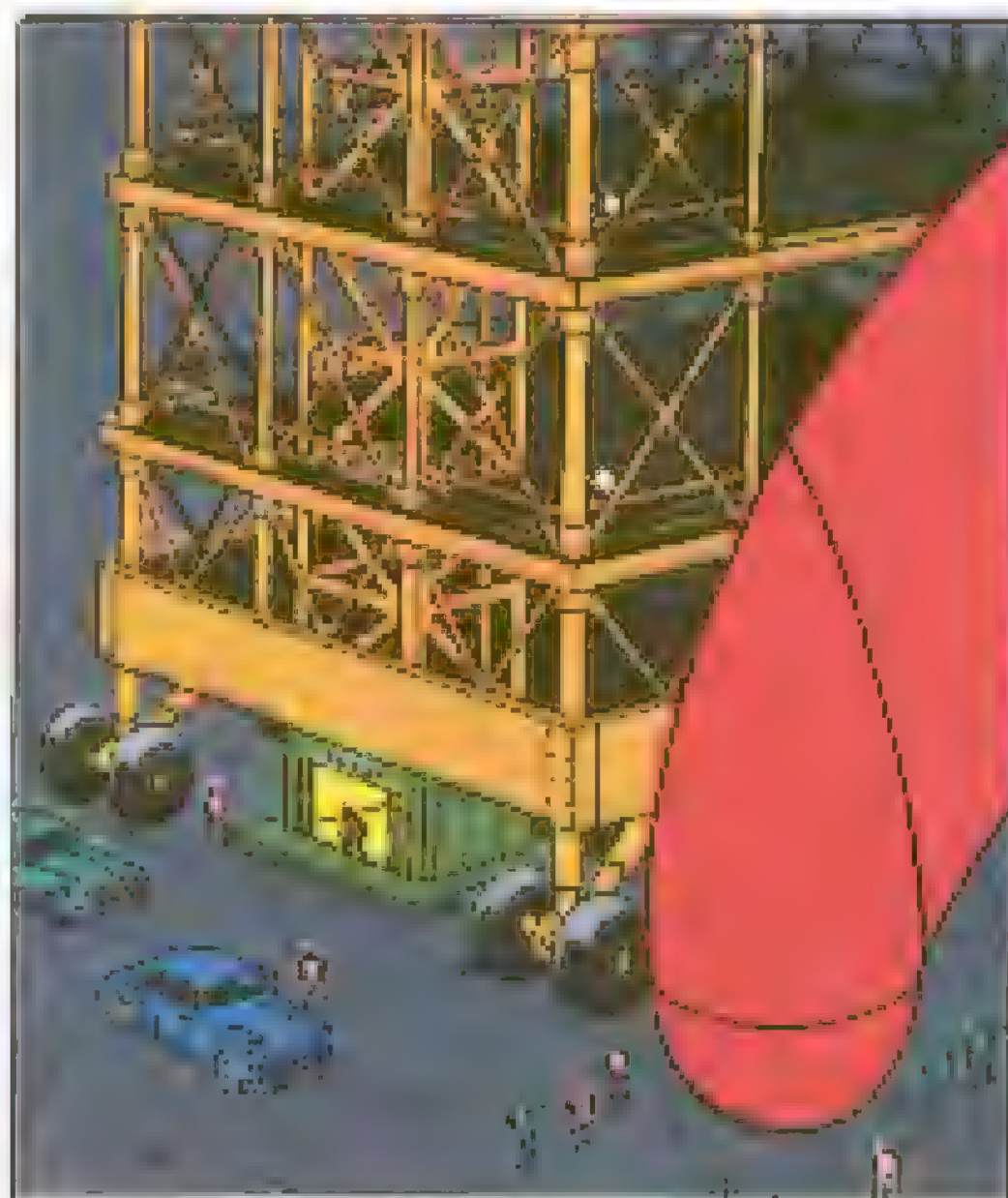


No, I meant... Oh look, Captain! We're there!



Look! The gantries are flood-lit; the rocket is ready for launching! It's like magic!

Yes, very pretty... for the spectators!



So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think: through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never forgive myself!



Meanwhile...

If there's no change of plan, it's just half an hour till their departure...



Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!

It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!



Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among you...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it, I'd be happy to give up my place...

Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!



Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.



As for you, my dear Professor - your skill is our best guarantee of success!

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading...

Yes, I want to improve myself...



Would you like some help?

No, thanks. I can manage.



In you go, gentlemen!

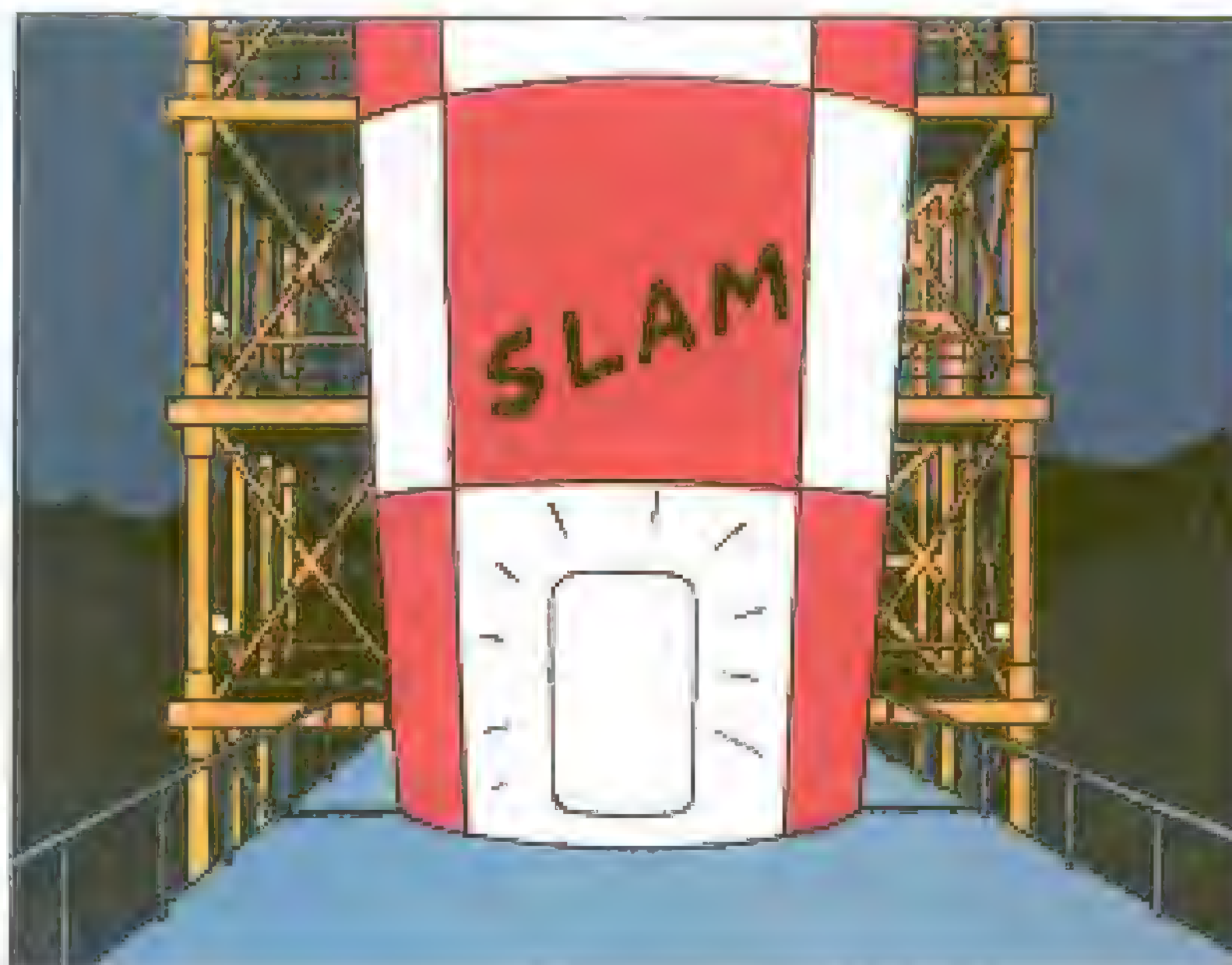
Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!



Farewell, Earth!



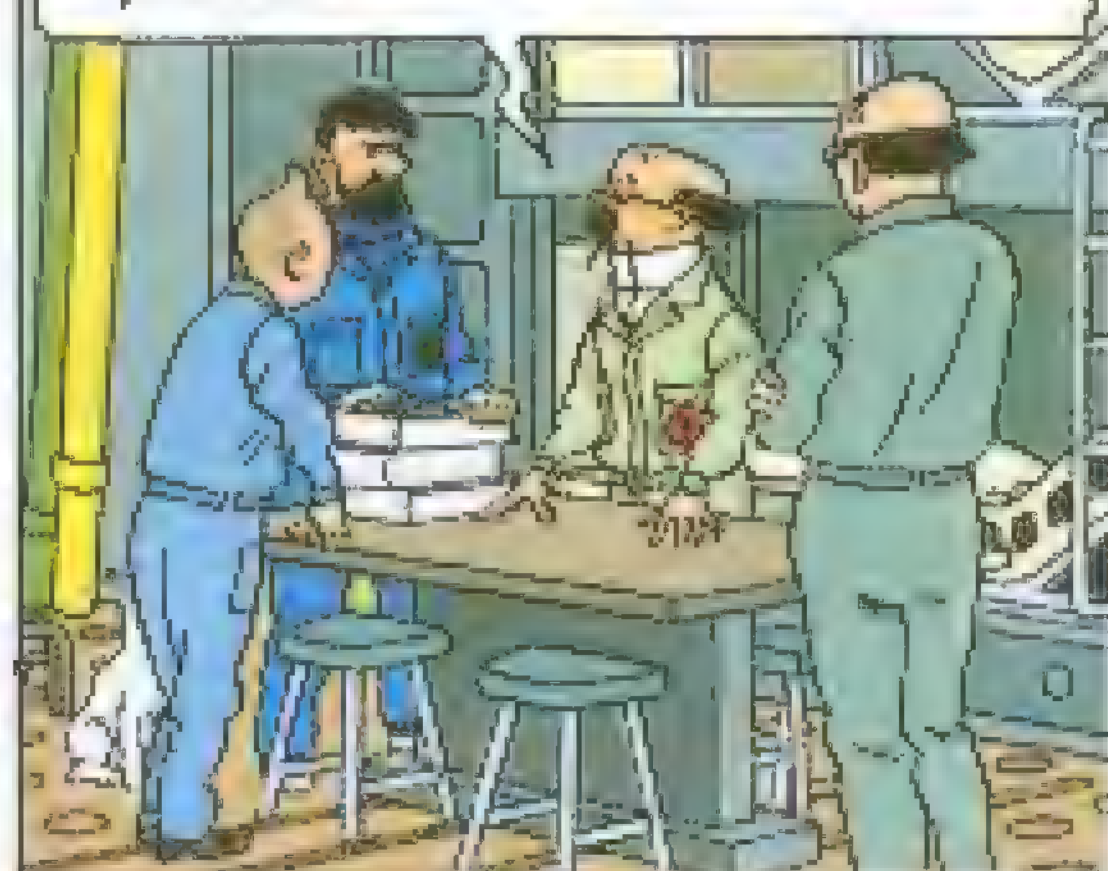
SLAM



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you...



... that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible - even probable - that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but ...



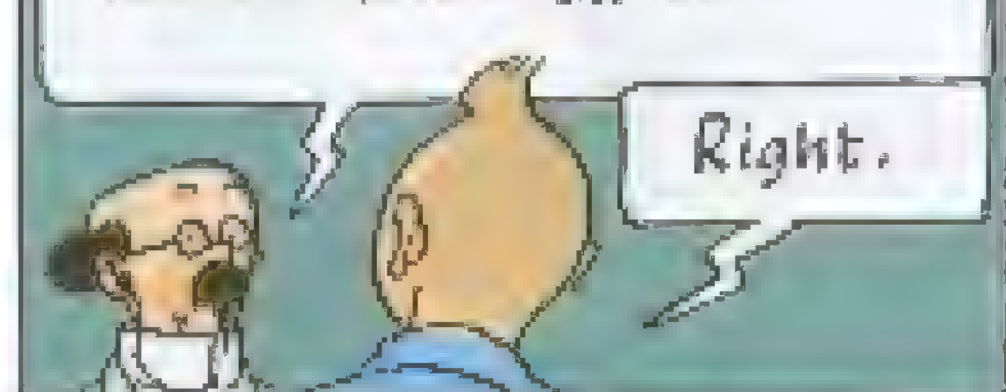
During this first phase of the ascent - I don't know how long it will last - the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.

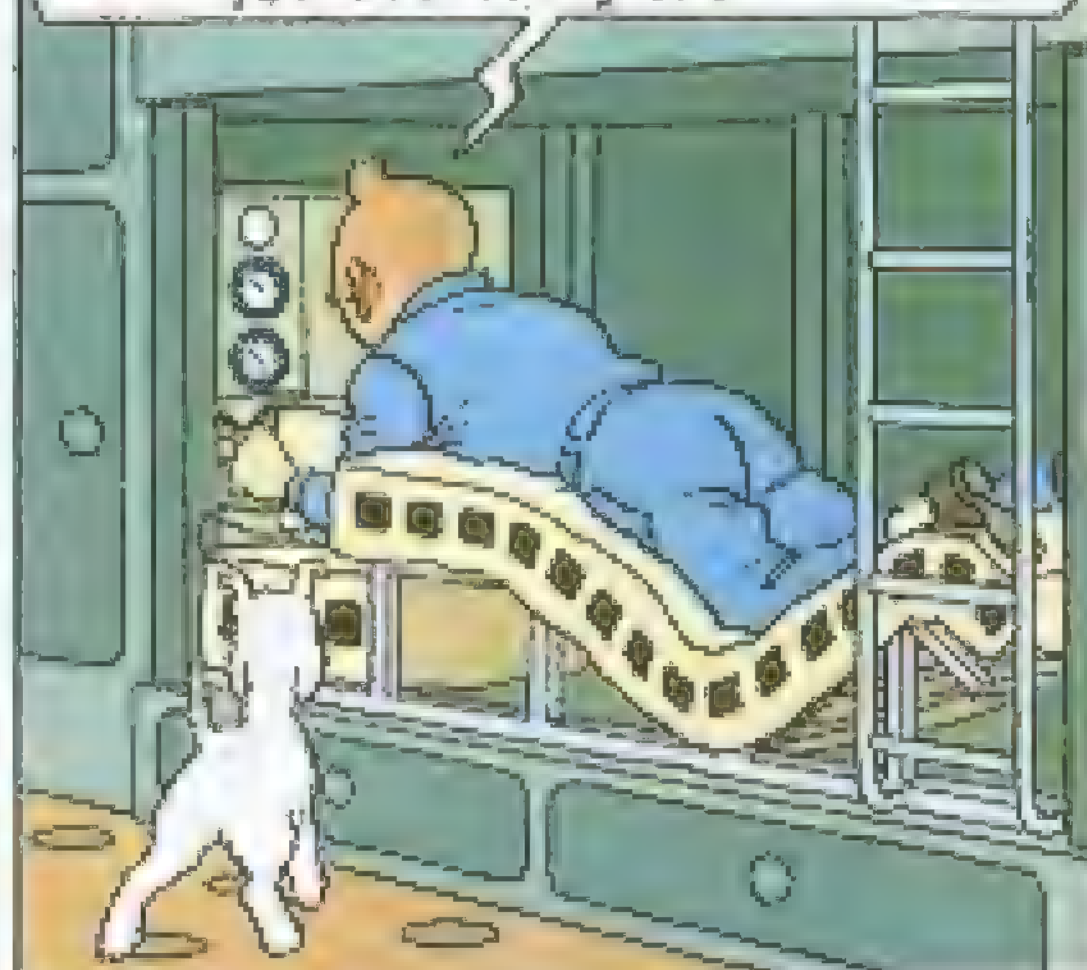


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

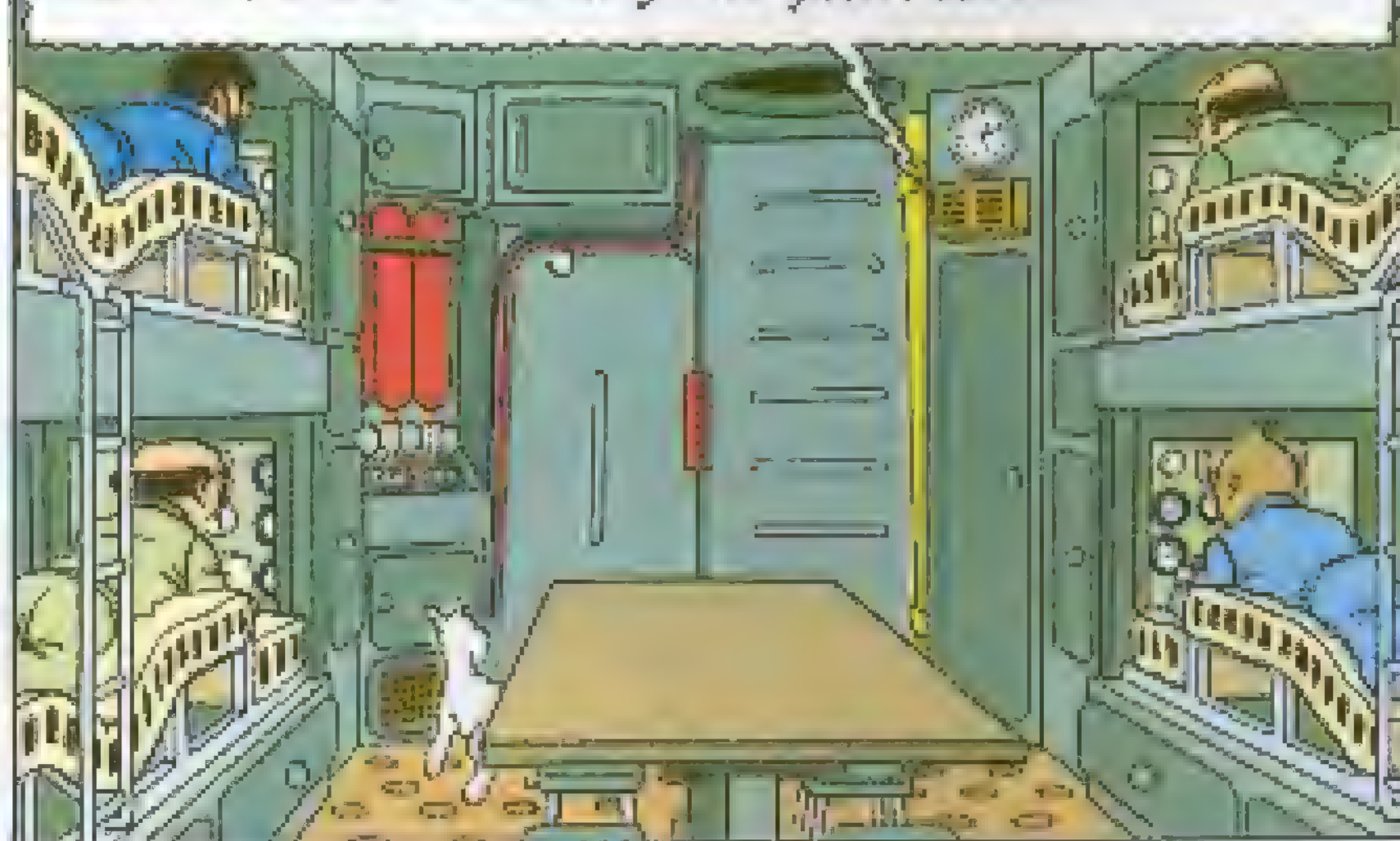


Right.

Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Moon-Rocket calling Earth... Are you receiving me?



Earth calling Moon-Rocket... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...

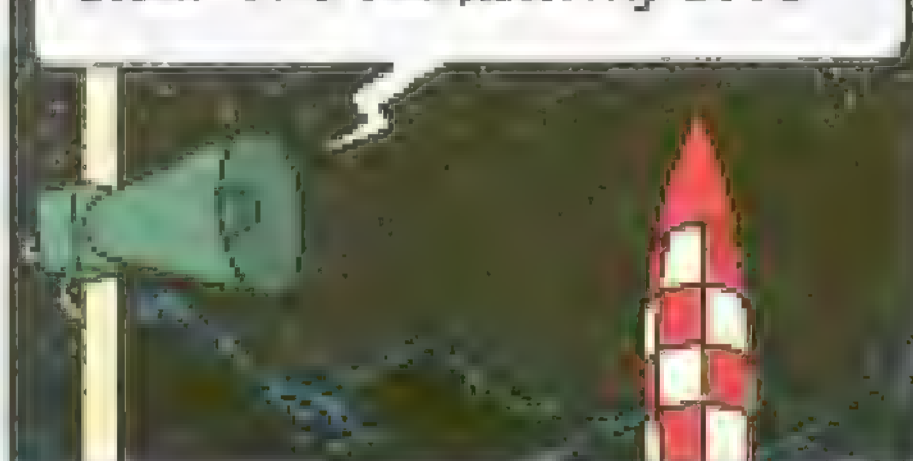


Earth to Moon-Rocket... Gantries removed... We are clearing the launching site...

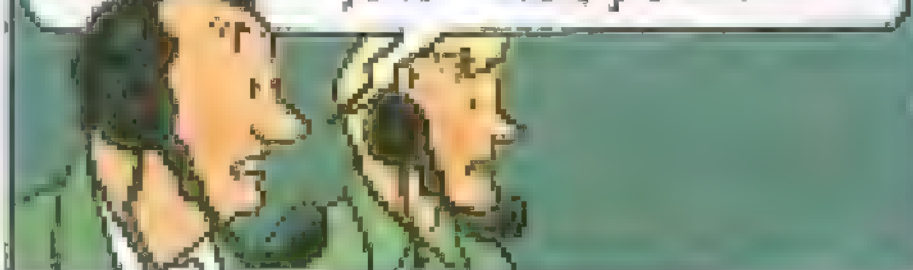


O. K.

Attention please: clear the launching site!... I repeat: clear the launching site!

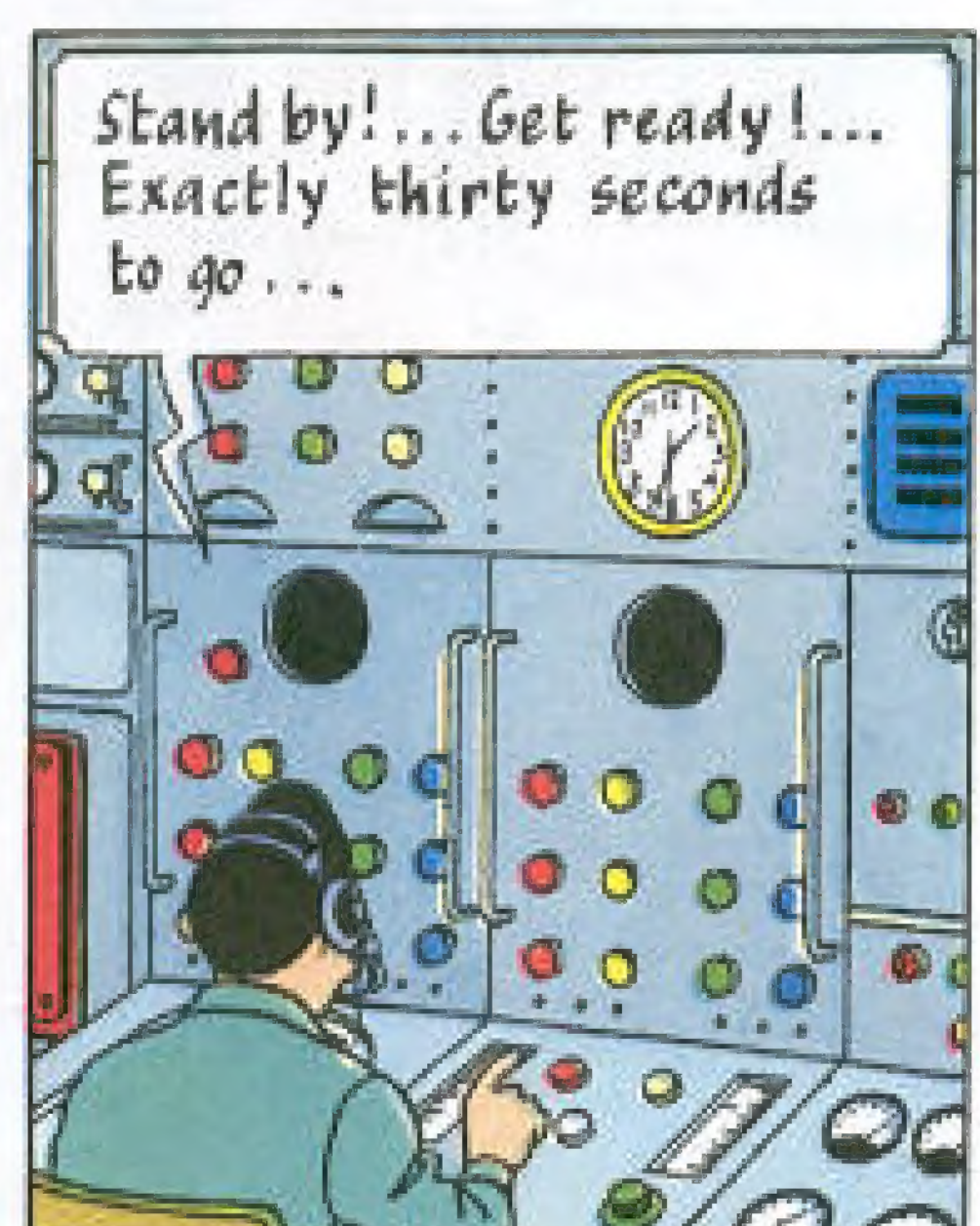
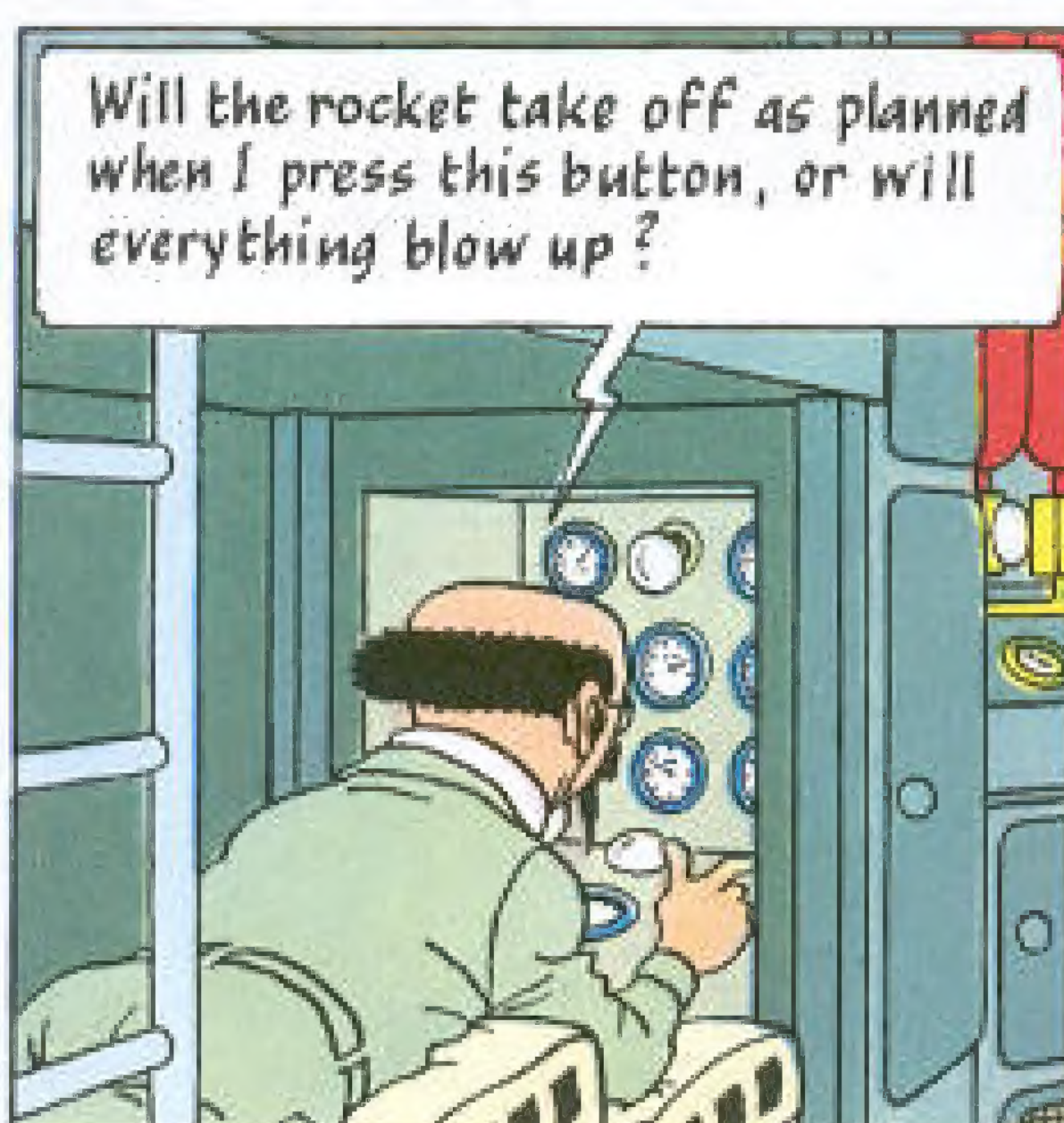
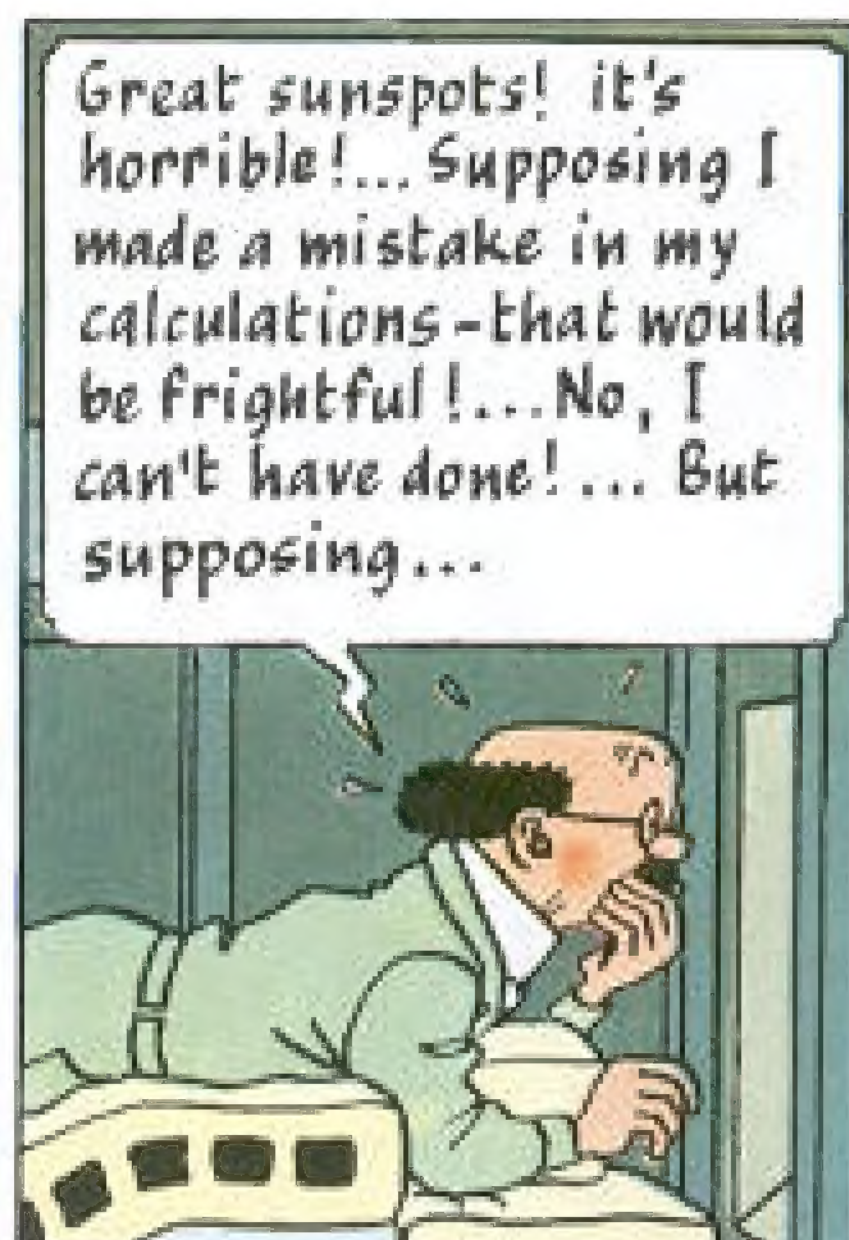
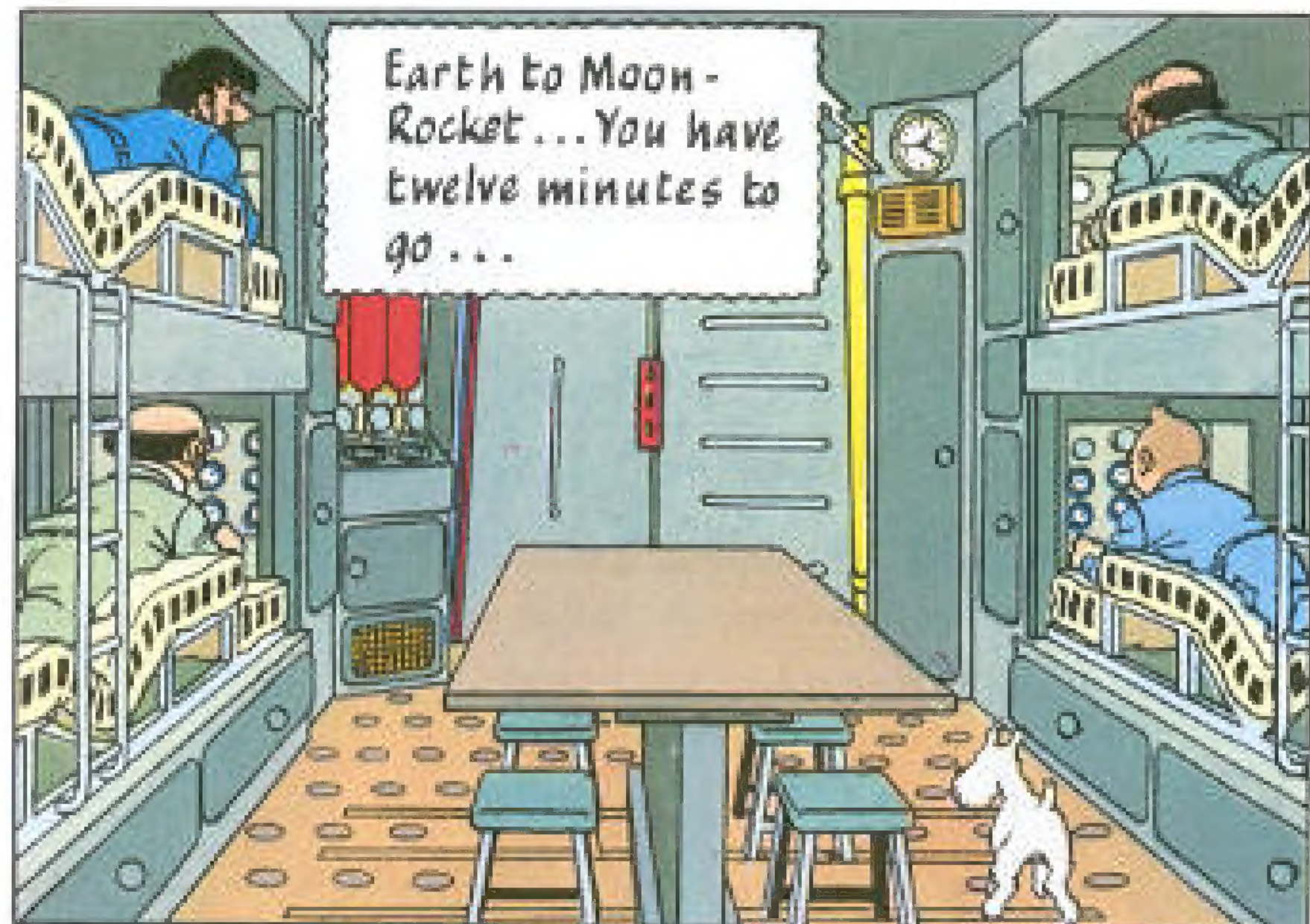


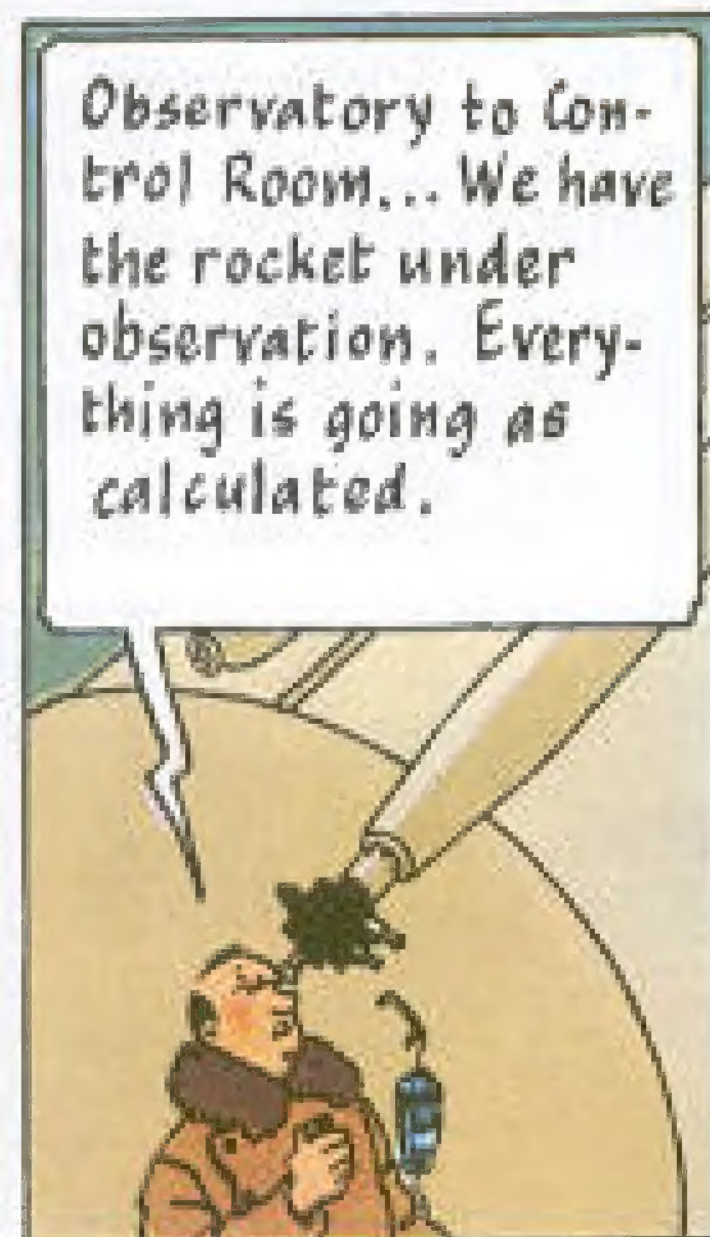
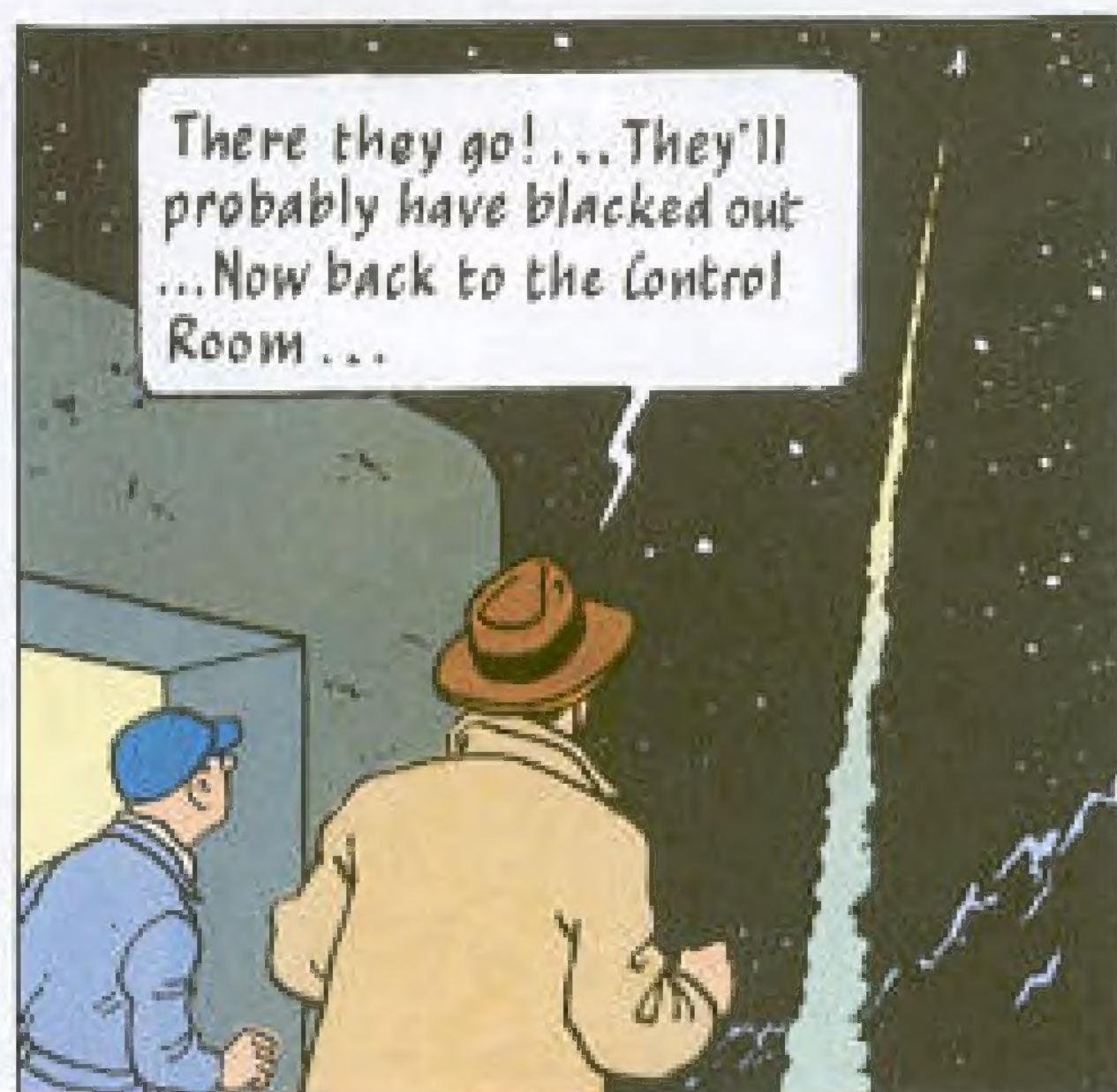
Earth to Moon-Rocket... The site is clear... Twenty-eight minutes to go... Are you ready?...

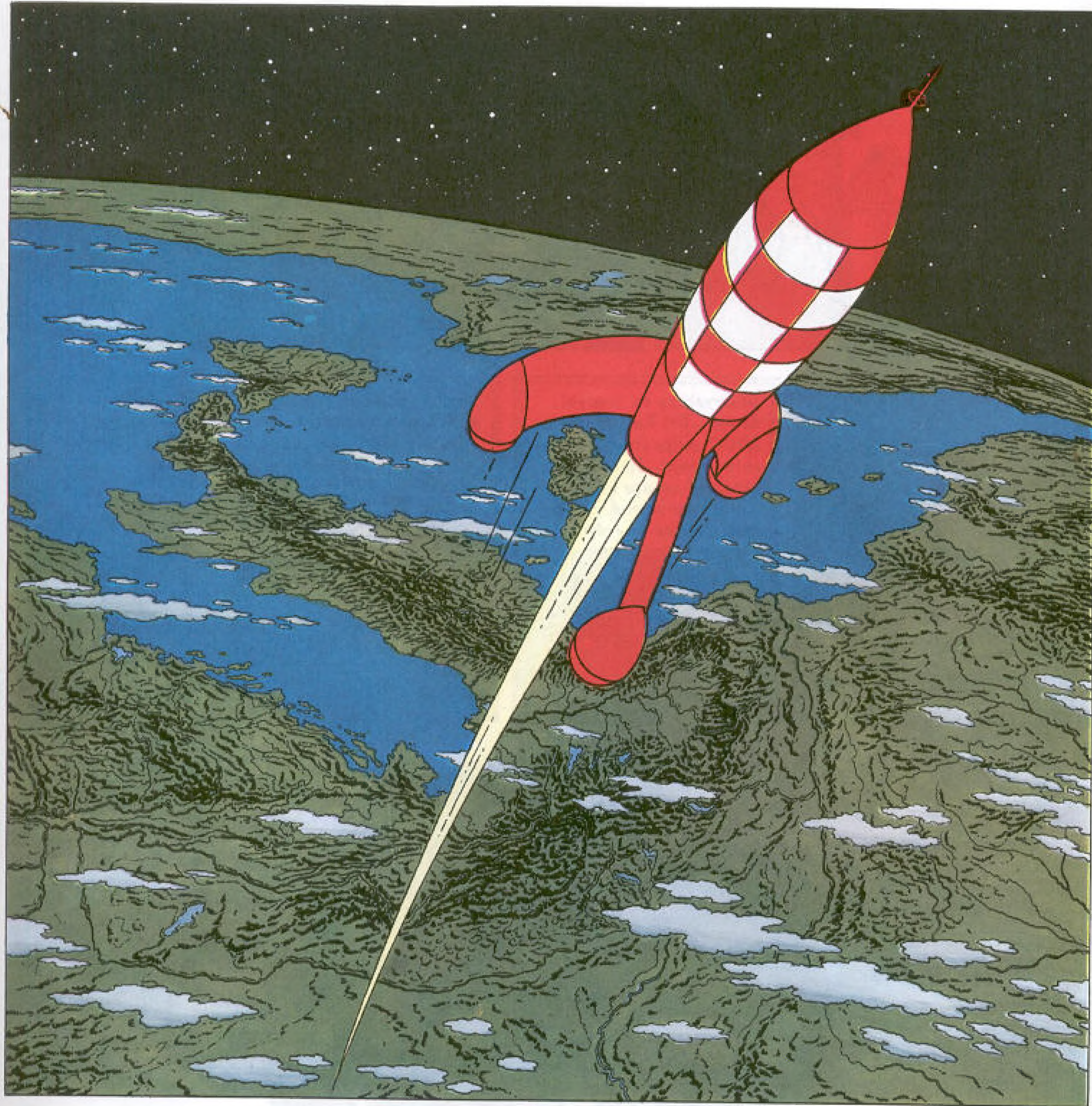


Moon-Rocket ready for launching!









Earth calling Moon-Rocket
... Are you receiving me?
... Are you receiving
me? ...



Observatory to Control
Room... The rocket's
altitude is now 1000
miles. Have you suc-
ceeded in establishing
radio contact yet?
Please report ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket...
Are you receiving me?... Earth
calling Moon-Rocket...

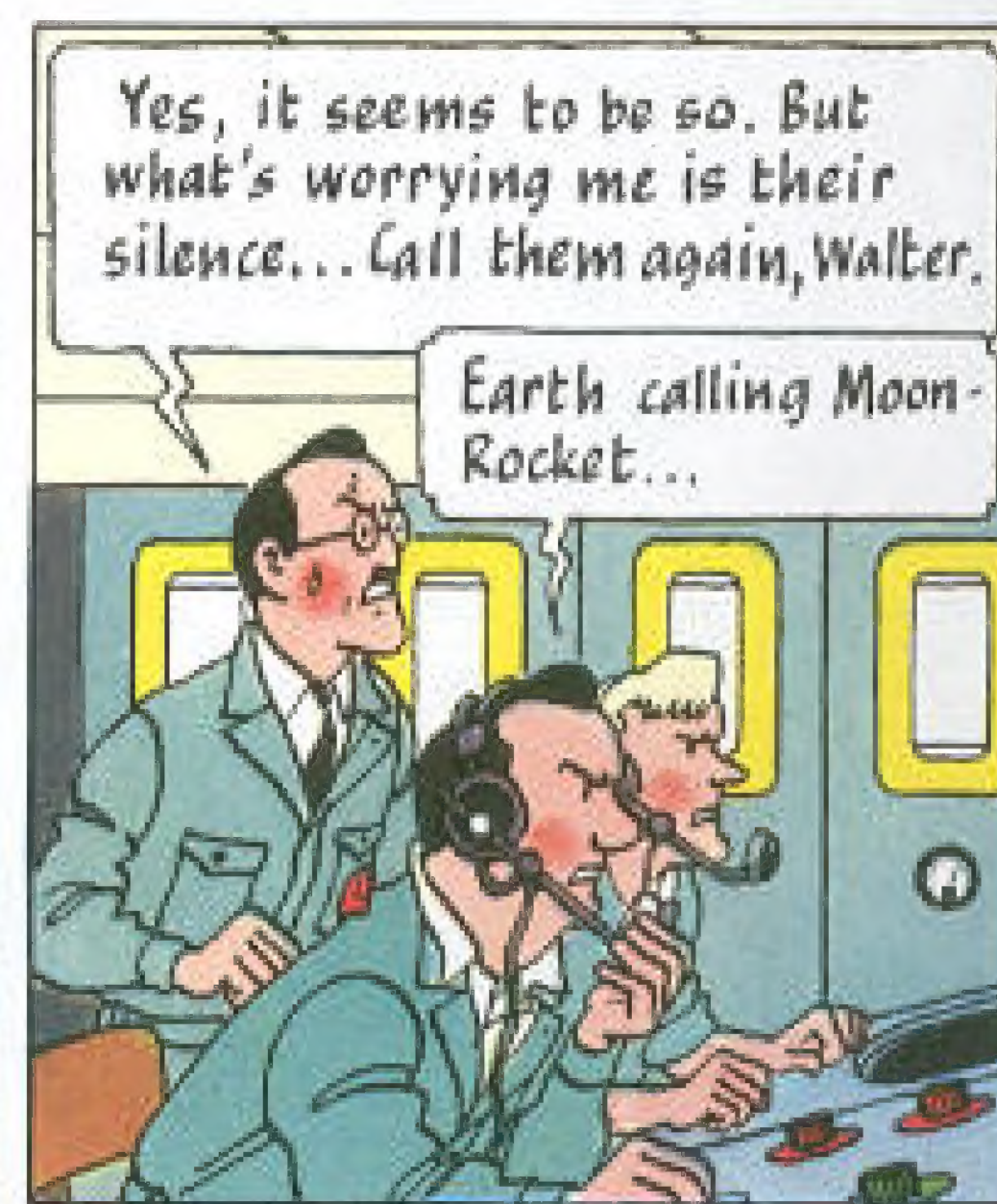
Control Room to Ob-
servatory... The Moon-
Rocket is not answering.



Earth calling Moon-
Rocket... Are you receiving
me? ... Earth calling...

By Lucifer! Surely
nothing can have
gone wrong?





What dangers await Tintin and his friends on the Moon?

What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON